July 25, 1936

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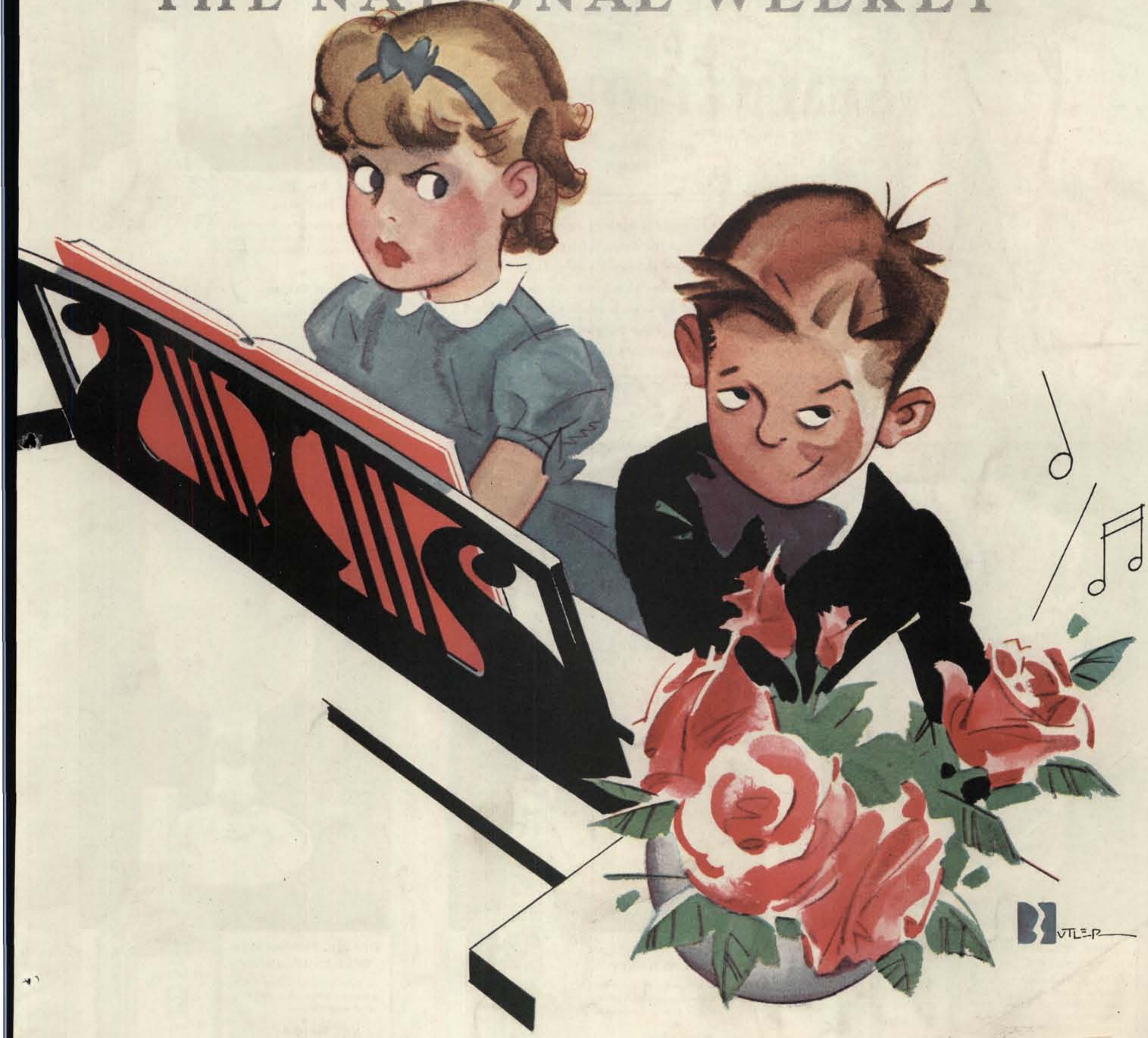
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Alcatraz *Pen for the Toughest* **By Fra**

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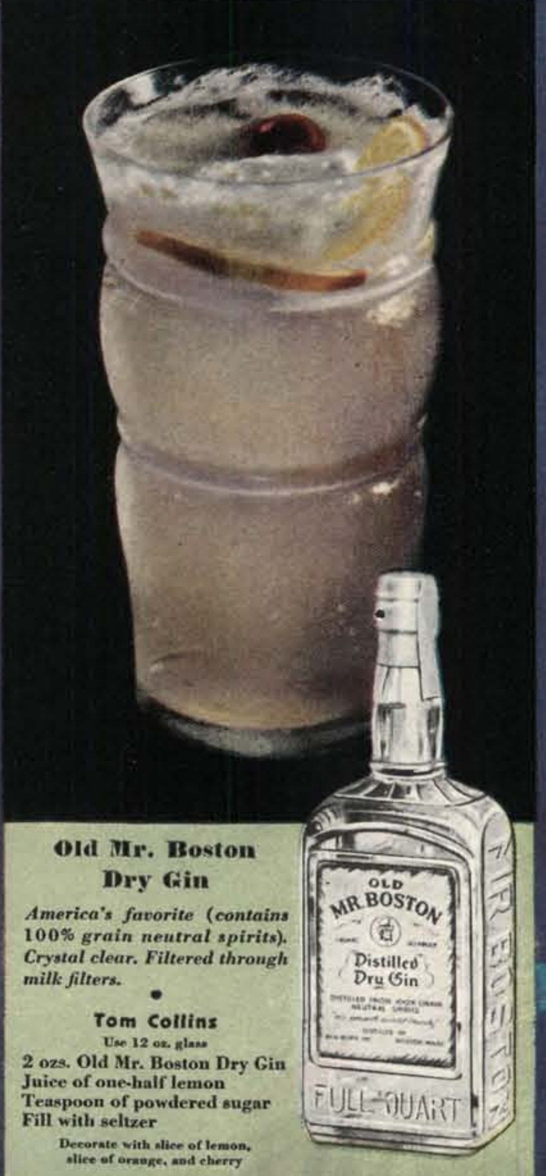
July 25 1936

Old MR. BOSTON *Presents* A PORTFOLIO OF SUMMER DRINKS

It takes more than ice to make a cooling summer drink . . . you need a bit of magic and the finest liquors. So we asked experts to divulge ten of their choicest recipes. Here they are . . . the ten cooling-est summer thirst quenchers a parched imagination ever conjured up — each made with a different Old Mr. Boston fine liquor. Four recipes are on this page, and six are shown on the inside back cover of this magazine.



Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin

America's favorite (contains 100% grain neutral spirits). Crystal clear. Filtered through milk filters.

●

Tom Collins

Use 12 oz. glass
2 ozs. Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin
Juice of one-half lemon
Teaspoon of powdered sugar
Fill with seltzer

Decorate with slice of lemon, slice of orange, and cherry

OLD
MR.BOSTON
Orange Gin
FULL QUART
MR BOSTON

Old Mr. Boston Orange Gin

A liqueur with the taste of golden, sun-ripened, juicy oranges. The taste sensation of the nation. Absolutely different in taste from Dry Gin.

●

Orange Cooler

Use 12 oz. glass
2 ozs. Old Mr. Boston
Orange Gin
Juice of one-half lime
Fill with seltzer
(or pale ginger ale)

Decorate with slice of orange over edge of glass

Old Mr. Boston Straight Whiskey

A great flavor and a rich aroma that a millionaire couldn't beat. Your choice — Rye or Bourbon.

●

Mint Julep

Use 12 oz. glass
Muddle 4 sprigs of mint with
1 teaspoon powdered sugar
and 1 teaspoon water
Fill glass with chipped ice
Add 2 ozs. Old Mr. Boston
Straight Whiskey

Decorate with sprig of mint

OLD
MR.BOSTON
RYE WHISKEY LIQUEUR
FULL QUART
MR BOSTON

Old Mr. Boston Rye Whiskey Liqueur

A new kind of liquor with pleasing taste, fine aroma, and smoothness.

●

Ward 8

Use goblet
1½ ozs. Old Mr. Boston
Rye Whiskey Liqueur
1 oz. lemon juice
½ oz. orange juice
½ oz. grenadine

Shake and then fill with seltzer. Decorate with half slice orange, half slice lemon, and cherry

"That's not your only offense, mister"

—and then the copper told him . . . told him what his best friends had never had the heart to tell him. It simply stunned Hartley . . . now he understood why people deliberately dodged him . . . why business acquaintances always sat as far as possible away from him and cut his calls to a minimum. Then and there he resolved that never again would he be guilty of an offensive breath.

* * *

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. And since the subject is so delicate, even your best friends won't tell you.

Due to conditions frequently existing even in normal mouths, everyone is bound to have an offensive breath at some time or other. Fermentation of tiny bits of food is one of its principal causes.

Fortunately this condition yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. For Listerine, possessing marked antiseptic and deodorant qualities, halts food fermentation in the mouth, overcomes disagreeable odors, and leaves the breath sweet, fresh, and clean.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office. Get into the delightful habit of using it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Next Week

THE ship that carried Sanna Farjeon from Shanghai to San Francisco bore drama within it. The trip began with the breaking of an engagement upon which the framework of Sanna's life was based; it ended with Sanna in love with a man of mystery. Afterward, she looked upon it as the real start of her life—her introduction to adventure, tragedy and multiple romance. Kathleen Norris, from a profound understanding of the motives of men and women, has written "Bread into Roses," the absorbing new serial which begins next week.

THE little woman at James' side, lovely, tremulous creature that she was, told James that while she hadn't forgotten a syllable of her marriage vows she still thought there was nobody funnier than a sucker. And where was this? This was in the garden of a dream house in Oklahoma City where the oil men wished to drill amid the roses and delphiniums. James had said No. His protest went the way of many others. "Oil Will Find a Way." Walter Davenport shows you the process.

THERE was one thing Mr. Eberhardt could not stand—laughter. He was rich and successful; his associates treated him respectfully; he conducted his life "With Dignity," but laughter was a constant hazard. Mr. Eberhardt was a midget. Richard Wormser tells the story of the night that Mr. Eberhardt's valet got drunk and Mr. Eberhardt met the wonderful girl who did not think he was funny. When you have read it you will agree with her.

"THE pirates? They're jolly fine chaps, really," said the skipper. While he explained to Jim Marshall why he thought so, his submarine continued its vigilant patrol of the South China coast in search of the jolly fine chaps it was the skipper's duty to pot. Mr. Marshall reports on the last pirate main in the world.

NO ONE in Minnewaska would have guessed that any girl might turn down Dick Sherwood—least of all a girl from the other side of the tracks. Maggie Brown wanted a life of her own, wanted to make good. She got what she wanted—and in the end she found that she wanted Dick Sherwood too. Their romantic story is told by Lucian Cary in "Say You Love Me."

ADDED attractions by James B. Connolly, Heywood Broun, Henry F. Pringle, Stanley Paul, Charles Mann, Ernest Haycox and others complete a magnificent issue. Judge for yourself.

This Week

●

July 25, 1936

Cover by Howard Butler

LEONA DALRYMPLE
Dangerous Number. A false move for independence. Page 7

FRANK J. TAYLOR
Trouble House. A day at Alcatraz. Page 10

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
The Camphor Jungle. Romance in Formosa. Page 12

H. VERNOR DIXON
The Experimenter. A yachtsman in love. Page 14

TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS
The Prodigal Nurse, Conclusion. Hold everything. Page 16

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Here's How, by Kyle Crichton. Page 17

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Votes for Sylvia. The great red hog victory. Page 18

ERNEST HAYCOX
Trouble Shooter, Part VI. And plenty to shoot at. Page 20

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Galloping Gal. Rabbit chaser. Page 22

JACK LAMB
The Hunting of the Bass. The stealth and cunning of a lifetime. Page 24

GEORGE CREEL
The Way to a Country's Heart. The ambassador entertains. Page 26

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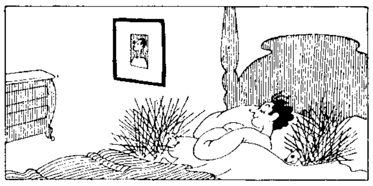
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Bright spots. Page 58

EDITORIAL
This Way to the Fair. Page 66

●

Any Week

THERE are times when we're pretty busy. And we're not a mental giant. Therefore, we're apt to forget what we may have said a month back. It's really so bad now and then that we're not quite certain that we said anything. But we're pretty sure we never said that "it is impossible thoroughly to domesticate the porcupine," which is what Mr. Edward G. Collinge of Fort Wayne, Indiana, says we said. "My cousin Louis," writes Mr. Collinge, "has two tame porcupines that he takes to bed with him. He caught them when pups, cubs or kittens, whatever it is a porcupine is when young. They can do everything but talk, which is another point in their favor."

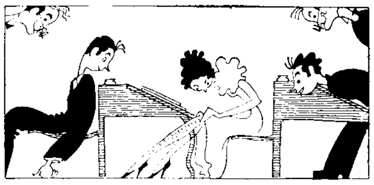


AND to make things worse (for us anyway), one of our brightest competitors has gone in for a department like this. This means that you who write letters to us will have to brace up, crowd on a bit more steam, do better generally. For example, we're sure that Mrs. Virgie T. Costgriff of Los Angeles, California, can do better than charge: "Every word you print is dictated by the enemies of the poor. At the proper time we shall lay the facts before our own President, who will be neither Republican nor Democrat but a true friend."

THAT sort of stuff is of no help at all except, perhaps, to bring us a little nearer to the end of this column. Personally, we hope it isn't true. And that reminds us that we met a nice little old lady in Kansas City soon after the Cleveland Convention. We got talking to her because she was wearing one of the largest Landon sunflowers we had seen. "Of course," said we with our customary shrewdness, "you are going to vote for Mr. Landon." And she replied: "Well, I like Governor Landon, but someone told me that if he were elected all of us would have to sell our homes."

WE WOULDN'T include that among the things that are likely to happen. But, as we've frequently told you, we are hard to surprise. We've just finished reading the list of the nine hundred distinguished citizens of Louisiana who comprised the Grand Committee to welcome home the Honorable Joe Fisher. Mr. Fisher, a loyal lieutenant of the late Huey Pierce Long, did not lead a glorious crusade in the name of freedom against a cruel tyrant, nor was his homecoming a cause for celebration because he had made life more bearable for the sick and underprivileged. No, the Honorable Mr. Fisher was merely stepping out of jail into which he was cast by that supreme public enemy, the government of the United States, for failure to pay his income tax. Therefore, the governor of the great state of Louisiana, its two United States senators and an imposing array of sheriffs, police officials and other dignitaries to whom the people of Louisiana must look for full and fair administration of the law were proud to greet the honorable gentleman as he emerged.

SOMEWHAT to our surprise we are informed by Mr. John N. Milling of Flint, Michigan, that we have occasionally entertained him. Full of the true spirit of reciprocity is Mr. Milling. "Now," says he, "I'm going to amuse you. Bible is one of the required studies at Alma College, where I gained my splendid education. One of our girl students, a trifle weak in Bible, got herself a pony to help pull her through. Thinking correctly that she might be required to name the books of the Old Testament in their order, she wrote them on a narrow strip of paper which she pasted on her leg. It worked nicely. Genesis began at the ankle and the rest followed in a generally northerly direction. But this necessitated an up-hitching of the skirt from time to time. By the time she had come to the end of the list it was quite a Revelation. I, sir, was there."



YOU may as well know that recently, after the New York Giants had taken a nice shellacking in Pittsburgh, one of the more original papers of that gallant city, at the end of its account of the game, said: "Attendance: Barr, Reardon and Pinelli. Umpires: 6,000, of whom 4,000 were ladies. Our informant, Mr. Tom Corbiner, said that he met Colonel Bill Terry, manager of the Giants, that evening and showed him this possible error, thinking of course to cheer up the colonel. The colonel studied it a few moments and then, looking up at Mr. Corbiner, said: "Say, that must be a mistake."

IT WOULDN'T be in Brooklyn.

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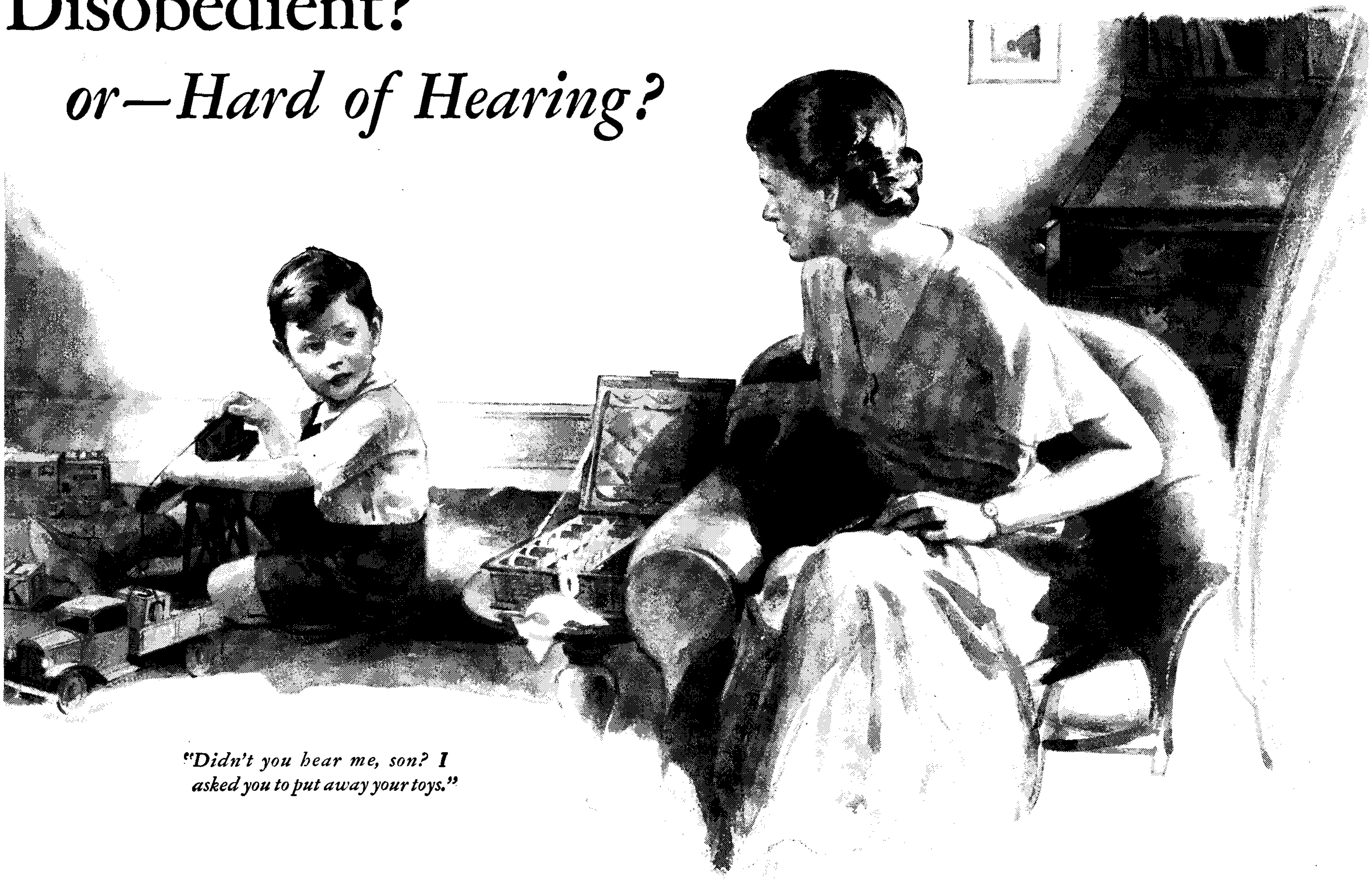
Disobedient?
or—Hard of Hearing?



"Didn't you hear me, son? I asked you to put away your toys."

A CHILD who seems to be disobedient, inattentive or dull may really be unable to hear well. He often assumes a position that favors his hearing. Any habitually unnatural position of his head may indicate impaired hearing.

Parents should watch their boys and girls and observe their response to sounds. Examination of the ears and hearing should always be a part of a child's general health check up—particularly during the preschool age.

Many children who have hearing defects may be spared lifelong deafness and retarded mental development if ear troubles are promptly detected and receive expert medical care.

Middle-ear abscesses and infections are a frequent cause of deafness. They may result from infections in the nose and throat such as follow common colds, scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, and influenza. Enlarged adenoids and diseased tonsils are also a danger to hearing.

Ears should be examined after recovery from an attack of any infectious disease.

Schools equipped with an acceptable type of the phonograph audiometer possess an aid of great value in the early discovery of deafness in children.

There are scientifically constructed instruments that assist hearing; but before selecting one of them, a deaf person should consult an ear specialist. Some people are sensitive and hesitate to use these aids to hearing. No one should feel more sensitive about using a hearing aid than about wearing eyeglasses.

The Metropolitan will gladly mail, free, a copy of its booklet "Hearing." Address Booklet Dept. 836-C.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Keep Healthy — Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. ~ LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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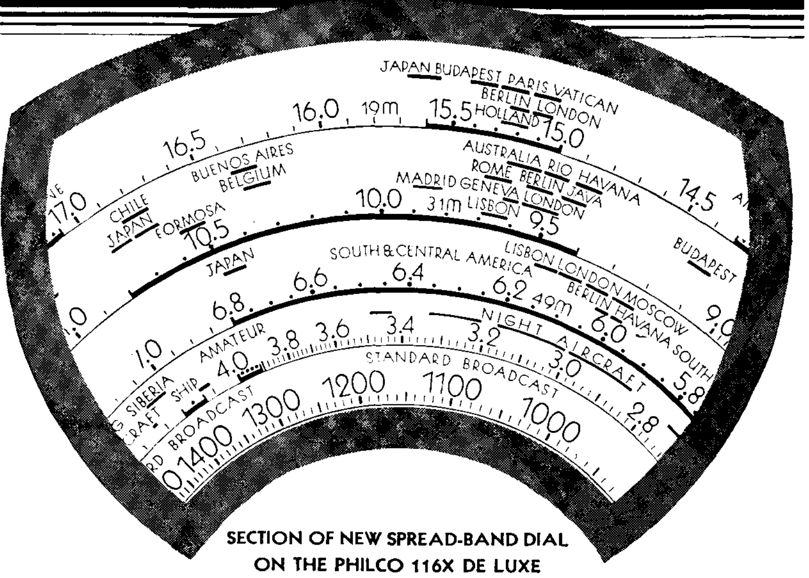
The 1937 Philco 116x De Luxe

New Foreign Tuning System!


JAPAN BUDAPEST PARIS VATICAN
BERLIN LONDON
HOLLAND
16.0
19m
15.5
15.0
16.5
BUENOS AIRES
BELGIUM
AUSTRALIA RIO HAVANA
ROME BERLIN JAVA
MADRID GENEVA LONDON
LISBON
14.5
17.0
CHILE
JAPAN
FORMOSA
10.5
10.0
31m
9.5
BUDAPEST
JAPAN
SOUTH & CENTRAL AMERICA
LISBON LONDON MOSCOW
BERLIN HAVANA SOUTH
6.6
6.4
6.2
49m
6.0
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NIGHT
AIRCRAFT
5.8
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AMATEUR
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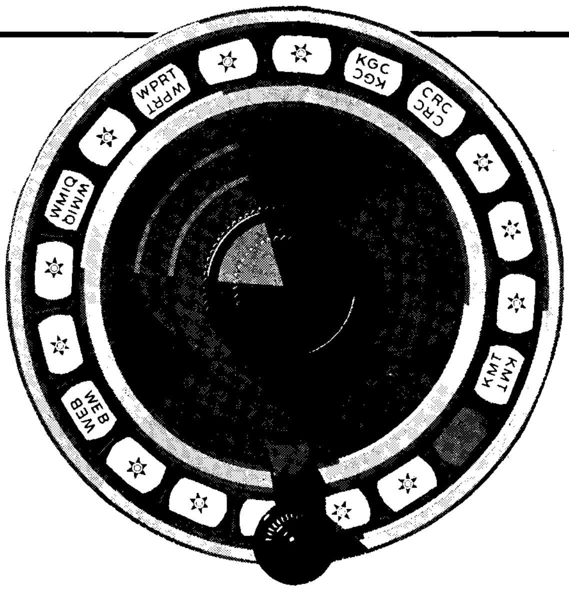
3.0
STANDARD BROADCAST
SIBERIA
SHIP
4.0
1300
1200
1100
1000
2.8
BROADCAST
1400

SECTION OF NEW SPREAD-BAND DIAL ON THE PHILCO 116X DE LUXE SHOWING HOW STATIONS ARE NAMED, LOCATED AND SPREAD SIX TIMES FARTHER APART

Built-in! Automatic! By tuning the aerial as well as the set, the new 1937 Philco *Foreign Tuning System* more than doubles the number of foreign stations you can get and enjoy. This expertly engineered *Foreign Tuning System* is connected by a completely shielded lead-in to the new Philco High-Efficiency Aerial . . . scientifically designed to pick up the faintest signals. Overseas stations are named, located and spread six times farther apart on the Spread-Band Dial . . . the visible symbol of the Philco *Foreign Tuning System*. . . . ***"Only Philco has it!"***


WPRT
KGC
CRC
WMIQ
KMT
WEB

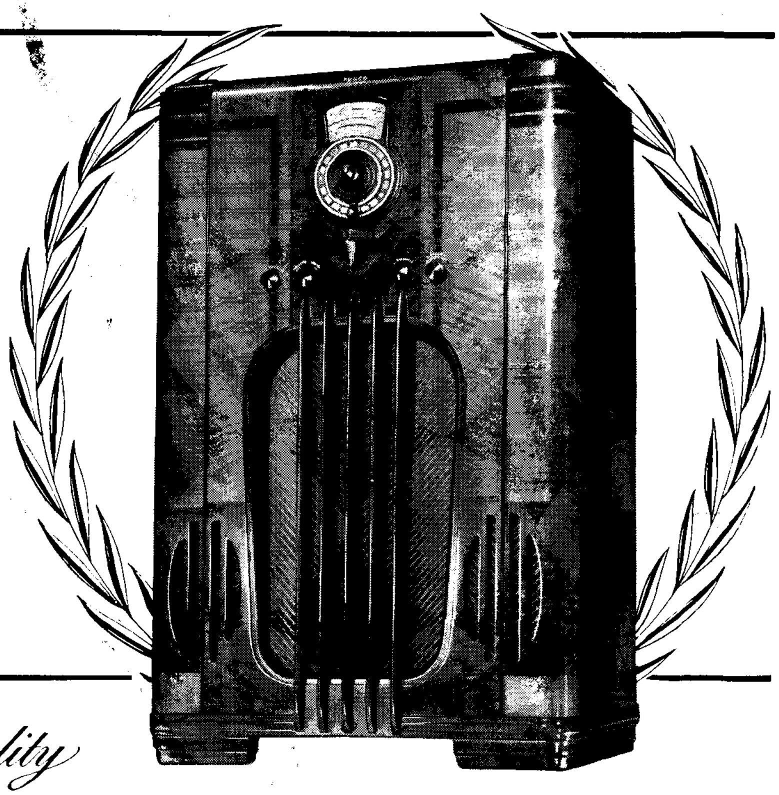
AUTOMATIC TUNING ON THE NEW PHILCO 116X DE LUXE SHOWING HOW CALL-LETTERS APPEAR. PRINTED CALL-LETTERS OF YOUR FAVORITE STATIONS WILL BE INSERTED ON DIAL BY YOUR PHILCO DEALER

New Automatic Tuning!

Forget American station numbers! On the new 116X De Luxe . . . Philco gives you *Automatic Tuning*. Automatically . . . with electrical precision . . . you tune-in favorite American stations more easily than you dial an automatic telephone. You tune by call-letters. With a single twirl of the dial you are listening to the station of your choice. Back of the dial, Philco Magnetic Tuning . . . the development which makes *Automatic Tuning* practical . . . puts you on the exact frequency and holds the receiver there as long as you care to listen. . . . ***"Only Philco has it!"***

New High-Fidelity!

High-Fidelity means thrilling realism! Tune in a symphony orchestra and every instrument registers its presence. You hear the overtones which distinguish violin from viola and 'cello . . . catch every delicate shading in pianissimo passages . . . thrill to the thunderous finale as if you were in the concert hall! Reproduced so perfectly because Philco Acoustic Clarifiers automatically eliminate barrel-like boom while the Inclined Sounding Board preserves and projects up to ear-level all the extended musical range and clarity of tone of the Philco High-Fidelity Audio System. . . . ***"Only Philco has it!"***



NEW PHILCO 116X DE LUXE—$195 Less Aerial

PHILCO *A Musical Instrument of Quality*

FIFTY-TWO MODELS $20 TO $600

Collier's

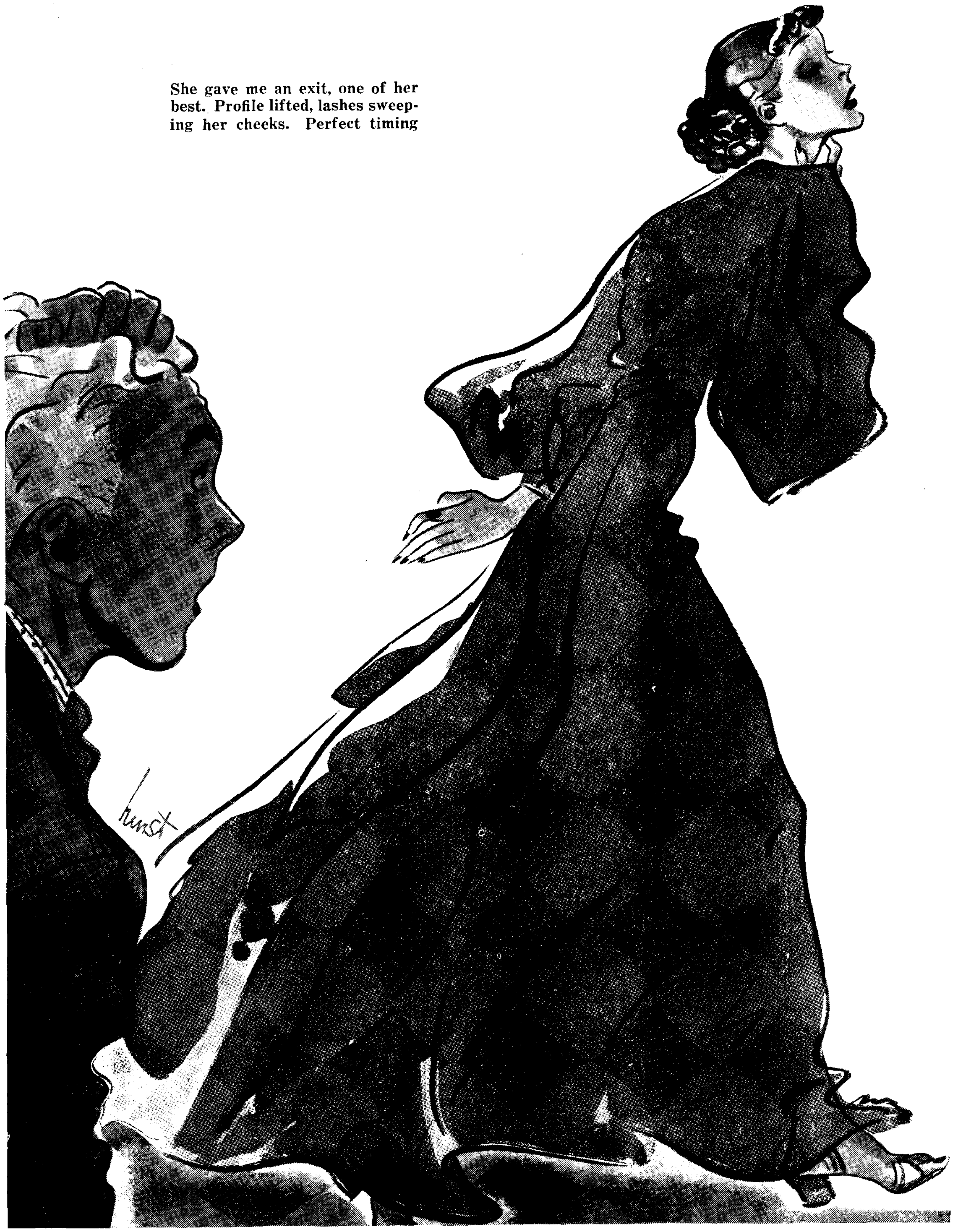
The National Weekly for July 25, 1936

Dangerous Number

Any man who grabs a telephone book to phone any girl whose number he happens to find may expect anything

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

By Leona Dalrymple



She gave me an exit, one of her best. Profile lifted, lashes sweeping her cheeks. Perfect timing

BILL," Elinor said intensely, "this is my wedding anniversary. I've been married a year and Hank's over there—" she gestured vaguely across the street—"sealed up alone in his mother's apartment. He's been over there a week. His mother's in Quogue."

When Hank Medhill fell in love with Elinor, I walked him around in the open air and warned him that stage people like Elinor and her family can have distinction and charm and still be difficult. A girl, I told him, can be too beautiful to marry if you want to settle down and stop worrying, especially a girl with brown eyes like Elinor's, an exquisite red head and theatrical talent.

Hank agreed and married her.

"Elinor," I said incredulously, "do you mean to tell me that you haven't seen Hank Medhill for seven days?"

"Heavens," Elinor said, "you can't help seeing him. He plants himself behind his mother's front windows and spies on this apartment and once he deliberately stuck his thumbs in his ears and wriggled his fingers at me!"

"If Hank's as vicious as that," I said, "he's been aggravated."

"Hank Medhill," Elinor said in a brooding voice, "is by no means what you think he is—a nice, round-eyed young man with the disposition of a jolly old sheep. Underneath Hank has his dark currents."

"You make him sound like a fruit cake," I began and Elinor said, "Don't be frivolous. Two lives are in ashes."

I IDENTIFIED the line. Elinor had had two or three good parts before the stage began to bore her and some other lives had been in the same ashes in one of her shows.

"I sent for you, Bill—" Elinor coughed—"because I want you to go over there and bring him home. Suppose his mother drives in from the summer place and finds him camping out in that apartment. Hank's mother is—is substantial and conservative and it's taken me a full year to get into her head that Hank and I can be happily married."

"If you want him home," I remarked, "go over and get him."

"I!" Elinor cried. "After what he did? It—it would cost me more than you can possibly imagine! I mean, of course," Elinor hastily added, "emotional anguish. After all, Hank started this thing. Bill, I wouldn't think of telling even you what Hank Medhill did. I doubt if he'll tell you himself. Heavens, he couldn't!"

And with no more preparation than that, I turned up at the door of Hank's mother's New York apartment. I preferred it that way. I figured if I listened too long to Elinor, I wouldn't be fair to Hank.

It was a hot June night and Hank opened the door with a bath towel tucked in his belt. He said he was cooking his dinner.

Hank inherited silk mills in New Jersey. Ordinarily he spends the business part of his day in the New York office and lives in a New York penthouse but in March strikes and dwindling profits led him to rent a New Jersey apartment and sniff around in the mills. Hank's blond and his eyes are a round, peaceable blue. You rarely remember that Hank could be taller and leaner. His grin lights him up.

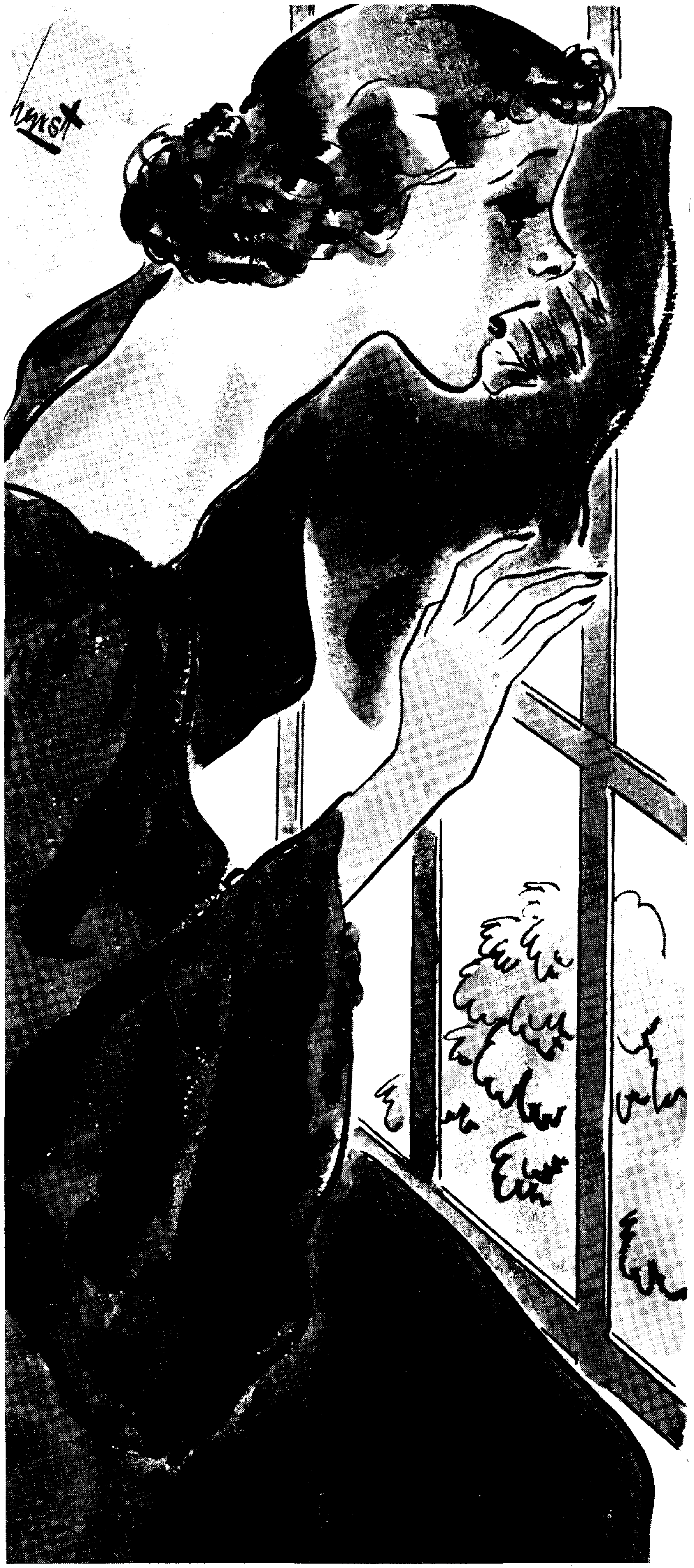
"Listen, Hank," I said, "whatever it is, don't be a fathead. Elinor sent me to get you—"

"Did she happen to tell you what she did to me?" Hank cut in excitably. "That girl is an adult married woman twenty-three years old and let her sell some of the bonds her grandfather left her and pay the piper!"

A smell of burning vegetables drifted through the apartment and Hank bolted away. When I reached the kitchen he was throwing water into some smoke. The kitchen looked like a New Year's Eve congestion in a hotel pantry. I skeptically counted aloud two dozen empty high-potency bottles and Hank said morosely, "I bought 'em empty from the janitor. That girl, I promise you, will crack up before I do. She'll come over here herself to get me and I intend to let her think she drove me to drink. It's a necessity. I've got to protect myself. I still wake up in the night shouting."

He speared some charred remains out of a kettle and tossed them into a week's accumulation of dishes and pans in the sink. The structure clanked and collapsed. Hank ignored it and cleaned off two of his mother's chairs. We both sat down.

This is Hank's story.



"BILL," Hank said, leaning forward, "I love that girl. I still love her. But I made my big mistake when I took her out in the suburbs. You saw the furnished apartment we leased for six months. Nice suburban apartment house. Garden in the middle. Evergreens and a fountain. Funny. It never once occurred to me that Elinor's not strictly the type for suburban living. None of her family's quiet. They haven't been quiet for generations.

"Now in your life or mine, Bill, if we meet a guy in business and see him twice a year, he's an acquaintance. But not in the theater. Not in the theater. Twice a year is an old friend and they keep it in mind and stick together like a bottle of glue. The result is that New York in Elinor's case is crammed with an electrifying collection of human talent who are either Elinor's 'old friends' or old musical comedy friends of her mother's or old moving picture friends of her Uncle Sid's and so on up and down the family. They pop up and greet you in hotels, steamships, subways and telephones and the result's informal and hearty. I like it myself. But it's not suburban.

"Strangely enough the prospect of six quiet months in the suburbs kindled a fire in Elinor's soul. It seemed to fascinate her. She spoke of it as a busy man with a taste for travel might speak of a rest in the Gobi Desert.

"Well, the suburbs were quiet. If it hadn't been for the frogs—I won't bore you with them; but they were terrible! Two weeks ago last Sunday at eight o'clock in the evening, I was writing letters on the dining-room table and Elinor had been prowling in and out of the room like a tiger in a cage. Naturally I want her happy. Bill, I love that girl—"

I considered it best to chill him. "You said that, Hank."

"Don't be crude," Hank grumbled. "I was about to say that Elinor sat down abruptly on the other side of the table with her chin on her hands. Her eyes were enormous. 'Hank,' she said breathlessly, 'it's those frogs! Why don't you call up the City Fathers or whatever they are and demand an investigation? Tell them to find out what's going on over there. It can't be normal. Tell them the frogs are over there multiplying!'

"Part of Elinor's charm, I have been told, is a gift for extravagant comment. I recovered from that one, gasping, and picked up a letter from Tom Preston which I meant to answer next. It has yet to be answered simply because I read the letter aloud to Elinor to keep her mind off the frogs. Tom said he had just been married. He said, Thank God he had married a modern girl who felt as he felt that at least one night a week they were both entitled to freedom when his wife could accept an invitation from another man and Tom could dine and dance with another attractive girl.

"Elinor gasped. You've probably noticed that Elinor's gasps are peculiarly intense and eloquent. They've been trained to arouse an audience. Even her face has been trained. I mean, Bill, when Elinor looks amazed, she looks amazed, and she was giving Tom's marriage everything she had. I found it a little irritating. After all, it was none of our business if a couple of boneheads climbed out once a week on a keg of dynamite. However, I just said in a careful voice that things like that were going on these days and Elinor quivered, 'But, Hank, it's outrageous! It's absolutely outrageous!' "

"HANK removed his towel and dried his neck and face. "We—had a row. Understand," he said emotionally, "this was the first row we'd ever had. The first row! I said that Tom was merely romantic. I made another mistake and said that all men were romantic and women were sentimental. After that the issue became personal. For seven days I've been over here thinking and I still can't remember how she got me to admit an old romantic obsession. I mean, Bill, I've frequently thought I'd like to open a telephone directory, close my eyes, run my finger down the page and stop and if I found a girl on the end of it, call her up and take her out.

"Elinor's eyes looked like a couple of scorched moons. Brown. Brown and stormy, as if for the first time my depths were in view. She gave me an exit, one of her best. Profile lifted, lashes sweeping her cheek. Perfect timing.

"In the living-room our telephone bell spoiled her fade-out. It went off with a bang right under her ear. I heard her muffle a shriek and the show that girl put on would have been a credit to Sarah Bernhardt. It was Elinor's mother telephoning from town—all of that family are incurable wire-visitors—and Elinor gave her the joyous voice of a contented young wife in the suburbs. Then she ducked into our bedroom and closed the door.

"I opened the door, hoping to patch things up, and Elinor wasn't there. A French window over the fire escape was open and beyond it you could see the lighted windows around the court. I cautiously reconnoitered. She was standing motionless on the fire escape just below the window. I pulled in my head, hoping she hadn't seen me.

"Elinor spoke. She said in a throaty murmur, 'I saw you seeing me, Hank Medhill! I suppose the minute I'm out of sight, you'll be so full of romance, you'll open the telephone book and close your eyes and if your finger hits a hussy, you'll run around with her!'

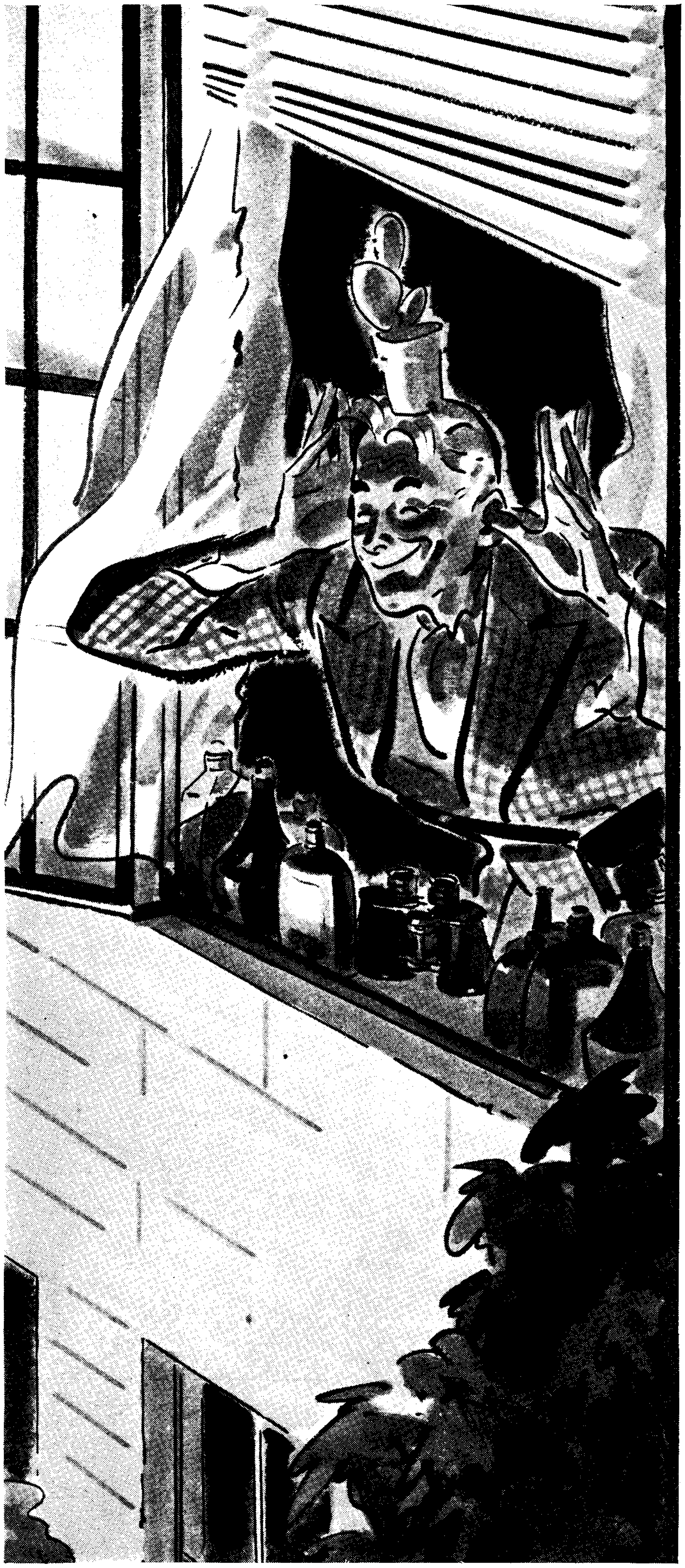
"I DIDN'T answer her. When I looked again she was gone. It was then 8:40 and I would have used a hat myself if I hadn't needed a shave.

"Now I contend that after the clock struck ten I was no longer a rational human being. Elinor, I suspected, was curled up in a moving-picture show probably panning somebody's acting, and I began to froth at the mouth. I decided that by the time the show let out I'd be nothing at all but a limp-whiskered Penelope at a staggering disadvantage and I made up my mind I wouldn't be there!"

"Hank," I said, shivering, "I can see it coming—"

Hank nodded. "I opened a telephone book. When I opened my eyes and looked at my finger, it was on a hotel. Eldredge Hotel. I called the hotel and asked for the first room number that popped into my head. It was 203. Naturally, I disguised my voice. Out there our telephone went through a switchboard downstairs and a strange voice in the house is considered somebody's guest. In the morning I intended to tell Elinor precisely what I had done and—and—" Hank waved his hand—"teach her a lesson.

"In Room 203 in the Eldredge Hotel



"He spies on this apartment," Elinor said. "And once he stuck his fingers in his ears and deliberately wiggled them at me"

a girl answered. Fact. You could tell she was young. Young and startled. She considered my directory idea unique enough to discuss it but she wouldn't tell me her name. She said first she'd have to have a look at me and since 203 was a suite, I could come right up. She added cautiously, 'What name?' Well, I had to be cautious myself. Right ahead of me I could see a bowl of flowers on the living-room table and I told her she'd have to look for a guy in white flannel pants and a blue coat with a white carnation in his buttonhole."

"You reckless dumbbell!" I gasped. "It didn't even occur to you that she might have a hotel dick all ready to collar you when you knocked on her door?"

"It didn't occur to me," Hank said in a strange voice. "It didn't occur to me. All the time I was shaving and changing my clothes I kept wishing Elinor'd walk in and nail me and, of course, if she had—I wouldn't have gone.

"Nights, old Mike, the elevator man, operates the switchboard, so I sneaked out in my white pants and carnation and scuttled down the stairs while Mike was taking some tenants up in the elevator.

"OUTSIDE, the usual tenants' cars were parked for the night along the curb. Across the street two men were climbing out of a taxi. I was unlocking my car when a hand fell on my shoulder and spun me around. I identified in a general way the two birds from the taxi and went into action. The first guy I hit had speed and size and muscles. He punched a gun in my belt. The other one—frisked me. Both—" Hank swallowed—"both had badges.

"One of 'em said, 'He's resistin' arrest, ain't he, Pete? Is it the right guy?' And Pete said, 'Sure it's the right guy. Pipe the white pants and the pretty carnation. Room 203 Eldredge Hotel, eh? You poor sap! Didn't you ever hear of callin' the cops and tracin' a telephone call?'

"In my kind of a jam, Bill, you don't defy the law in front of your own apartment house. I rode off in a taxi with four hundred pounds of official beef and two drawn revolvers. Drawn. Actually drawn. I was sputtering mad. 'Skip it!' Pete barked at me. 'It was a cute idea but we know who you are. You're that fire-eatin' cherub of Maxie Tripp's.'" Hank shuddered. "The Sunday papers that day had been full of Maxie. Out there he's local Public Enemy No. 1. I figured then that the head of the Medhill mills might be able to talk his way out of some headlines where Maxie's cherub couldn't and I forked over my car licenses.

"My identity knocked 'em cold. One of 'em grunted, 'Henry Medhill! Gosh, Pete, if he ain't lyin', this is hot stuff!' But he didn't relax. He kept me in the taxi while Pete went into a drugstore to call up the Chief of Police. Pete came back in a skeptical mood and said the chief had been talking to Room 203 in the Eldredge Hotel. 'That girl, Mr. Medhill,' he said to me, 'has been badly scared and the chief insists upon identification in her presence to convince her you're okay. He's sending a plain-clothes man to meet us who says he knows Henry Medhill by sight.'

"What could I do, Bill? I—went along. This girl, they told me, had refused to be made conspicuous by detectives trooping up to her suite. She was in a taxi with the plain-clothes man in a street behind the hotel. She was good-looking. Bareheaded. Thin cloak around her. Black hair slicked back from her forehead. Dark eyes. Olive skin. Big expensive-looking handbag in her lap. The plain-clothes man picked to identify me looked at different parts of my face. 'Okay,' he said in a baffled voice. 'It's Henry Medhill!'

"The girl shivered. 'Now that I know Mr. Medhill isn't a kidnaper and this has been nothing at all but a foolish lark,' she said in a low voice, 'I would like to talk to him alone.'

"The dicks went off in the other taxi. What could I do, Bill?" Hank cleared his throat. "When you've scared a girl like that you feel obligated. Obligated. I climbed into the taxi and the girl began, 'Mr. Medhill, I'm a stranger here and alone and the thought of going back to my room after a shock like this—is too awful! If you're willing, I'd like to take a drive out to the Lakeside Inn.'

"Bill, what could I do?"

"Listen, Hank," I said coldly, "don't say that again. Your status in this disgraceful rumpus is rapidly shifting."

"You're taking it for granted," Hank retorted, "that Elinor was alone after she left me. Huh!" He blinked some perspiration out of his eyes and began again. "The girl was still jittery after we started out but this time she told me a part of her name. It was Vera. This Vera, Bill, kept watching the roads and once when a car plunged up and passed us, she—she screamed and collapsed. Three miles out of town on a lonely road—" Hank tapped my knee—"somebody shot at us. Fact. Somebody shot at us! The bullet hit a tire and the taxi driver made a horrible gobbling sound and jumped the taxi ahead. The jump caught me stone-cold and unprepared and I stayed where I landed—on the floor of the taxi. We were tearing ahead on a flat tire with the rim banging and I could see as we zipped past a road light that Vera was still on the seat. She was rummaging in her handbag and she came up with—with a revolver in her hand. The taxi windows were open and, Bill, that girl fired out a bunch of bloodcurdling blasts and said to me in a hard, quiet voice, 'Don't move, Mr. Medhill. They may shoot again. I fired to let them know we're armed.'

"MOVE! Even my tongue wouldn't move. It was withered and dry like a small flap of old leather.

"'That shot came from a car behind us, lady,' the taxi driver yelled. He could see the car in his mirror. 'It's turnin' back!'

"I got up and dusted my pants.

"'Mr. Medhill,' Vera said, 'if I could, I'd tell you the rest of it. I didn't know I'd been traced. I thought with a bodyguard I'd feel safer.'

"Get that, Bill. I was her bodyguard in a pair of white flannel pants and armed to the teeth with a key ring.

"At that minute the taxi turned into a crossroad and stopped in some woods. 'Folks,' the driver said grimly, 'this road is a short cut to the Lakeside Inn and I'll sell you my flashlight. I think we'll all be safer with both of you walkin' the woods.'

"I thought so myself. I paid for his flashlight, a tire, a rim and five miles of travel. On the hoof, this Vera was still handsome but she was a good four inches taller than I and rugged. Rugged. We walked up some spooky ruts for a mile and a half and scrambled down a hill full of briers.

"At the inn, Vera picked out a porch table over the lake where we couldn't be seen from the road and I went in and telephoned for a taxi. It was the sensible thing to do, Vera said, in case we had to leave in a hurry.

"BILL, that hippo danced with her cheek against my hair. I—I suffered. I kept running my eyes over the crowd on the porch, hoping nobody knew me. I lost again. I lost," Hank repeated in a voice peculiarly dry and savage, "because Elinor was sitting at one of the tables with a dark young guy as big as a house. She was staring at me. Angry. Astonished and angry. I still dream of her eyes.

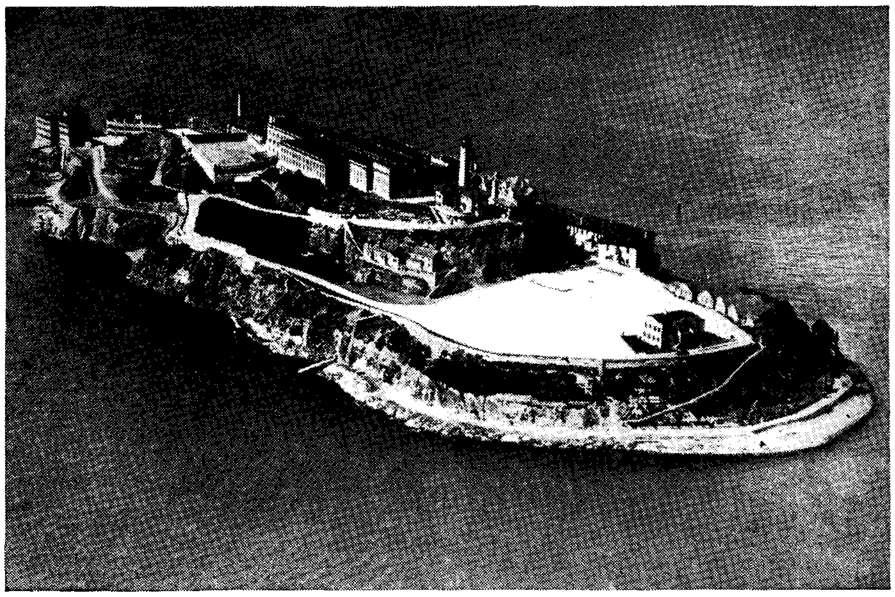
"I told Vera I was afraid some of her searching party would sneak up in a rowboat and get a bead on us from the lake and I walked her back to the table. The minute we sat down Elinor walked up the porch and stopped in front of me. 'Mr. Medhill,' Elinor said sweetly, 'you've torn your pants. Just below your coat in the back. It's important because your underwear seems to be blue.'

"I was speechless with wrath.

"'Don't you remember me?' Elinor went on reproachfully. 'I'm the little girl from the wrong side of the tracks who used to run errands for your mother.'

"Trust Elinor to think up a yarn like

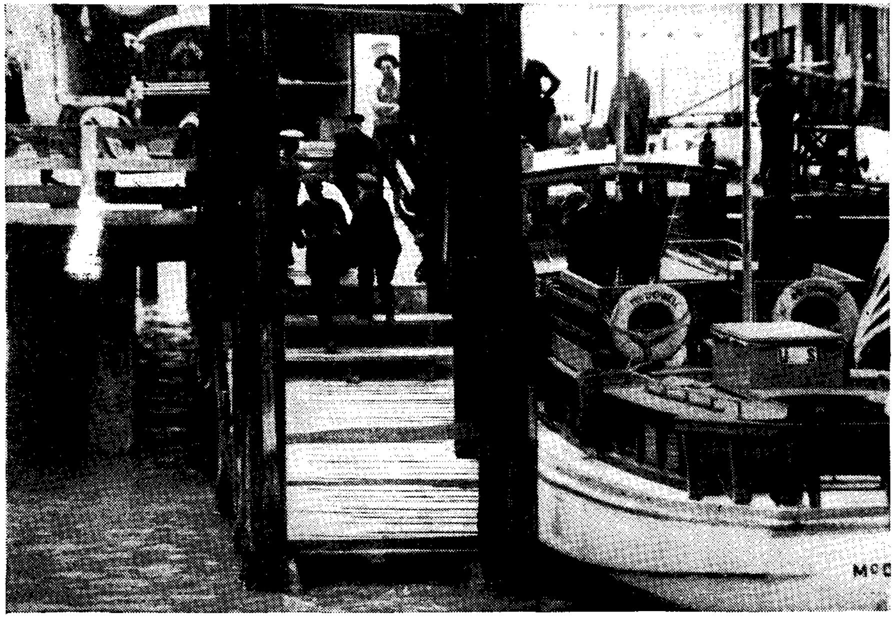
(Continued on page 44)


ACME

Trouble House

By Frank J. Taylor

Alcatraz is Uncle Sam's answer to the trouble-makers in his federal prisons. There such ex-big shots as Al Capone meekly learn to finish their porridge, walk a very, very straight line and forget all about prison rackets and special privileges. We can thank Warden Johnston of "The Lodge" for a prison system that really works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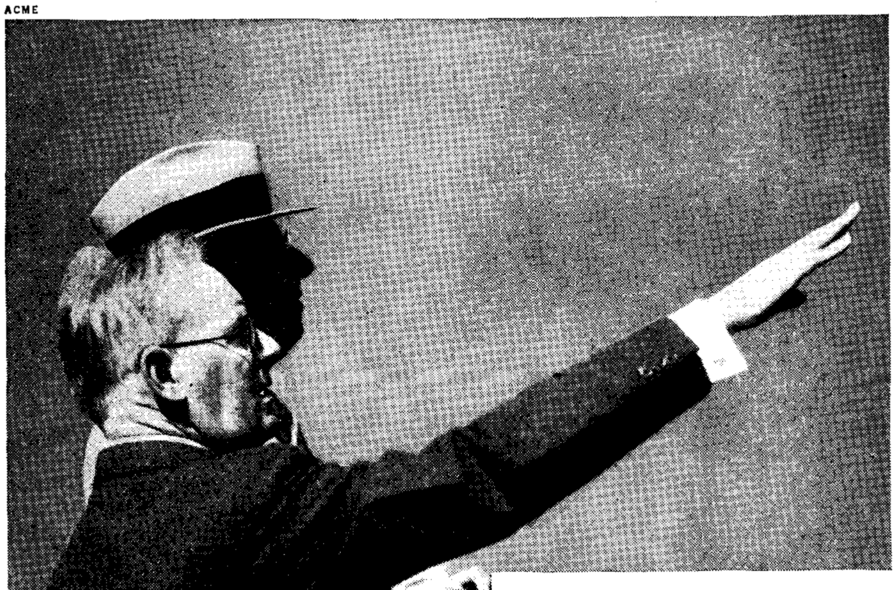

WIDE WORLD

Left: Warden James Johnston, who [illegible]

ACME

ACME

HAVING read in the paper that Mr. Alphonse Capone, Mr. "Machine Gun" Kelly, Mr. "Dutch" Louie Schultz and certain other big shots who are now stopping at The Lodge (remodeled throughout, and under new management) out on Alcatraz were complaining about the guest towels and other items of service, I asked mine host, Warden James Johnston, how about it.

He listened with interest.

"Out here the guests are always wrong," he said.

That makes it appear that the host of Alcatraz Lodge is a somewhat hard-boiled innkeeper. But such is not the case. In less than two minutes after you sit down across the desk from genial, mild-spoken Mr. Johnston, it is clear to you that he is ever the perfect host. One and all, the boys out on Alcatraz have their little weaknesses. But will Mr. Johnston reveal any tidbits of gossip about his guests? Emphatically, no!

It wasn't that he was squeamish about offending Mr. Alphonse Capone or Mr. "Machine Gun" Kelly or Mr. "Dutch" Louie Schultz. It wasn't for fear of driving away steady customers, either. The Lodge has accommodations for 550 singles without bath. Its register at the present shows but 259 permanent guests. But even so, Mr. Johnston didn't give a hang whether his patrons came back after they eventually had checked out.

His point of view was that these prize hell-raisers, as he referred to his lodgers, had already had their day in the headlines. He felt that, having let themselves fall into the hands of the G-Men for this or that, and having been shipped out to The Lodge for the rest cure, Mr. Capone and Mr. Kelly and all the other bad eggs ought to be blotted out of the picture. And so help him, Mr. Johnston was doing his bit toward making them all forgotten men.

Not for one minute would I leave the impression with you that the boss of Alcatraz is a hard-hearted, cold person lacking in courtesy and in human sympathy. He is the very soul of gentility and kindliness. A friendly, ruddy-faced, white-haired, perfect gentleman of about fifty summers, he is just about the last person in the world you would pick on appearance to herd the toughest, meanest, most dangerous collection of criminals in the land.

From Banker to Warden

But appearances are deceiving. It seems that your Uncle Samuel knew exactly what he was doing when he reached into a big banking house in San Francisco and plucked out Vice-President James A. Johnston to rig up the world's most escape-proof prison and to manage it after two hundred and fifty-odd incorrigibles from other federal penitentiaries had been ticketed out to California where, as the saying goes, lifing is better.

The new warden had acquired a lot of notions about handling bad men long before the Department of Justice took over Alcatraz prison from the United States Army in 1933. He evolved these ideas some two decades back while devoting two years of his life to straightening out matters in California's hell hole, Folsom prison. On the basis of his success at Folsom he was promoted to the wardenship of San Quentin, biggest and most difficult penitentiary in the United States. He put in eleven hard years there, then resigned to tackle banking, which was a new business to him.

Previously, Jim Johnston was a rising young lawyer with a zeal for civic reform. Hiram Johnson, then newly elected governor of California, lured him from private life to serve first as chairman of the State Board of Control, then to wrestle with the increasingly difficult problem of state prisons.

In those days Jim Johnston used to go around talking with everyone who would listen to him about "examination, classification and segregation" as the one and only means of handling law-breakers. At first the idea was just so many euphonious words strung in a row. But gradually it dawned upon people that here was a new and practical idea. In 1917, the California legislature took the idea seriously enough to pass the Segregation Act which Warden Johnston had concocted in his spare moments between headaches at overcrowded and tumultuous San Quentin. That act gave Johnston his opportunity. It was the first comprehensive prison program attempted by any state.

In a nutshell, Johnston's scheme called for concentration of the habitual criminals at Folsom, the lodging of the next worst criminals at San Quentin, the handling of the less incorrigible offenders at a state farm and at highway road camps, with a special prison for women in the Southern California mountains, and rural reform schools for the juvenile offenders. By this plan, newcomers to prison life were kept out of the San Quentin and Folsom crime schools. Previously they had been sentenced to whichever prison the judges fancied. Under Johnston's plan the Prison Board assigned them.

The plan attempted by California in 1917 is almost identically the program being worked out so successfully today by the federal government under the direction of Attorney General Homer S. Cummings and Sanford Bates, Director of the Bureau of Prisons, for Uncle Sam's assortment of some 11,000 federal prisoners.

In the similar system which the federal government has set up, Alcatraz is the apex. Or it is rock-bottom, depending upon which is up and which is down. Warden Johnston, in his conversations, frequently emphasizes the fact that any man on the island can "work himself up" out of Alcatraz.

In the federal setup for handling criminals, Alcatraz is but one unit, the isolation point for the "toughest two per cent." It is a vital point because it is the billet of public enemies, of gangsters, kidnappers and professional law-breakers whose ingenuity had invaded even prison walls until Warden Johnston evolved the leak-proof penitentiary on the Army's historic embattlement just inside the Golden Gate in the heart of San Francisco Bay.

Alcatraz's population is made up of two classifications: first, hard-boiled felons who foment riots and take the long chance for escape, and, second, ex-gangsters who maintain their connections with the underworld even through prison walls.

Jim Johnston's "guests" always bear the proper credentials from other federal detention centers when they arrive at the portcullis of The Lodge. The gate which drops is not unlike that of a medieval castle. It permits newcomers to land from the Alcatraz barge. The bulk of the guests were recommended from Leavenworth penitentiary in Kansas. A choice delegation of hell-raisers came from the "big house" at Atlanta. McNeil Island in Washington, Northeastern Penitentiary at Lewiston, Pennsylvania, contributed smaller quotas. Other potential sources of inmates for The Lodge are the reformatories at Chillicothe, Ohio, and El Reno, Oklahoma, the United States Narcotic Farms at Lexington, Kentucky, and Milan, Michigan, and the prison for insane at Springfield, Missouri. It is doubtful if any customers will ever arrive from the Federal Women's Prison at Alderson, West Virginia, The Lodge being strictly stag.

To qualify for reservations at Alcatraz, the tough customers must have demonstrated their incorrigibility at the other prisons or must have led the other wardens and Director of Prisons Sanford Bates at Washington to suspect them of running rackets or gangs from within prison walls. Director Bates is the only one who can authorize the transfer of a prisoner to Alcatraz. No one is ever sentenced to Alcatraz directly by a federal judge.

Once they are billeted as Jim Johnston's guests out on Alcatraz the big shots are blotted out of everyday existence as successfully as if they were shipped to the moon. There are no leaks through the rock walls of the Gray Pile. Here at last is an escape-proof prison and the only way a man can get out is to serve his time or work his way out by such good conduct that the Bureau of Prisons feels that he has actually been rehabilitated morally. In spite of the fact that Alcatraz is The Lodge for incorrigibles only, the Bureau of Prisons insists that no man is completely beyond redemption.

To get an idea of what sort of hospice Jim Johnston has to offer out on the island, let's take one of the guests at random and see what has happened to him out there. The guests, of course, are mere numbers. We will have to pick one out of the hat. Say Number 85. Who might that be? Not for his life would the warden reveal which guest bears Number 85. But from other sources, namely a released prisoner who served his time on the island, we learn that Number 85 is none other than Mrs. Capone's little boy Alphonse, who ran afoul of the federal tax men by failing to report his profits from racketeering in Chicago.

So Al wound up in the "big house" at Atlanta. Al was not exactly an incorrigible prisoner and, though he never hankered for prison life, he professed to be willing to "take his medicine." But wherever Al was there too was gangland's mecca. So the director of the Bureau of Prisons earmarked him as one of Jim Johnston's first lodgers for the sake of safekeeping and oblivion.

The Island of the Pelicans

If Al had taken the trouble when he was working in the library at Atlanta to look up the literature on Alcatraz he would have discovered he was going to a spot with a romantic background indeed. About the time that George Washington was crossing the Delaware, Captain Manuel de Ayla was sailing through the Golden Gate. The Captain bumped into an island of rock which he called Isla de Alcatraces, following the good old Spanish custom of giving places descriptive names. So this was the Island of the Pelicans. The Spaniards and the pelicans managed to hang on to the rock until 1846, when it fell into the hands of the U. S. A. with the annexation of California.

The American Army immediately began to bore great holes in the rock in which they stored quantities of gunpowder and ammunition. About its battlements they placed numerous cannon so arranged that they could plop cannon balls out through the Golden Gate if need be. The idea was to make another Rock of Gibraltar of it. In a generation or so the fashions had changed in armament and Alcatraz, no longer useful for coast defense, was converted into a disciplinary barracks. Its dark and dismal underground storage tunnels were used for dungeons, which caused the rocky pile to be referred to as a Devil's Island. The Bureau of Prisons resents this name very much. It is, on the contrary, a most salubrious and healthful spot—if you must be penitent.

As Al first glimpsed the island surrounded by its stone battlements he must have thought, as does everyone else, that it resembled a huge ferryboat anchored midstream in the raging tide torrents of the Bay. On the whole isle there is not a single yard of soil except that which has been carried out by boat from the mainland. All the water comes out in tanks by boat.

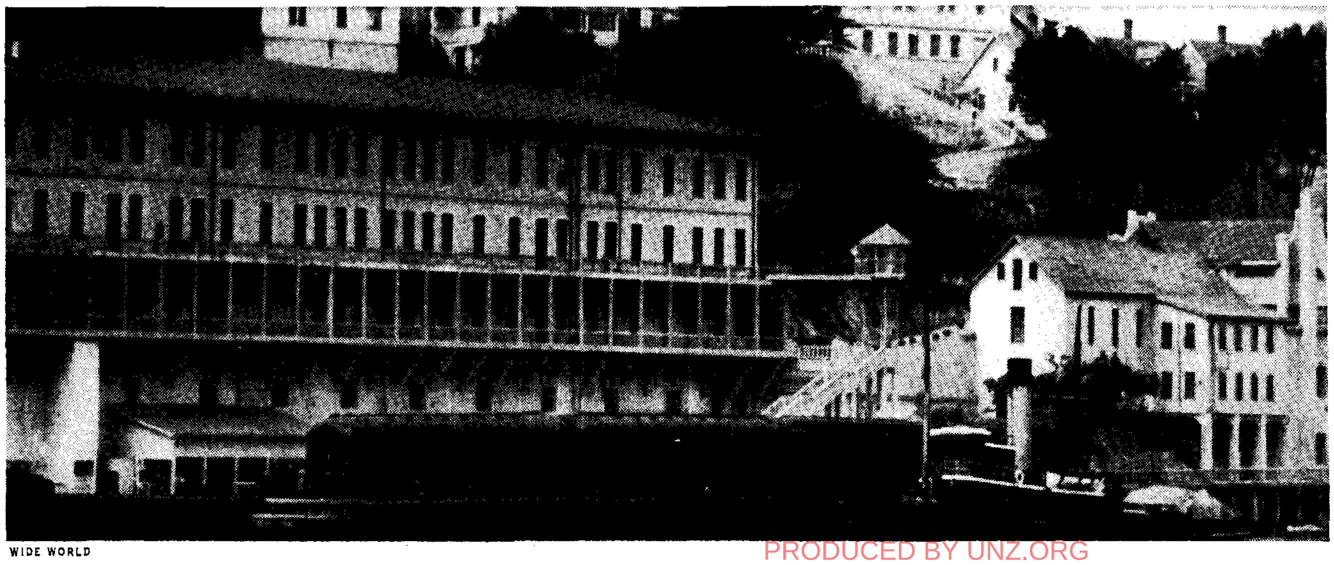
As Prisons Go, It's Ideal

When he assumed command of Alcatraz in 1933, Warden Johnston was instructed to remodel it throughout. He rearranged the cell blocks, rebuilt the passageways of saw-proof hard steel, installed every safety device known to modern prisons, including a new short wave radio and telephone communication, searchlight towers, guard lookouts everywhere equipped with machine guns and high-powered rifles. This remodeling set the taxpayers back $263,000, but it was cheap compared to the toll being levied annually on the public by Al and his fellow guests.

You might say that an island like that, surrounded by sparkling waves, bathed in California sunshine with a magnificent view of the fascinating San Francisco sky line to the south, Marin hills to the north, and the Golden Gate's gorgeous sunsets to the west, ought to be a happy choice for a place to live out one's declining years. As prisons go, it is ideal—clean, uncrowded, safe, quiet and orderly. Alcatraz is probably the last word in comfortable prisons.

But Al doesn't like it and neither do the other boys out there. Why? Too monotonous, too rigid, no chance to do anything but what's on the program. And what is the program?

(*Continued on page 64*)



WIDE WORLD

The Camphor Jungle

Another vividly colorful romance of how Americans once went out for trade and found weird adventure in the turbulent Far East

By Sidney Herschel Small

A SAVAGE screamed in the inky blackness beyond the loopholed mud wall; pariah dogs, within, began to howl; the paid Chinese guards of the camphor camp discharged their guns valiantly at nothing, to warn roving head-hunters that they were awake. In the rattan-twined undergrowth a nesting barbet, by daylight a glory of golden yellow and vermilion, whistled frantically once, and then was silent. Dick Bartlett wondered if its feathers had gone to decorate the wicker helmets which the Formosan hill tribes, the Tsalisen, were said to wear when seeking new bloody trophies.

The house had one room, a sunken fireplace in the middle for cooking, mat beds raised a foot from the floor against the side walls. Dick sat on one, with sketches for a more efficient distilling apparatus than the crude stoves used by the Chinese; crystallized camphor had risen from a few dollars a picul to better than fifty, now that it could be combined with guncotton to imitate ivory; celluloid was the name of the product. The Japanese had already devised a cheap manner of reducing the chips from the camphor laurel with which the old stills could not compete.

A newspaper was across Hugh Blanding's face; Dick hesitated, although he was positive the engineer was not asleep. The Knights of Labor were being organized; the railway strike was at its height; Dennis Kearny, in San Francisco's sand-lots, was agitating for the exclusion of Chinese laborers. Here, in the Formosan hills, where tea plantations reached up into the cleared land westward, there was likewise the problem of labor; the Japanese were paying the Hakkas, the Chinese, the half-castes, in both copper coins and opium, and were securing the pick of the workers. That trick, Dick supposed, they had learned from the white men. He said, "Hugh; about weight. How heavy are the parts?" The Tsalisen screamed again; another savage answered him. The Chinese fired quickly, warningly. "Every piece must be carried here, you know."

Carried over a pathway hacked through wilderness so thick with ferns, palms and grasses that it was not possible to tell what it contained, concealed; extending upward were parasitical vines, looped about in endless festooned chains, impenetrable save to the Tsalisen. Green rattan twined everywhere, hundreds of feet long and tough as wire, and not recognizable as the smooth shining article of commerce, but covered with sharp hooked thorns. The path gashed along the yellow face of a sulphur cliff, crossed a ravine over a single fallen tree notched for the bare feet of the coolies, and then was so steep that even they, with their burdens, were forced to crawl on their knees. The camphor station, the *shi-ju-pun*, was at the ridge, established originally by criminals banished from China, now licensed, taxed, by the mandarins.

The Chinese camp chief was on another bed; his servant, a native with tattooing on forehead and chin, waited to fill the thin silver tobacco pipe; old Jeremiah Howard, from Bartlett and Company's godown at Takow, lay on the third. His opinion of young Dick had altered since the party had left the seaport, the rice fields, the sandy red loam of the tea gardens, the last settlement, where civilized natives now collected monkey skulls instead of human ones; it was difficult for him to reconcile the dandy who had spent minutes in selecting a cravat, where the only women were the half-caste wives of the traders, with the man he saw now on the opposite bed. Handsome, the boy was; dark like the head of the Company, but with the blue eyes of his mother; when you came to know him, after weeks in the hills, you knew that anyone who laughed so often, who was so alert, would never, under stress, crack. As for Blanding. . . .

A MONKEY howled, long, fearfully; Blanding hurled the newspaper from his face. He said, "Weights! Camphor," and then his voice rose shrilly. "We're being surrounded. I saw one of their damned villages, with the skulls in rows. Chinese, Dutch, Spanish, English, American . . . children . . . there was that coolie yesterday outside the stockade, without any head . . . we've got to get out, Dick! I tell you we've got to get out. You can hear them in the jungle." He jumped wildly to his feet, eyes roving restlessly about, appearing as unkempt as if he had not shaved in the morning; he needed only some one little thing, the scorching of a bug in the lamp, an irregular tick from the chief's gaudily painted Japanese-made clock, to crack completely. The slight movement of the papers in Dick's hand supplied the straw. "More camphor for merchant princes," he shouted. "More silks, spices, silver, jewels, gold, ships . . . all bought with blood, with heads, with my head . . . more Bartletts. . . ."

"And Richard begat Richard, after which there was me," young Dick agreed, "and I am more scared, Hugh, than my grandfather ever was in China, or my father in Japan. A stiff drink is what I need. Or several." Smart, the boy was, Jeremiah Howard considered, drinking watered whisky. Dick went on, while Blanding used both hands to raise his bowl of liquor. "Too much Formosa. Unwashed coolies, samshu, fleas, roast pig, monkeys which sound like head-hunters. I . . . *what's that?*"

Jeremiah Howard said, "No monkey," and unbuckled his holster; Blanding's bowl became blue and white splinters on the floor, and in the crash was woven a repeating of the cry, high-pitched, terrified. "It cannot be a woman," Howard muttered. "She cannot have called, 'Help!'" His job, he tried to remember, was to keep young Dick out of danger; Dick was already at the door, rifle in hand.

A RAGGED volley from the guards obliterated any words. Hakka workmen were running from their huts, carrying axes, camphor knives; the oil-soaked heap of dry laurel, at a touch from a torch, roared up, yellow and red, showing seaport natives, naked to the waist, red cords wound through their long queues, betel-nut juice, like blood, dripping from their mouths; a spear, flung over the wall, drove clear through a half-caste; a guard tore at an iron-tipped arrow in his throat. Howard, pausing, fired at a basket-helmeted head at the top of the wall.

"The back gate," Dick urged. The two men, often, had discussed what should be done; take the Formosans in the rear, signal the camp with four evenly spaced shots, catch the savages between, and teach them what might in future keep them away. Nowhere in the expansion of trade had there been such a bloody story; camphor stations, Chinese settlements, were constantly wiped out; shipwrecked crews, from the Highflyer, Joven Carolina, Sarah Trottman, many others, had been killed, beheaded, eaten, while women, white, had been sold from tribe to tribe. Warships sent in reprisal had seen their landing parties slaughtered.

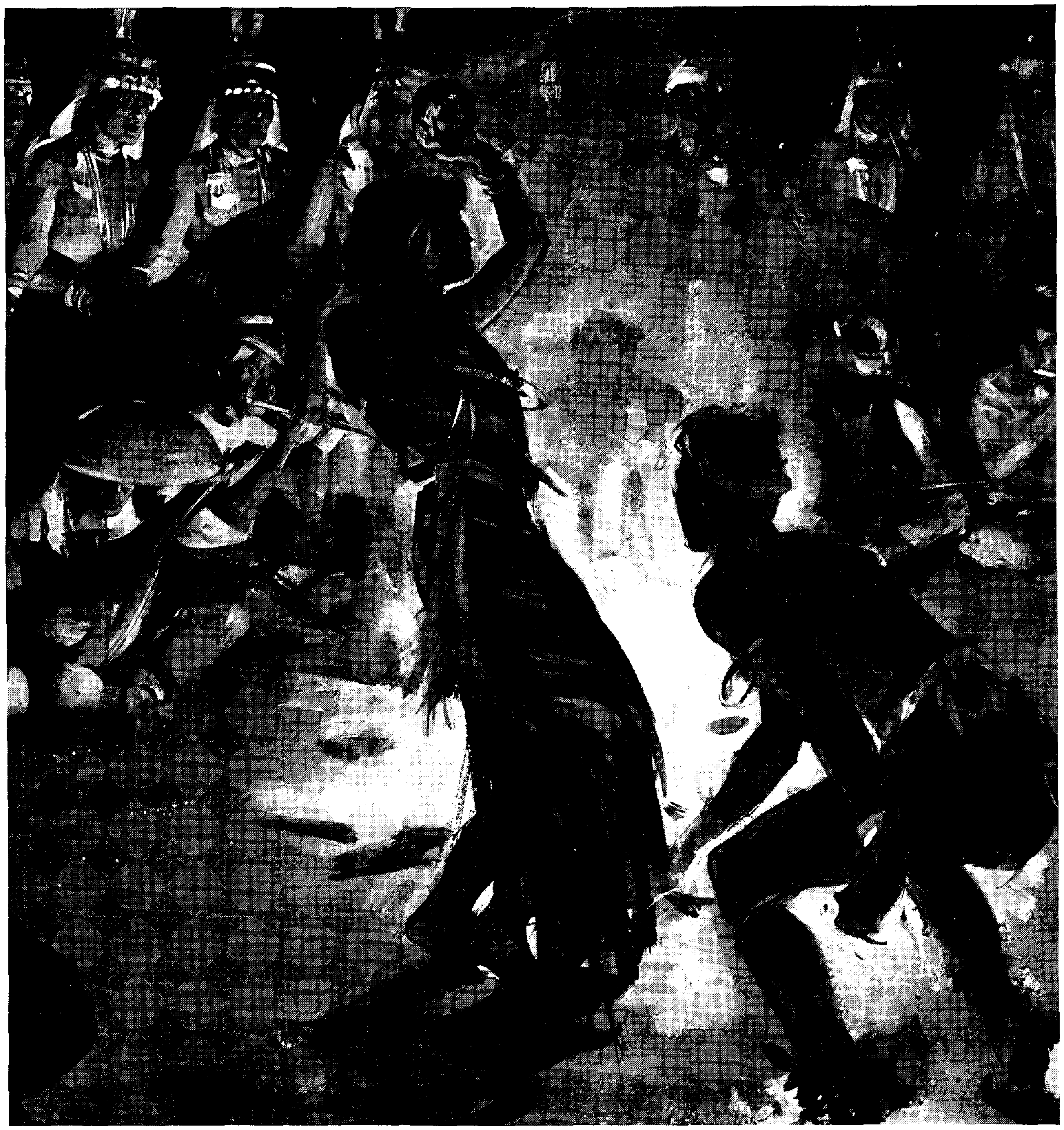
"You will remember," Jeremiah Howard said, as they worked slowly toward the main gate, keeping away from the wall, in shadow, "that I am accountable for you, Dick."

"We are both accountable for the woman," Dick retorted; Howard had no answer for that. The flames leaped high; the din was terrific. The savages, strangely, seemed satisfied to discharge their arrows over the wall, as if, under orders, they were keeping the guards inside. In their wicker head-covering they looked like demoniac crusaders; their slim oiled bodies offered targets at which neither white man fired.

There was excellent cover in a heap of chopped laurel branches; Dick, on his knees, crept so that he could peer around toward the main gate, and, heart beating even faster, moved aside so that Howard could also look. The spot was concealed from the walls by the thicket, but there was light enough for them to see two white men, tied like hogs for Takow market, on the ground, carrying-poles already thrust through the thongs. The Tsalisen chiefs wore short tunics of brilliant native cloth; their arms were circled with wild-boar tusks hung with human hair; each head was concealed in a helmetlike basket. Not until several of them stepped away did the watchers see a white girl, the red cloth of a gag cutting across the oval of her face.

"Four shots," Dick muttered. His rifle covered a savage with feathers and blossoms on his head-covering; would the camp chief follow out the plan? If not, the girl, Jeremiah, himself, would have no chance. The chief might do it; he had been hard hit by new taxes, since the mandarins claimed they needed timber for a fictitious fleet, and thus re-taxed the camphor laurel in addition to the export tax, the production tax; the chief might risk a good deal for a few months of peace. "I shoot to her right, you to the left," Dick added. "When the guards come, we must be ready in case the savages attempt to carry her away." He fired then, and shivered as he saw the Formosan leap into the air, twist, and fall; Jeremiah Howard, old hand, spaced his own shot exactly.

A GUARD, after the fourth crisp discharge, blared on a horn, and, like a shrill echo, one of the startled savage leaders blew a high summoning note on a bamboo tube-flute; his men came running from the walls. The carrying-poles were lifted, Formosans pushed at the girl with guns, spear-ends, but without touching her, urging her toward the dark jungle; some had bloody trophies tied by queues at their belts. Bartlett shot once at the Formosans ahead of the girl and, before Howard could seize him, ran from behind the shelter. With his rifle as a club he smashed a spear to earth, and the man who had tried to impale him, also; Jeremiah Howard, hur-



As she began to dance, swaying, seductive, hands holding the man off, she discarded the square of cloth. The Formosan man bounded wildly about her

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

rying after him, had never seen anything like this in his life, and recovered his senses only when a Tsalisen, from the side, leaped on Bartlett's back. Then he roared like ten men, and, without pause, himself jumped forward, secured the native's knife-hand, and hurled him off.

The guards were swarming up, driven forward by the waddling camp chief; Howard saw how two natives were lifting the girl, with Dick hammering at both of them at the same time; a guard hacked at one, and Bartlett, with his fist, sent the other crashing down into the thicket.

Thongs were quickly cut; the younger of the two white men said, as he stood up, "That so many should have died," and Dick, the others, knew that he was a missionary. He stared at Bartlett, who stood beside the girl, removing her gag.

"That's poor thanks," the older man said. He rubbed his arms and legs. "I'm Dr. Grifton," he said, "and I'm glad I wasn't dissected." He looked at the girl. "My dear, are you crying, praying, or laughing?"

She was doing all three, since the cold block of lead was no longer dragging at her heart. "I have never been saved before," she said to Dick, and then, quickly, "If you hadn't come! Oh, if you hadn't come!"

James Wilson, a little sharply, said, "Then we should have been taken into the very heart of this benighted land, and, there, taught the savages love and kindness." In Dick's mind came the first expedition, after the pirates' raids, into Formosa, made by Murayama, a convert from Japan . . . and how the Spanish and Portuguese, after him, brought commercial and religious rivalry; the Dutch came next, establishing churches, forts, settlements, schools, baptizing thousands of the seacoast natives, until their governors, in India, fearful of offending the Japanese who had decided to persecute Christians in Japan—at which, all in the cause of trade, the Dutch assisted—stopped all conversions in Formosa. "I do not wish to seem ungrateful," Wilson said, "because you did what you supposed right. But at heart the natives are children—"

"Who'd have gnawed your drumsticks," Jeremiah Howard said.

DICK had forgotten how pretty girls could be; brown eyes, brown hair shot with gold in the firelight; she was a little thing, slim like a boy, but pliantly curved, and came just above his shoulder as they walked toward the gate, leaving the guards to blaze away into the darkness. He learned their story, how the party had set out, with the Takow traders protesting; they had been surrounded before they knew they were even observed. The pack coolies and guide were killed at once, but she had not been mistreated. "None of them touched me," Margaret Grifton said.

When they came to the house, Hugh Blanding was snoring on the bed, the drained bottle beside him, the chief's Formosan woman brushing away the green night-flies. She went to get cooled rum with jasmine flowers in it.

Wilson was looking down his nose, but when Dick was about to defend his fellow worker, Dr. Grifton, comfortable on a bed, said, "Don't apologize. I'm not a regular missionary. I haven't a sword in one hand and a candle in the other." He laughed. "In Spanish, 'San' means saint. I worship a new one. Sanitation."

"Trade's changing too," Dick said. The Formosan woman was bringing bowls of rice and shredded venison; he saw that the girl, in lamplight, was even prettier than she had seemed outside. "If it hadn't been for the British-backed Alabama, and the other raiders, our clippers wouldn't have been driven off the seas; I wouldn't be here after camphor." He felt very fine, did young Dick; a fight, a rescue, a pretty girl, who, he learned, assisted her father in his work. "I've been sick," said Dick.

Dr. Grifton, stirring condiments into his bowl, asked if it seemed to be a fever, and Dick at once agreed; "That's a symptom young men develop after meeting Margaret," the doctor said. Hugh Blanding, on the bed, groaned. "I'll have a glass of rum and water," Dr. Grifton announced. "Merely because too much stimulant does *that* is no reason why I should lie awake all night and dream of savages . . . tell me, James; after this experience, d'ye still believe it would have been safe in a village?"

The younger missionary's vehemence carried Dick with him; Bartlett, once more, saw how the girl listened, and the brightening of her eyes; he himself suddenly demanded, "How'll the savages know, granted they don't kill you, that what you tell them's the truth? Japan was converted; they took to our religion as they do to manufacture and trade. Then, when they saw how each nation preached a different faith, and used it as means to secure trade concessions, to drive the others out, they drove us out. It took a fighting squadron to get back." The girl was listening to him now, and Dick liked it. "Even with camphor, which has new uses, the Japanese keep abreast of us. That's why we are here in the jungle after raw material."

IT CAME to Dick that Wilson was not listening to him, and then, suddenly, that he was really listening very closely. "The record of trade," said James Wilson, "is not the best. I suggested lovely Formosa because I hoped that here was one spot where the natives were unspoiled." He glanced at Hugh Blanding, at the chief's Formosan woman. "Trade has already arrived; God must take what little remains."

Margaret Grifton said, "What you say is not kind. The money for this trial of my father's idea came from New England trading families." Not kind, Wilson admitted with sadness, but true. "I am not so certain," Margaret said. "You assured us that it was less dangerous here than in China, where we originally intended going. . . ."

There was a veiled keenness, a question perhaps, in her father's eyes which Dick caught, and which the medical missionary knew Bartlett had seen; whatever the doctor was thinking he concealed by remarking, "These Bartlett men you defend, Meg; I warn you to exercise caution. They insist upon strange women and, by all reports, do their courting in foreign places. Here's one who's saved your life . . . so don't go walking in the moonlight with him."

That, Dick was positive, was not at all what Dr. Grifton had been thinking. He said, however, "There's no moon, sir. So it should be entirely safe for your daughter to see how our workers celebrate a victory over a different tribe." That, Wilson told him, would naturally be distasteful to a young lady. "I wish," said Dick, "that you would allow Miss Margaret to render her own decisions."

The fire had burned down to embers, and at first appeared only as a glow, with glistening seminude bodies about it; then, as bundles of grass were thrown on, the open spot by the workers' huts

(Continued on page 61)

The Experimenter

The story of Bill Ryan, who bet ten thousand dollars on himself to win a race—and a girl who guessed the answer

By H. Vernor Dixon

FOG, in its usual sly fashion, is creeping in over the Golden Gate and it looks like a bad day at the yacht basin. The Santa Barbara race is not far off and most of the skippers need tuning up, not to mention their boats. Every day of preparation counts and it looks as if this fog is going to check one off the calendar.

But I'm used to the blasted stuff, having sailed around 'Frisco for better than thirty years, and having nothing to do at the moment anyway. Colleen won't sail in the race, so I don't have to worry about a day lost in tuning up. It's the others I'm thinking about.

There is a little sign hanging on the mainmast which states that our sweetheart Colleen is for sale and I lean against one of the stays and look it over. Old Murphy can't afford her any more, so she goes by the board. Poor Jim. Some crackpot who doesn't know port from starboard will probably buy her.

I'm thinking of this when I hear footsteps on the floating dock and turn around to see who it is. There stands a youngster. He's a funny-looking individual and I give him the once-over. He has a mop of sandy hair that's all over his head and looks as if it has never seen a comb, sort of blue eyes that change to gray every now and then, a freckled face, and a red stubble on his chin and the sides of his jaws. He needs a shave something awful and I wonder how he got by the guards at the club gates.

But his clothes are what get me. Tennis shoes, a pair of dirty duck slacks and a sweat shirt are all he has on; and it's a cold day, with the fog sending chills down your back. It doesn't seem to bother him, though, and I notice he has a rough tweed coat slung over one shoulder, with his left thumb hooked through the collar. He is also smoking a pipe.

THIS individual finally sees me standing by the mainmast, tenderly, almost reverently steps on deck and comes up to stand at my side. He doesn't say anything, just leans against another stay.

I'm the first to break the silence and say, "Well, young fellow, what's on your mind?"

He makes a crack about the boat being for sale and I almost have to laugh. If he has ten cents to his name it's the biggest surprise in my life. He probably couldn't buy the rudder, and here he's acting like a potential purchaser.

But I decide to humor him and say, "Yep, she's for sale. Thinking of buying a boat, young fellow?"

He scratches his head, spilling ashes out of his pipe onto his coat and replies, "Sort of, yes. How much are you asking for her?"

"One hundred thousand cash."

The blue goes out of his eyes and they turn gray and he looks smack into mine and says, "Would you mind repeating that?"

Well, he makes me feel like the liar I am and I tell him the right price, which is nowhere near a hundred thousand.

He smiles at that and says his name is Bill Ryan, and I say, "Channel Davis is mine," and we shake hands.

Then he asks me if the boat is mine and I tell him I'm only the skipper and that Jim Murphy is the owner.

"Deep Blue Murphy?"

"Yep."

My eyes open and something buzzes in my brain. No one on this side of the Pacific has ever called Murphy that. He won the name on the China Coast years ago, chancing blue water against a field of shore-hugging Englishmen. It is the first time I've heard it since then, and I look at the youngster with new interest.

"Why," he asks, "does Mr. Murphy wish to sell Colleen?"

I explain that Jim is getting old and has retired from business; also, that he can't keep his daughter and boat, both, with the money he has put away.

"He's not broke, then?"

"No. Far from it. Jim has money. But, as I say, not enough to indulge in racing too. He made the decision a few days ago, after Colleen was entered in this race to Santa Barbara. He thinks that if he won the race he might not give it up."

"YES, I can see his viewpoint. He must be a man of determination."

"You bet."

"Do you mind if I look the ship over?"

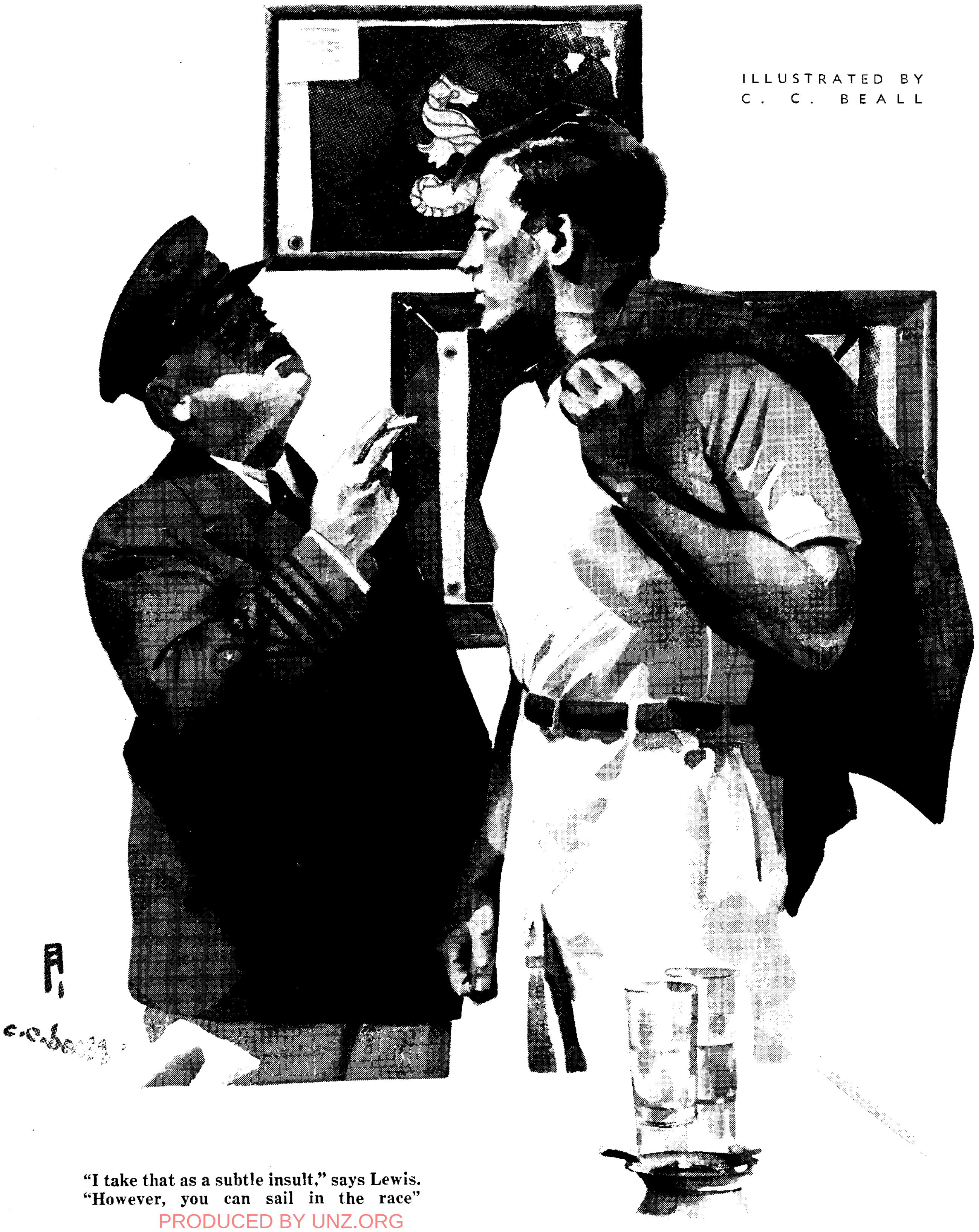
It looks like a waste of time, but there is something about him I can't fathom, so I decide to show him around.

He asks about the hull and I tell him, wondering if he will understand me, "Colleen's sections are unusually fine for a craft of her size and are hollow below the water line, because of her deep forefoot."

"Sounds like a good vessel for rough water."

Which hits the nail right on the head. Then I point out the wishbone rig, a new affair, and he grins again and I take him below and show him the navigator's cabin, the double stateroom aft, the large and beautiful main cabin, the guest stateroom with its two berths, the galley

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



"I take that as a subtle insult," says Lewis. "However, you can sail in the race" and the forecastle. I'm proud of her neatness and it shows in my voice.

Ryan says something about the bulb-angle deck beams and I tell him about the fore and aft girders amidships and the lightness of the pine deck. After which he drops a remark about the weight high up on the hull being thus cut down aiding the metacentric height and ratio of lead to displacement. We go on deck and I'm in a daze. He knows something.

There I repeat the price and add, "She's brand-new, young fellow, built especially for this coming race. I can guarantee she's the best buy on the Pacific Coast, or anywhere else."

"I think you're right," he says, a dreamy look in his eyes. "I'll buy her."

In another minute I'm walking away to the clubhouse to find Jim and cursing myself for a fool.

I run into Doris first, crossing the lounge of the club, and ask her where her father is.

"Now, Channel," she says, "what would your first guess be?"

"The bar?"

"Right you are. Need him for something urgent?"

"Yep. Fellow wants to buy Colleen."

"No! Well, knock me over with Yankee's boom! Say, I'll hop along with you. Dad's expression should be worth seeing."

We go through the lounge and all eyes turn to follow Doris, which they always do. She's rather tall and stately and willowy-looking and is built like an eight-meter racer, slim and neat, but with the proper curves in the right places.

WE GO into the bar and find Jim sitting on a high stool and he sees us coming and orders two more Scotch-and-sodas.

Doris says, "Channel tells me you have a buyer for the pride of your heart, old salt."

"A buyer for Colleen?"

"That's right," I say. "There's a young fellow by the name of Bill Ryan who wants to buy her."

"Well. Well. Have another drink."

"Now, just a minute, Jim, before you start getting excited. Don't blame me if this Ryan hasn't a dime to his name. I'm only telling you about him, that's all. He came up on the boat a short while ago and I showed him around and then he offered to write you out a check."

"Cash?"

"I suppose so. But, like I say, I honestly don't think he could buy another suit of sails for her."

"Well, we'll have a look at him anyway. If he's a crank we can put him in his place."

We finish our drinks and start out of the club and run into young Crawford Hodges, Jr., son of the club's late commodore. He is smartly attired in his usual nautical outfit, with every button polished and the cap set at just the proper angle and every crease looking like the book of regulations. He's fairly handsome, in a polished way, is just as dark as Doris and has half the women in town running after him, but has been to too many colleges to suit me.

"I say there," he calls, Oxford coming to the fore. "This is a delightful surprise, Doris. I hadn't fancied seeing you on the grounds in this dreadful fog."

"Hello, Toots," she replies, enjoying his horrified recoil. "I hadn't fancied seeing you either, old thing—still don't. What's up? Sitting on the committee?"

"Oh, yes. A trying job, but I feel called upon to . . ."

"I know—carry out the traditions of your father. You feel it's your duty to see that the creases in everybody's pants are up to snuff, that the throat of a shirt is not open lower than one button and so on down the line."

"Now, that's hardly fair. Someone has to see to those things, you know. Otherwise, the club would go to seed."

"I'd love that. With you growing out of the middle of it."

"Hey," Jim interrupts. "There's a fellow waiting to buy my boat. Like to come along, Crawford?"

"Yes, I would. Thank you. Doris and I will follow."

Doris exclaims, "Says you!" and walks with Jim and me. Crawford has to join us and I feel like laughing. With women falling all over him he has to go for Doris, the one person in the world you would think he would avoid. But he probably has an eye for beauty, too, in spite of the way she treats him, and maybe because of it.

THE four of us reach the Colleen and Ryan is not around. I hadn't thought he would be there. Some people are like that. I explain it all to Jim and we are about to turn back when Ryan shoves his head up out of a hatchway, his face covered with oil.

"Hello," he says. "Been looking the auxiliary over. Do you mind?"

No one does and Doris breaks out into an immodest laugh at sight of him, and Jim says, "So you're the buyer!"

"Yes, sir. I'll give you a check for the boat right now."

That puts a different complexion on matters and the four of us step on to the deck and sit down in the cockpit. Jim introduces himself and the others and asks Ryan how he likes the boat and he replies, "She's a beautiful craft, sir. I don't think there's a ship on the coast that could beat her in a fair race."

"Eh? You think that much of her?"

"Positively. Take that wishbone up there. No blow will knock that down. And when aloft she would never cause the trouble of a boom. It's easy to hoist and can be set at any degree with the winch. Also, I notice that you can let go of it and drop it on the deck in a hurry, the sail, I mean. By the way, sir, have you tried it much?"

"Ah . . . not much. Colleen has only been here a few months and I haven't had much of a chance to have her out. Frankly speaking, I can't get the hang of the trim."

Ryan says, "There is nothing to get the hang of, if you don't mind my venturing an opinion. You really should not touch anything but the wheel when under working sail. I notice the fore and mizzen staysails are self-trimming and the mainsail should take care of itself."

Old Jim Murphy, veteran of a thousand races under sail, squints his eyes and looks at the youngster. He is chuckling over the explanation of leaving the trim alone. Hodges notices Jim's expression.

"I don't think you are right," he says. "I would never allow the mainsail to take care of itself."

The young fellow replies, "Perhaps. But you would be making a mistake by always trying to trim it."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Doris interrupts. "Don't let this thing grow into an argument. Let Gordon Craig decide it."

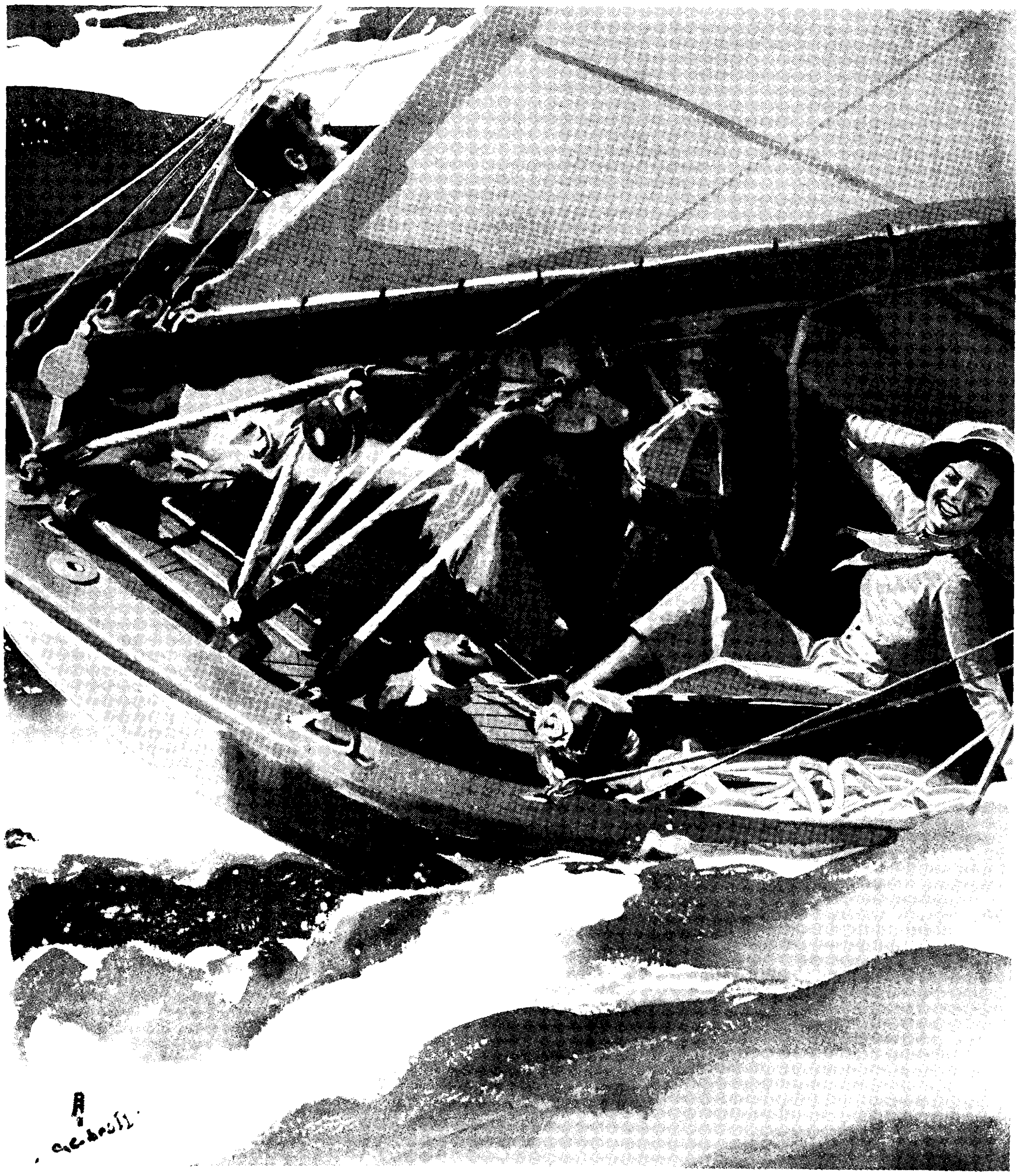
"Who?" Ryan asks.

"Gordon Craig, the writer. Haven't you ever heard of him? We all use him as an authority on sail around here."

"But . . . but . . . he's only a novelist. He's not an authority on sail."

HODGES laughs and says, "You evidently don't know much about sail, Mr. Ryan. Gordon Craig has never yet made a mistake in any of his novels. He knows his business. For example, he brought out the merits of a new type of square sail for long ocean voyages. Some of the men tried it out and it was great. He is always advocating something new

(Continued on page 40)

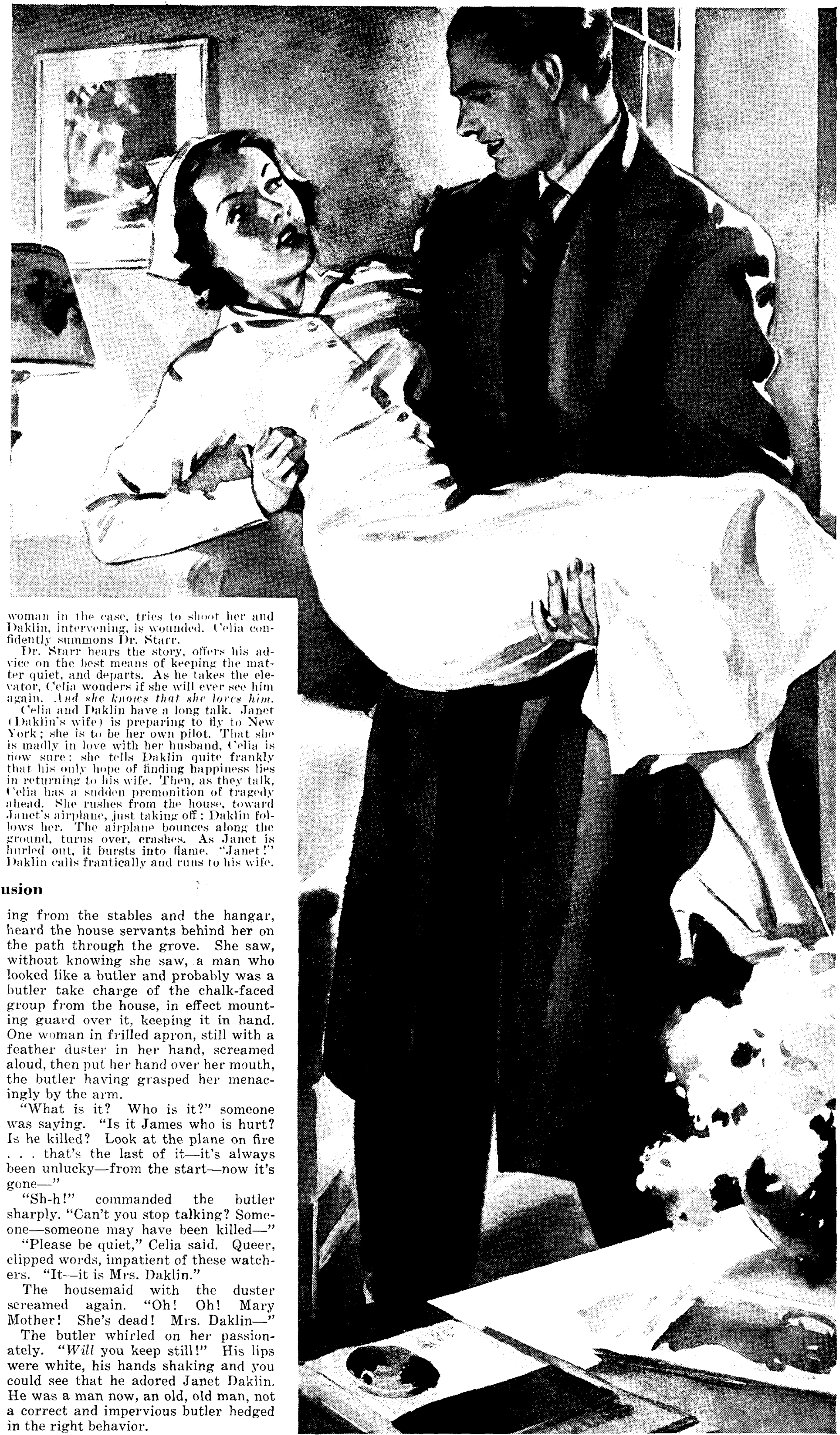


Doris enjoys every minute of it. Each time the gale chases us into a trough she laughs

The Prodigal Nurse

By
Teresa Hyde Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY
ELMORE BROWN



He picked her up as if she were a baby and put her in the chair

The Story Thus Far:

DECLINING to serve any longer as Mrs. Carleton Daklin's trained nurse, because Carleton Daklin insists on making love to her, Celia Landis, just out of a nurses' training school in New York, wonders where she can find another job.

Impressed by her beauty, Daklin, who is head of a great advertising agency, makes a suggestion; and Celia follows it—she becomes a professional model!

Grateful to Daklin for the fame and large income that are soon hers, Celia feels that she cannot drop him; and the two are together frequently. As a result, the gossips go into action.... Among those who hear ugly rumors concerning the powerful Carleton Daklin and "that beautiful nurse of his" is Doctor Anthony Starr, who is in love with Celia.

Celia is present at a party where Tony Gallo, a musician, is stabbed by an enraged partner. Mrs. Gallo, believing her the woman in the case, tries to shoot her and Daklin, intervening, is wounded. Celia confidently summons Dr. Starr.

Dr. Starr hears the story, offers his advice on the best means of keeping the matter quiet, and departs. As he takes the elevator, Celia wonders if she will ever see him again. *And she knows that she loves him.*

Celia and Daklin have a long talk. Janet (Daklin's wife) is preparing to fly to New York; she is to be her own pilot. That she is madly in love with her husband, Celia is now sure; she tells Daklin quite frankly that his only hope of finding happiness lies in returning to his wife. Then, as they talk, Celia has a sudden premonition of tragedy ahead. She rushes from the house, toward Janet's airplane, just taking off; Daklin follows her. The airplane bounces along the ground, turns over, crashes. As Janet is hurled out, it bursts into flame. "Janet!" Daklin calls frantically and runs to his wife.

Conclusion

SHE did not want to live," Celia was thinking. "She simply did not want to bother to live, for she had nothing to live for."

Standing there in that black moment Celia saw how terrible that was: not that one should die, but that one should want to die. She, who a few months ago had grasped and snatched at life as if it were a bright toy, saw how often it must happen to persons. To men and to women who had started out full of hope, full of dreams, sure of themselves, of their claim to life, of their strength and beauty, proud in their vanity and in their belief.

In that second, even while the pilot, to whom emergency was the normal, was racing across the field to summon an ambulance, Celia fell out of love with everything she had desired and had fought for so hotly. She stood there, so young, so well-dressed and lovely to look at and intense. Still so glowingly bronze-haired and bronze-eyed and petal-skinned. And she had grown up in that second. Already there was the foreshadowing of the Celia Landis who was to be. No sign was there outwardly of the terrific emotional shiftings taking place under the busy surface of her consciousness but the changes were there nevertheless.

The upper level of her mind was busy with Daklin, with the pilot running like a man possessed, and with that still form on the grass. She saw men gathering from the stables and the hangar, heard the house servants behind her on the path through the grove. She saw, without knowing she saw, a man who looked like a butler and probably was a butler take charge of the chalk-faced group from the house, in effect mounting guard over it, keeping it in hand. One woman in frilled apron, still with a feather duster in her hand, screamed aloud, then put her hand over her mouth, the butler having grasped her menacingly by the arm.

"What is it? Who is it?" someone was saying. "Is it James who is hurt? Is he killed? Look at the plane on fire . . . that's the last of it—it's always been unlucky—from the start—now it's gone—"

"Sh-h!" commanded the butler sharply. "Can't you stop talking? Someone—someone may have been killed—"

"Please be quiet," Celia said. Queer, clipped words, impatient of these watchers. "It—it is Mrs. Daklin."

The housemaid with the duster screamed again. "Oh! Oh! Mary Mother! She's dead! Mrs. Daklin—"

The butler whirled on her passionately. "*Will* you keep still!" His lips were white, his hands shaking and you could see that he adored Janet Daklin. He was a man now, an old, old man, not a correct and impervious butler hedged in the right behavior.

Celia's hands clenched. She was

(Continued on page 53)

Here's How

By Kyle Crichton

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

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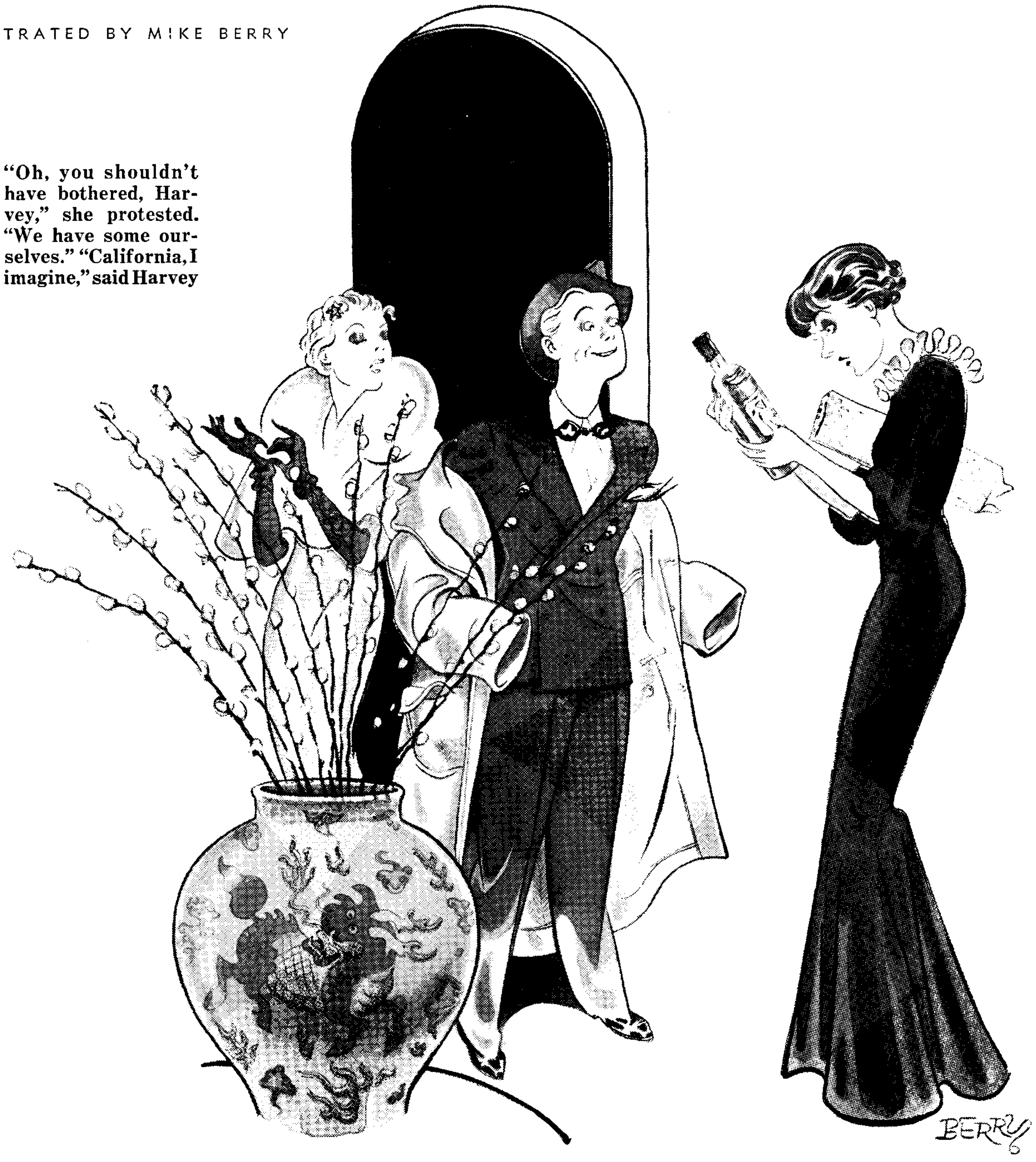


“Oh, you shouldn't have bothered, Harvey,” she protested. “We have some ourselves.” “California, I imagine,” said Harvey

BETTY sounded hysterical when she phoned me that George was in jail, but when I got up there I found him sitting in the constable's office in the best of spirits. He pumped my hand and began to laugh.

“What's so funny?” I said sourly.

“There's just two things I want to tell you,” said George, his face a picture of pleasure. “It's true I socked Harvey but he only has a black eye and will be all right. The second thing is that my wife is one of the great American heroines. I think maybe she's—uh—Betsy Ross.”

I didn't care about Betsy Ross but the news that George had socked Harvey was pretty startling. They had been friends ever since they went to Bowdoin. Four years in the same class and then they came down to New York and got jobs and lived in the same house.

It was back in the days of prohibition and they learned how to make gin in the bathtub and there was a party every Saturday night in one apartment or the other. They met a lot of girls and George finally settled down to Betty Harris. Harvey never stayed put very long with one girl. George and Harvey were pretty clever back in the days when people were making wine in the cellar and doing various miraculous things with a little rubbing alcohol and a dash of bitters. For a couple of dollars they could make enough gin to get everybody on the block tight on a Saturday night.

TWO things happened in the lives of Harvey and George almost simultaneously: Prohibition was repealed and George married Betty. They went down to City Hall and Harvey was best man and also manager of the binge they had afterward. He made two gallons of gin, had it in two vinegar jars and there wasn't enough left at the end of the night to wet a postage stamp. Harvey was pretty proud about it.

But then repeal came in, George and Betty got a little house up in New Rochelle and it was three months before they saw him again. He dropped in one Sunday night with a girl named Erna and took George and Betty by surprise. While they were getting out of their coats, George was in the kitchen mixing them a drink. He took a little drugstore alcohol, squeezed in some fruit juice, filled the glass with ginger ale and came out beaming. Erna took a sip and made a face.

“What's this?” she asked.

Harvey hastened to say that it was a special highball George and he had invented in their better days, but the explanation didn't convince Erna that she ought to drink any more of it.

“You can get some awfully good imported whiskies now,” Harvey said to George. “I've been doing some studying on them. Three seventy-five, four bucks, you can get a pretty good brand. Not the best but all right for highballs.”

“I imagine,” said George, who was making thirty-five dollars a week and having a little trouble with the rent.

Betty worried about it and went to some trouble to get things right when they invited Harvey up for their first wedding anniversary. Harvey brought Erna again, who seemed to be the closest approach to a steady he had ever had.

Harvey had a bottle under his arm and handed it to Betty.

“A little wine for the occasion . . . Imported.”

“Oh, you shouldn't have bothered, Harvey,” she protested. “We have some ourselves.”

“California, I imagine,” said Harvey, smiling in that kindly way which aunts reserve for nephews and nieces.

“Yes, it's California,” Betty admitted in a small voice.

She went out to the kitchen in some confusion and George passed her on the way in with the cocktails.

“OH, MARTINIS,” said Erna, in a voice intended to say that some people might like Martinis but not Erna.

“It's a law in New Rochelle,” said George, keeping his voice steady. “No dinner without Martinis first. I have some Scotch for after dinner.”

“Scotch!” cried Harvey, breaking in delightedly. “Why, George, that's fine; do you mind if I see it? I'm getting to be something of an expert. . . . I guess we wouldn't mind a little shot of Scotch right now, would we, Erna?”

But when George brought in the bottle, Harvey's face fell.

“Oh, that's a shame, George . . . Highland Dell. For fifty cents more you could have got Auld Lang Syne. I hope you won't mind if I just pass this up. I've been sampling around and I've finally settled on Auld Lang Syne. I simply can't drink anything else. I hope you won't mind, George, old boy.”

“Just that much more for me,” said George, and they went in to dinner.

They finished the soup and then Harvey put his hands together and said:

“And now the wine! Will you pour that bottle I brought you, Betty.” He turned to George. “Château Yquem, 1929. . . . You have to know the years. Good years and bad years, you know, according to the harvests. Nineteen twenty-six, now, that's all right. But 1927, you couldn't give away 1927. . . . Ah, do you taste that! Didn't I tell you, Erna?” Erna didn't answer because she was sipping at her glass and allowing her eyes to wander toward the ceiling as if communing with the angels. Erna was in ecstasy. “Isn't it wonderful, Betty?” said Harvey.

“I guess so,” said Betty, doubtfully. “But it isn't your Château Yquem. I broke the bottle.”

“You mean to say you took that bottle out there and dropped it!” shouted Harvey.

“No, I just broke it with a hammer,” said Betty. “I thought you'd like California just as well.”

IT WAS then that Harvey arose from his seat and leaned half across the table in his wrath.

“If you weren't a woman, I'd give you a punch right on the nose!” he cried.

“Why don't you sock me instead, Auld Lang Syne?” asked George, rising as he spoke.

Harvey made a lunge at George and missed. George drew a right up from the floor and let Harvey have it smack on the eye. Erna ran out to the front door and started screaming and that's what brought the police.

George went along willingly, stopping only at intervals to recover from fits of laughter.

“One of the great heroines of history, my wife,” he said to the officer. “Like . . . Who was that, now? . . . Barbara Frietchie? You know . . . The one who helped free the slaves?”

“If she's as good as that, you ought to send for her,” said the cop. “You'll need a little freeing yourself.”

“My good man,” said George, “don't fret yourself. Jail has no horrors for me after the pleasure I've had.”

Votes for Sylvia

More drama from the saga of Bushwhacker. The heroine of this episode is a very attractive character named Sylvia—but Sylvia doesn't marry anybody. An even more attractive young lady does that

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

OLD DOC FRASER, the sage of Sycamore Lane, the poet of Pike County, the bard of Bushwhacker, sent me, collect, the following telegram:

BUSHWHACKER RED HOGS IN IMMORTAL VICTORY FOR DEMOCRATS SOME LOVE IN IT TOO ALSO SCANDAL BETTER COME RUNNING
SAMUEL FRASER
VETERINARY DOCTOR

I was wary. I suspected that Doc had taken a three-breath swig of sorghum beer before dictating this message. So I wired, prepaid, asking specific details. Doc's answer came promptly, and collect:

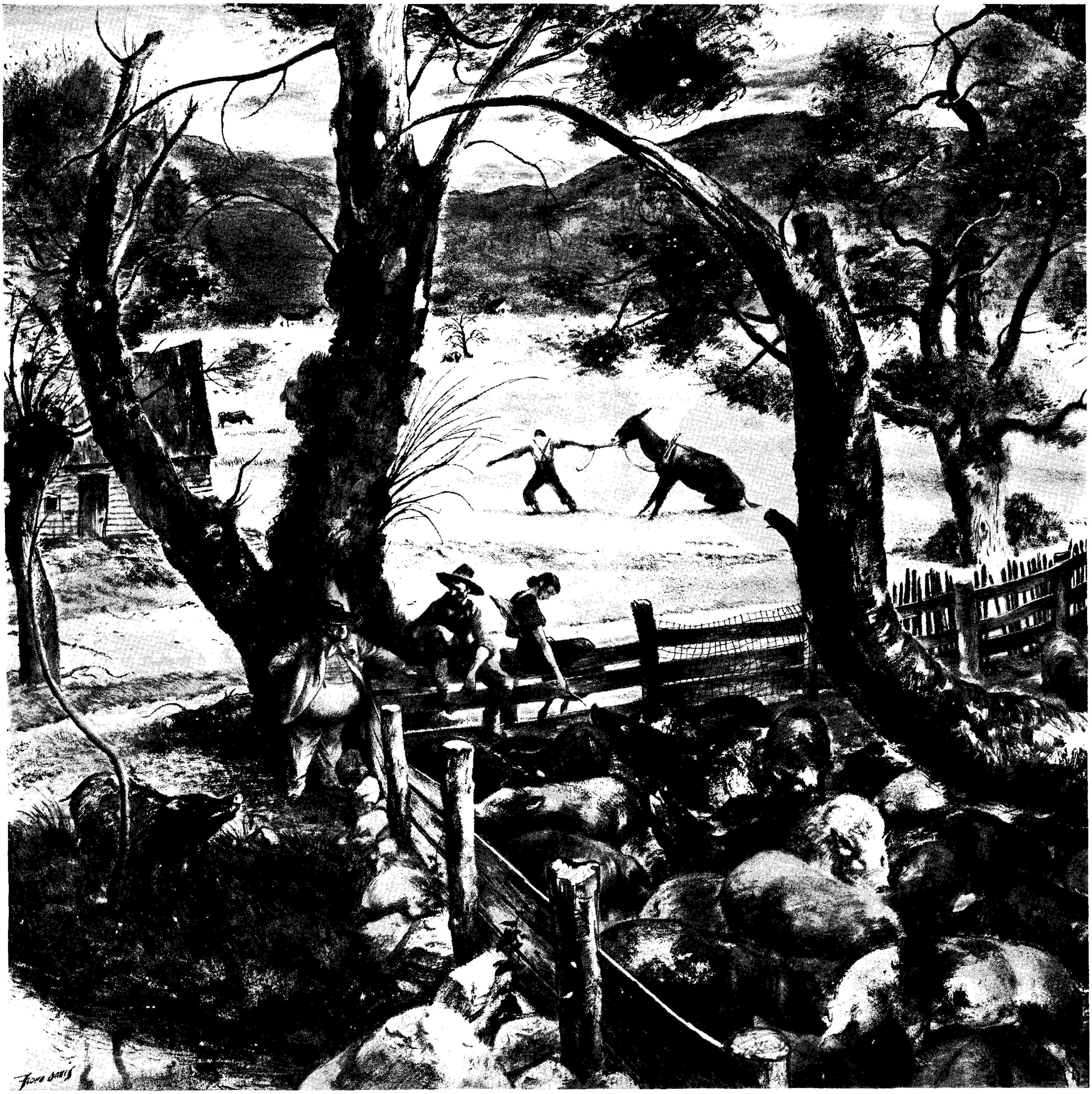
TWENTY-SEVEN RED HOGS HEROES ANNIE MAY TILTON AND JUBE BROWN IN LOVE AND CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS IN SCANDAL AS ADDED ATTRACTION WILL THROW IN TAME SKUNK NAMED SYLVIA
SAMUEL FRASER
JUSTICE OF PEACE

It was the tame skunk named Sylvia that got me. I found Doc seated on a cane-bottom chair in front of Ed Beall's drugstore in Eolia. His galluses were a lyric blue; his black felt hat tipped roisterously on his grizzled head and the smoke of a campaign cigar wreathed him in Olympian clouds.

"About that skunk named Sylvia—" I began.

Doc snorted.

"Sylvia done her part and Annie May Tilton done her'n and Jube E. Brown done his'n," said Doc, recklessly inhaling the Philadelphia hand-made. "But, son, the Democratic party of Pike County bows their heads in gratitude afore



twenty-seven Bushwhacker red hogs!"

"Ha!" said I cleverly, "the noble twenty-seven voted early and often, hey?"

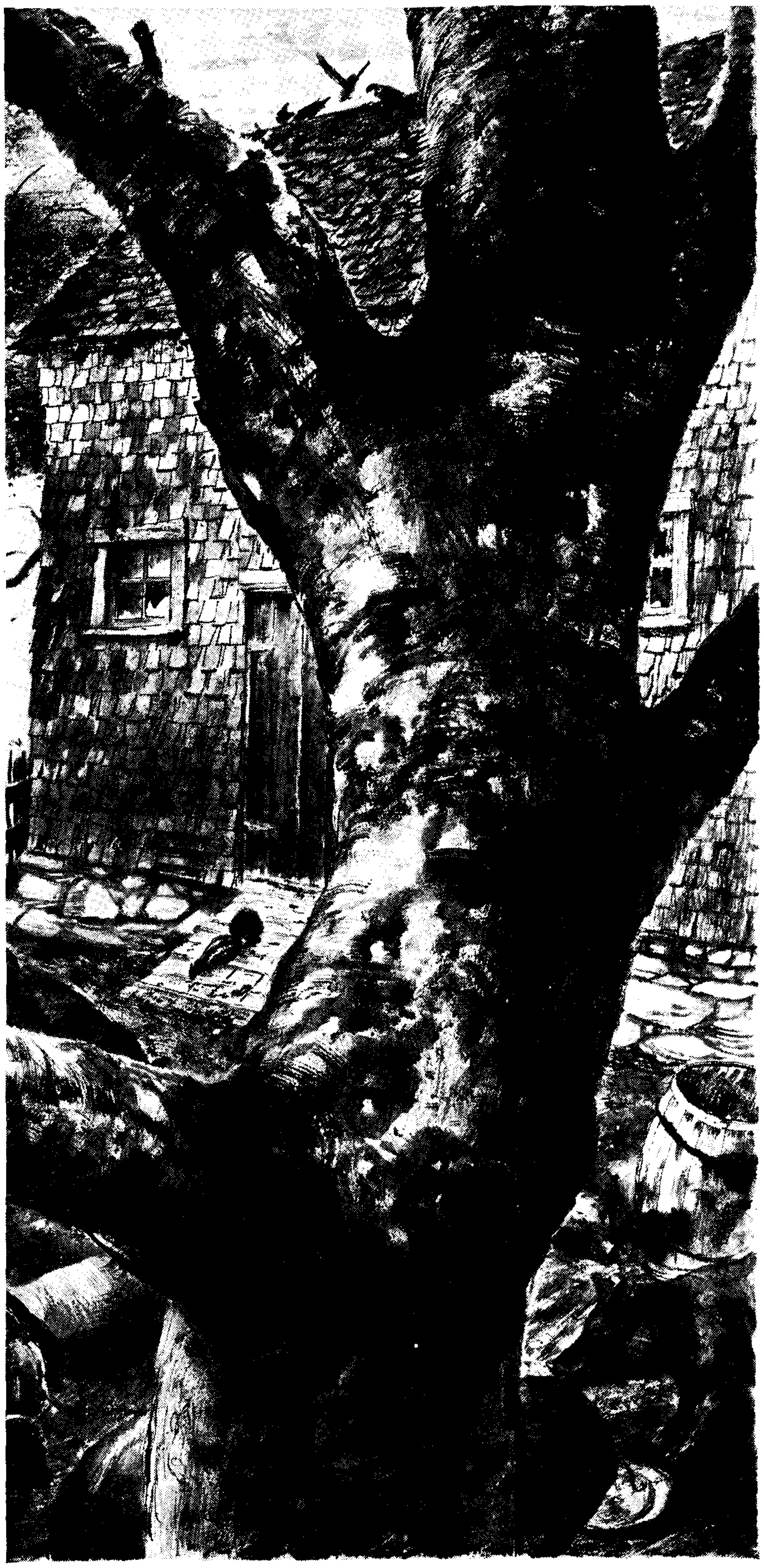
You ain't equal to it—said Doc sadly—you can't do justice to them hogs. A feller would have to be a geenus to put Bushwhacker red hogs in song an' story.

Son, Bushwhacker grows the best sorghum beer in the hull state of Missouri. But she grows the hardiest and smartest red hogs in the hull country. Sorghum beer soothes an' sustains the citizens of Bushwhacker; them red hogs makes Bushwhacker great.

The fust Bushwhacker red hog went with St. Patrick to Ireland. He was a beautiful male hog named Herman, with fiery red whiskers like J. Ham Lewis' usedter be an' a pair of tusks like a bull elephant's. Thet fust Bushwhacker hog taught all them tother hogs to catch snakes by imitating a Jenny wren with a broken wing defendin' a nestful of eggs. Fact. And when them Irish snakes got too smart to fall fer thet trick, old Herman hog trained frogs to hop on his back whilst he laid up in a mud hole. The snakes grabbed them frogs an' Herman he grabbed the snakes. Fact.

Smart? Why, son, long afore the Civil War a feller imported a carload of Arkansas razorbacks to Bushwhacker. Them Bushwhacker red hogs was so much quicker at finding acorns thet the Arkansas razorbacks died of shame and starvation. Gray squirrels live only half their app'inted time in Bushwhacker due to worry and loss of sleep f'm havin' to compete with them red hogs fer acorn-pasture. Mr. Jem Tucker Mayhew, the last of a long line of inventors thet has tried to invent a red-hog-proof fence, went plumb in-sane. He allowed afore they took him off to Fulton thet the only way to keep Bushwhacker red hogs behint a fence was to feed 'em a steady diet of sorghum beer an' Jimpson juice. The Jimpson juice would dull their wits an' the sorghum beer would reconcile 'em to bein' stupid. But it was too dern' expensive—

What say? Annie May Tilton? Jube E. Brown? Thet leetle tame Sylvia skunk? I'm a-coming to them, son, I'm a-coming to them.



"Howdy," says Jube E. Brown. "Ain't them the purtiest twenty-seven hogs you ever seed, Doc?"

FUST, picture in yer mind twenty-seven extra bright Bushwhacker red hogs belonging to the Widder Tilton. They went a-roaming over them Bushwhacker hills, carefree an' happy, an' being fed occasional on popcorn nubbins or sorghum mash slop by the Widder Tilton's purty datter, Annie May. Keep them hogs in mind.

Next, try your derndest to imagine a sly, cantankerous, irrational feller who, arter sixty-two year as a regular Democrat, decides to bolt the party ticket an' come out as a candidate fer Congress in the Ninth Missouri District with a set of principles not even a Republican would own to. Thet's Ben Tate Trowbridge. Got him?

Well, sir, the next figger in the case is Sheriff Obert Kiskaddon. Don't dignify the mule-headed, smart-aleck, gnat-brained feller by describing him. Obert never was no regular Democrat nohow. There allus was a strong Republican taint in thet Kiskaddon family. Obert's own daddy bolted Billy Bryan in '96. Jest say thet as soon as Obert heard how old man Ben Tate Trowbridge had come out fer five-hundred-a-month pensions for every man and woman over fifty-two years of age he turned agin us regular Democrats and clumb aboard Ben Tate's circus wagon.

It like to broke Annie May Tilton's heart. She'd been keeping company with Obert fer nigh onto three year. They told it around Bushwhacker thet the main reason Annie May put up with Obert was because she liked the idee of the sheriff's big salary and livin' in the jail right in the heart of things in a big town like Bowling Green. Pussonal, I think she loved Obert afore he turned agin the party.

ANNIE MAY and her Ma attended the caucus of the Bushwhacker central committee. Us Pike County leaders called the meeting soon as we read Ben Tate Trowbridge's announcement in the Bowling Green Times. Obert Kiskaddon he stuck a card in saying he supported Ben Tate.

Old man Cunningham Yackey, the Bushwhacker chairman, rares back an' orates:

"By Joe, us Democrats in these hills don't holt to anything the Adminerstration taken a notion to do, lately. But, by Joe, we don't bolt the party on thet account. A party bolter is an egg-suckin' black snake and a abomination unto the Lord! Thet's whut I think of Ben Tate Trowbridge an' young Obert Kiskaddon!"

Everybody looked to where Annie May and her ma was settin', to see how they took it. They come of a plumb poleetical family. Annie May's daddy sarved as county clerk fer nine terms.

Annie May taken it mighty hard, but she didn't say anything. She jest bit her lip and hung her head. Her ma jumped right up, soon as the applause fer old man Cunningham's speech had died away.

"I just want you boys to know," says Annie May's ma, "thet I don't truck with party bolters an' no datter of mine is a-going to stay engaged to a party bolter!"

"Shhh, Ma," says Annie May Tilton.

Well, son, us Democrats knowed we stood at Armageddon. The Bushwhacker caucus read Ben Tate and Obert plumb outer the party an' adjourned.

Annie May tackled me, outside.

"Doc Sam," says Annie May, "I've pleaded an' wheedled with Obert to come out regular. Won't you talk to him? He thinks a girl doesn't know anything about politics, but if you were to put it up to him pinely he might change his mind."

A purty gal is a plumb persuasive argyment, son.

Agin my better jedgment, I drove over to Bowling Green to talk to Obert. He was a-setting up in the sheriff's office using a county-paid stenographer to write campaign letters fer him.

"Howdy, Doc," says Obert, grinning smart-alec. "How're you an' the *other* Roosevelt Democrat in this county getting along?"

I didn't lose my temper. I jest told him whut had happened at the Bushwhacker meeting.

Obert had growed a teepical bolter's shifty eye.

"Bushwhacker doesn't belong in Pike County and hasn't any business voting in our primary," says he.

We-ell, maybe thet was so, legal. Y'see, son, old Bushwhacker seceded f'm the Union back in '61 and ain't never surrendered. Bein' on the border betwixt Pike and Lincoln counties, Bushwhacker don't strictly belong to neither one.

"THET'S begging the question, Obert," I told him. "Old man Cunningham Yackey reckons him and the folks will vote in Pike this election. You might go tell them *Yackeys* they ain't allowed to do it!" Obert knowed better'n to interfere with a Yackey's idee of where he was a-going to vote.

"Oh, I guess we'll have to let 'em vote," says Obert, "but my mind's made up. The Roosevelt crowd hasn't gone half far enough. They're quitters and pikers. Mr. Ben Tate Trowbridge is a great man. He's aiming to do the thing *right!*"

Thet got me a mite riled.

"Sonny," I says, "Ben Tate Trowbridge is a-running fer Congress and ain't responsible fer whut he says. But you've been a purty good public servant in a decent, respectable office. Don't spile it all, now, by gallumphing off the reservation."

Obert shaken his head.

"It's a matter of conscience, Doc," says he. "I got the old folks of this country to think of. Mr. Trowbridge's plan has the Townsend scheme backed into the shade. He'll get the funds from a big international lottery and won't have to tax anybody and—"

"How about Annie May Tilton?" says I.

"Oh . . . you mean . . . Annie May?" says Obert.

"She asked me to waste my good time a-talking to you—"

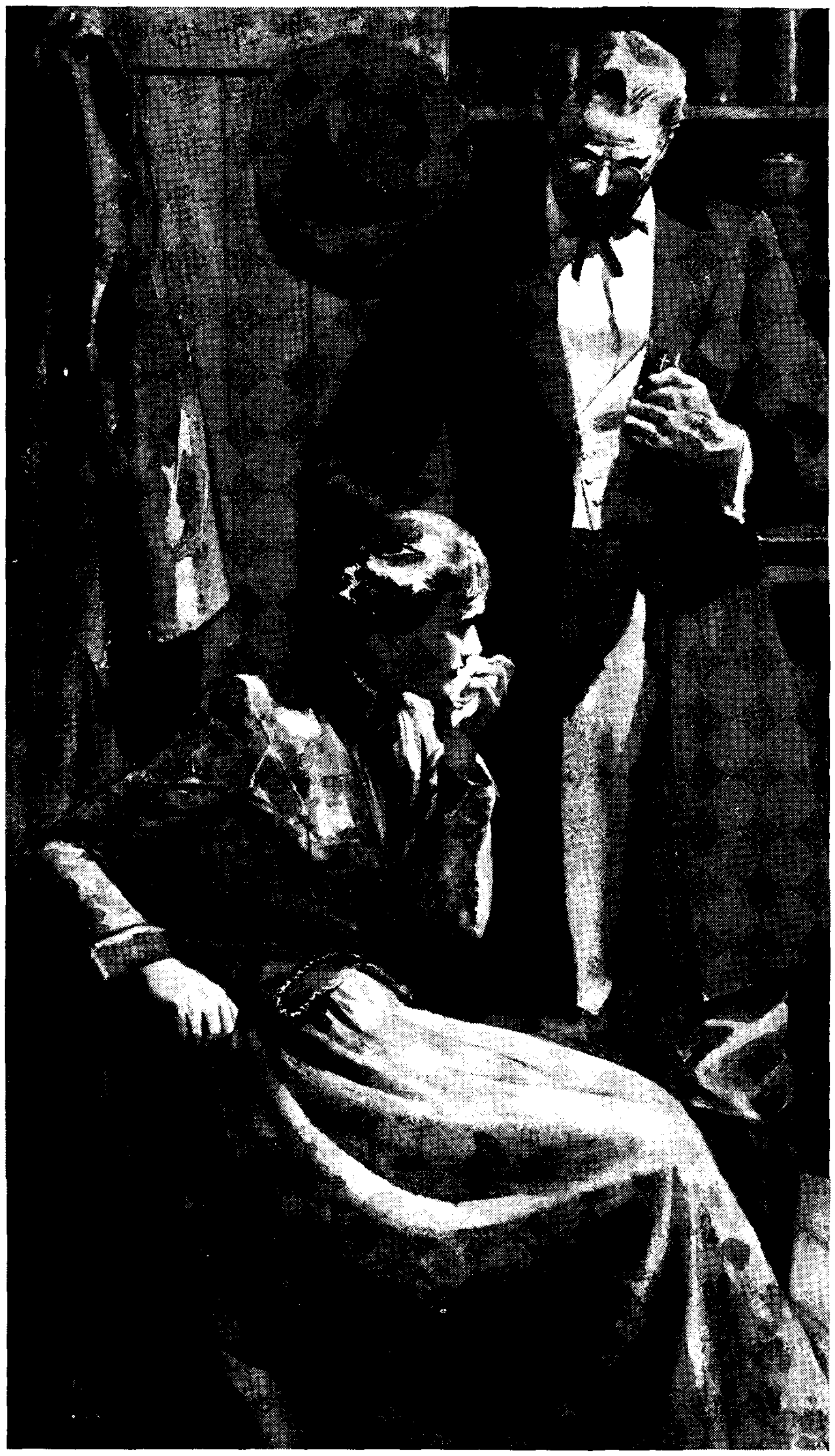
"That's between me and Annie May, I reckon," says Obert.

Mind you, all the time I and Obert was a-talking, them red hogs of Annie May's Ma was a-rooting fer acorns, free and independent, up to Bushwhacker. A Bushwhacker red hog ain't alone smart—he's got *character*. Why, son—

What say? Jube E. Brown? Thet little Sylvia skunk? I'm a-coming to them.

Y'see, us regular Democrats knowed thet we'd have to find two good men to run agin Ben Tate and Obert. We picked Jedge Henry of Louisiana to go agin Ben Tate, but finding a real candidate to make the primary race agin Obert was deeficult. Obert had been a dern' popular sheriff—slow with foreclosure sales an' plumb diplomatic about makin' arrests. Besides, thet five-hundred-a-month

(*Continued on page 50*)



Trouble Shooter

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The Story Thus Far:

FRANK PEACE, employed in an important capacity by the Union Pacific Railroad, receives a perilous assignment. His road, laying rail frantically westward, and the Central Pacific, building eastward from San Francisco, are fighting to be the first to reach Salt Lake. One Campeaux—"Big Sid" Campeaux, who conducts various disreputable places in all the railhead towns, has organized the trouble makers along the right of way. Labor agitators are busy among the workers. Hostile Indians are on the warpath. It is Peace's job to hold the lawless elements in check.

As the track moves forward, two girls follow it. Peace is engaged to one of them: Eileen Oliver. The other, Nan Normandy, has informed Peace that she is searching for her father who, years before, had gone west and disappeared. This girl is the constant companion of Big Sid Campeaux. Her reasons for associating with such a man she declines to disclose.

Peace hopes to handle the trouble makers without recourse to force. But he finds it impossible to do so. He is forced to shoot Mitch Dollarhide, one of Campeaux's aides, and to administer a severe thrashing to Duke Ring, another member of Big Sid's gang. And once, when a band of Indians attacks, he participates in a battle, in the course of which he saves Nan Normandy's life.

Returning from that battle with Nan to the latest headquarters, the small town of Benton, Wyoming, he encounters Eileen Oliver. The two girls have seen each other many times. Peace introduces them to each other. Then, alone with Eileen a few moments later, he learns that she is jealous of Nan. Usually reserved (she is an Eastern girl who has never learned to endure the hard, rough West), she throws herself into his arms, begs him to marry her at once. Unfortunately, there is no minister on hand to perform the ceremony; nor will it be possible for them to marry until Peace returns from a three-weeks trip to the Wasatch camps.

Leach Overmile, a lanky Texan, is one of Peace's close friends. An honest, outspoken man, he never minces words. Admiring Nan, whom he regards as a girl in need of all the protection she can get, he tells Peace that he, Peace, is putting the girl in a false position. Peace listens to him in amazement; then: "I'm not in love with Nan, Leach. Eileen and I are to be married the day I come back from the Wasatch camps." Overmile stares at him. "Let's forget it," he says.

VI

THE first days of September found the end of track past the middle barrens of the Dead Desert into the equal desolation of the Bitter Creek region. Following that dry and meandering stream's bed, the road ducked its way through one geologic fault after another. On the fifteenth it dropped Rock Springs station hurriedly behind and pressed into the Bitter Creek Canyon. On the twentieth it broke into the valley of the Green, to find the white tents of another hell-on-wheels waiting for the thirsty construction men. But the Welsh Barney's bridge gang had passed this way; scarcely pausing at Green River, the road rushed out of the waiting bridge, hoisted itself out of the river's gorge and reached Bryan at the edge of the Black's Fork on the twenty-seventh.

Bryan roared overnight. Directly ahead, the rugged Uinta chain waited. Sixty miles to the south the thirteen-thousand-foot spire of Gilbert's peak glittered whitely in the sun, warning the construction crew. Salt Lake lay two hundred miles west, with winter coming and nothing but heavy mountains ahead.

Jack Casement stood in Bryan's street that night and considered the rolling hills before him. He said to Reed: "There'll be no more four-mile days. Where's the Central now?"

"Coming up the Humboldt, two hundred and sixty miles from Ogden."

"Sixty miles farther from Ogden than we are. But they've got nothin' but level ground to cover. Or almost so. Our heavy work's just started. We're goin' to get snowed in ninety days from now. They could beat us, Sam."

"They *won't!*"

"I was only statin' a possibility," said Casement mildly. "I hear Oakes Ames and his Credit Mobilier is about busted. Where's the money to build this road comin' from then?"

Reed said: "From somewhere."

"It had better," answered Casement. "This winter work is goin' to cost the company twenty million dollars."

That same night a small, nondescript man, whose sober moments were occupied in swamping out Campeaux's saloon with a bucket and a broom, drank more deeply than usual. His name was Heck Wolver and his station in these rough and tumble surroundings was thoroughly obscure. Trained to jump when ordered aside, trained to smile when some roistering Irishman shoved him back against the wall, he long since had forgotten what pride was. But once in a while, when thoroughly drunk, Heck Wolver remembered that he was a man and something crawled abysmally through him.

THE barkeep said: "You've had your round of free drinks, Heck. Don't block the way."

Wolver turned obediently and went out into the street, being jostled this way and that by the crowd until he found himself standing alone beside the main-line track. There was a round, bright moon paling the shadows, with wood smoke keen in the crisp mountain air. Wolver stared up at the moon like a gaunt coyote, growling to himself in a husky way, lashed by the thought of the wrongs done him. Without much purpose he walked along the right of way, out toward Bryan's edge. When his eyes focused he was in front of a small shanty, looking through an open doorway. There was a woman moving about the single room—the young wife of Ned Beard, telegrapher.

Wolver stared at her, his soaked and irregular face put into order by a strangling impulse. He turned his eyes to either side of the house and he listened and heard only the woman's footsteps. After that he crept into the place.

She saw him; she saw what he was completely. She backed away, warning him. "Get out of here." But Wolver murmured, "You come here, honey," and went directly for her. Her hand slapped him across the face, shaking his vision. After that he went after her, hit her on the mouth with his doubled fist and lifted his boot and drove it into her stomach. He said, "I'll teach you something, honey." She screamed as she fell, and then fainted.

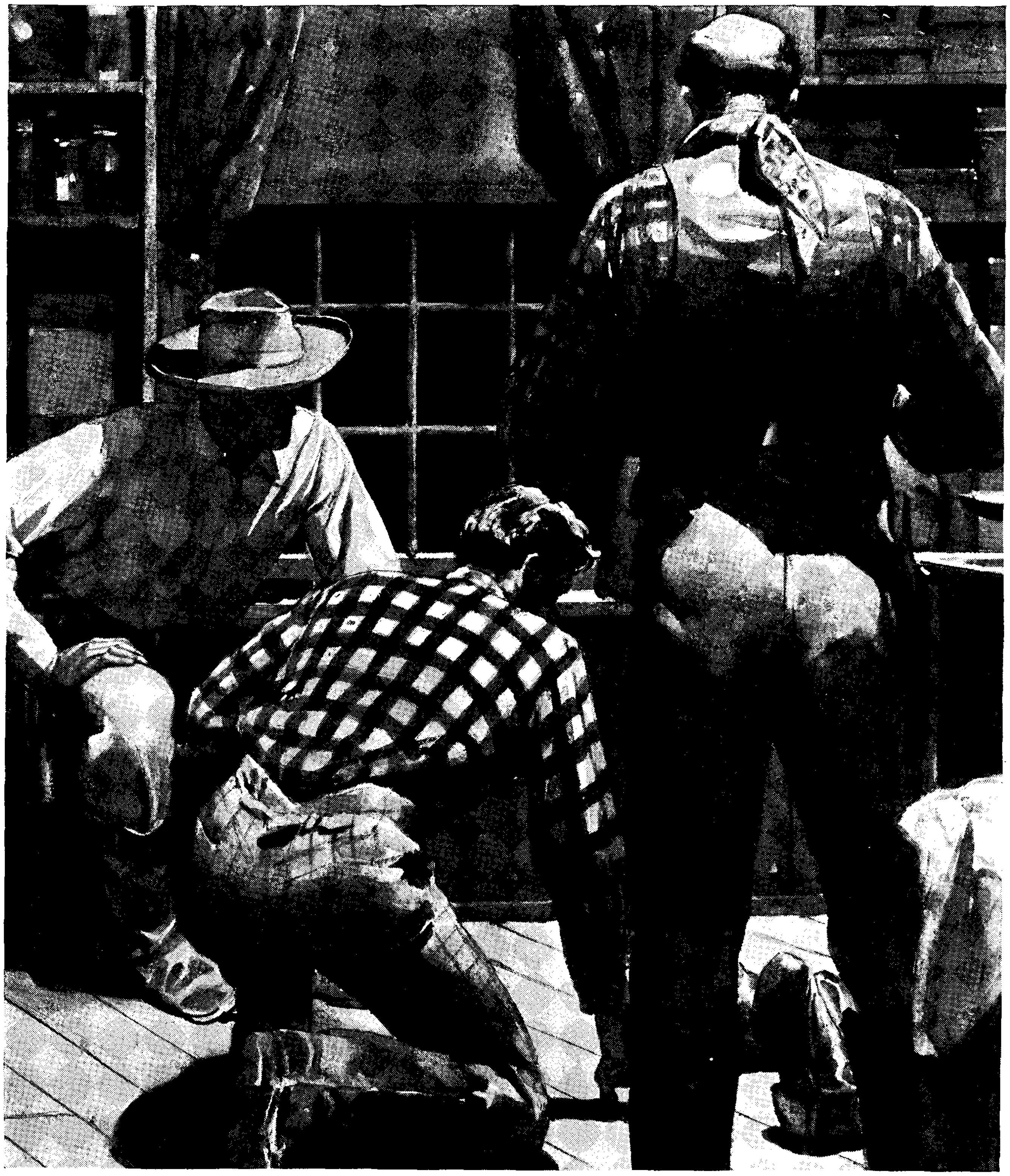
WOLVER rushed from the shanty. He reached the track, stumbled on a rail and plunged headlong into the gravel. Somebody yelled at him, and when he got up he swung his head and discovered a pair of men racing for him; the light from the shanty hit him fully at the moment and one of the men yelled, "Wolver, come here." Full of panic, Wolver rushed across the uneven ground, reached the back end of Benton and crawled under the edge of Campeaux's big tent. Before he quite got through his feet were seized and he was dragged out.

He had been sighted by two men; but there were a dozen around him now. Somebody said, very calmly, "Go get Collie Moynihan—we'll be at Miz Beard's house," and started Wolver back along the trail he had made. Other Irishmen began to trot up from the main street, to be warned away by this quiet little group. Feeling the bite of two tough fists into the flesh of his arm, Wolver complained: "Gentlemen, there's been a mistake." Nobody answered him. At the door of the shanty they stopped. Collie Moynihan came running up the track—the laughing paddy who had wrecked Straight-Edge Annie's place on Peace's command. He knew what this was when he saw it and said only, "Take him inside, bhoys," and preceded them into the shanty, carefully removing his hat. The telegrapher's young wife sat on a chair and pressed a towel to her bruised face. He said: "Is this the man?"

"A mistake," said Heck Wolver. "All a mistake."

Mrs. Beard groaned faintly, "Send for my husband—that's the man."

They took Heck Wolver out of the



Ben Latimer rose from behind the counter and solemnly motioned. Going over, Peace found Bardee Oliver lying full length inside the counter

shanty. Collie Moynihan dropped a soft word that sent a man running back toward Casement's big warehouse, and afterward they marched Wolver on down the track into the farther darkness. The dispatched man presently returned with a length of rope over his shoulder. A quarter mile from town Collie pointed to a short telegraph pole—merely pointed to it. Somebody threw the rope across the arm of the pole and somebody found an empty box by the right of way and stood it under the dangling rope.

"Get on it, Heck," ordered Collie.

"The hell I do!"

A pair of men lifted him up to the box and slipped the rope around his neck and tightened it until he felt the pressure. They tied the free end to a spike in the telegraph pole; and got another piece of rope and bound his arms. A figure was trotting along the track, throwing the gravel fast beneath his boots. Moynihan drew a gun and called that way: "Stay where you are, my bhoy." The man stopped, not speaking. Looking at him in the pale moon glow, Wolver identified one of Campeaux's gamblers. He called desperately at the man. "You get Sid here. Tell him to get Al Brett."

But the man yonder didn't speak; nobody in the group spoke. The box beneath Wolver tipped in the loose soil, making him cry out again: "Gentlemen, I'm falling!" One of the crowd suddenly pulled up his shoulders and ran toward the box. Heck understood immediately what was to be done, and his last shrill, rattling yell was for Campeaux's gambler in the background. "Frank Peace's men got me! Tell Campeaux that!" The running man struck the box with his foot and knocked it away and kept on running. Heck Wolver dropped sharply; the rope tightened and snapped back a little as Heck's feet kicked up and down.

The gambler in the background suddenly whirled and threw himself toward Bryan.

Collie Moynihan said, after a long stillness: "That'll be all, bhoys."

CAMPEAUX waited in the small office room off the main tent. He had a desk there and one chair, which he occupied. Hung above the desk was a painting of a big-thighed woman lying on a couch, enfolded by an immaterial bit of gauze. The title was Beauty, and Beauty smiled ambiguously down upon the men collecting in the little room. Queed came in, a straight, roan-haired man with one long scar slashing his left cheek. His lips were very short, coming together in a single straight line. Above them sat a pair of eyes without the power of warmth. Sailor Dick Shugrue, whose saloon favored knockout drops when the customer had money, followed after Queed. Faro Evans, operator of Number One House, stood in a corner and pared his fingernails casually with a pocket knife. Half a dozen other owners of Bryan's saloons and dives were here. Al Brett and Jack Cordray stood by the door. Duke Ring was just outside.

Queed said: "Wolver wasn't any loss to you, Sid."

"I protect my men," stated Campeaux. "Even the bums."

"You'll play hell protectin' him now," joked Faro Evans. "Who did it?"

"Collie Moynihan."

"Peace's man. Where's Peace?"

"Just got in town."

"I thought," said Faro Evans, "you were going to do something about it. That's a nice picture on the wall. Give you fifty for it."

"I want to talk about this," said Campeaux.

THE rattle of glasses, the scrape and turn of feet, the undulating waves of talk came through the flimsy office wall from the Club. Campeaux's wide jaws loosened on the cigar he held between his lips.

"I thought once it would be a simple matter to knock Peace out of the way. Then I got to thinkin' maybe we could stand a little bit of order in these towns as long as we did a good business. That's all I want—business. But we're bein' pinched out. Benton was a fine place. We were all set to have the same thing at Green River. Then the road jumps Green River and comes here. I have found out we won't be here but a couple of weeks. See the idea? We move towns so fast that we shake a lot of the floating population loose. They ain't following us from Benton. I'm losing a thousand dollars' worth of trade a day on that account. And this moving around every week costs money. Freight charges and carpenter work. Business ain't as it was."

"Couldn't expect it to last forever," said Faro Evans.

"No," agreed Campeaux. "But the railroad ain't reasonable. Moynihan's vigilantes beat up two of my gamblers last week for cleaning a couple of suckers. That's Peace's idea. He's tightened up. Well, I know we don't have much more of this left. But while it lasts I want things open."

Queed said, out of his stony calm: "We made our mistake away back at Julesburg. We let Peace have his way there. He's had it ever since."

CAMPEAUX murmured: "I mean to open this camp. From here on to the end of the line we'll run things our way. I'm just telling you the lid's off, so go ahead."

Sailor Dick Shugrue said, skeptically: "How?"

"You'll know before the night's over."

Queed stared at him. "There's only one way to handle Peace, Sid. Don't waste your time on anything else."

"That's all right," said Campeaux.

"Better be sure about it," insisted Queed, and left the room. The others took this as a cue, leaving Campeaux sitting enigmatically in the chair, his wide body spilling over its edges. Duke Ring came in to join Al Brett and Jack Cordray. Campeaux considered Ring a moment, the slate surfaces of his eyes unchangeable. "Ring," he said, "you go up to the nearest tie camps. Understand?"

(Continued on page 30)

Galloping Gal

As a high school freshman Helen Stephens tied the world's record for the fifty-yard dash. She hadn't had any training then, but watch the young lady in the Olympics this summer

By Quentin Reynolds

ILLUSTRATED BY GREGOR DUNCAN

SOME day this month the Fulton, Missouri, Sun-Gazette is going to print a picture of Miss Helen Stephens, and above it will be the legend: "Local Girl Wins Olympic Title."

For at this moment Helen Stephens can run faster than any girl in the world and she can throw an iron ball they call the shot farther than any girl and she can broad jump considerably farther than any girl, grasshopper or kangaroo you ever saw. We might also report that Helen Stephens is a sweet, unaffected youngster who is well liked by one and all, and she is affectionately called "Stevie" by her classmates at William Wood College in Fulton.

Helen can run faster than any girl in the world, but we must not give her all the credit for this achievement. A rabbit and a horse had a great deal to do with it. Both are dead now but when they raise the Stars and Stripes over the Olympic Stadium at Berlin to indicate that Helen Stephens has just won an event someone should give a silent thought to the rabbit and the horse who helped make a great runner out of Helen. The story goes something like this and if you've heard it before don't stop me because I'd like to hear it again.

When she was very young her father taught her to shoot a gun. That's the advantage of living on a farm near Fulton. Even the little girls are allowed to shoot guns. You see, on a farm you can never tell when some big bold rabbit may decide to slip through the fence and attack the lettuce and nibble at the peas and on the farm this can be very serious. You need those heads of lettuce and those peas and, much as you hate to do it, you have to shoot the rabbits.

Helen Stephens was very much annoyed one day when she missed a rabbit. She threw down her gun and started right after the rabbit. The rabbit looked back and laughed but when he looked back again Helen was right behind him. He was scared now and he lit right out. But Helen was really angry and she went even faster and she caught up with the rabbit and grabbed him and brought him home that afternoon. It was much more fun to catch rabbits by running after them, she thought, than to shoot them. None believed her at first when she told of having run after and caught the rabbit, but then she did it again and they had to believe her. They certainly believed her when just a couple of months ago she beat the great Stella Walsh in a fifty-meter race at St. Louis in the amazing time of 6:6, which equaled the world's record.

Of course, it was several years ago that Helen caught that rabbit but she still laughs about it when you ask her, and she says shyly, "Oh, I guess it did happen. But that was easy. You see, I used to race a horse every day on my way to school."

Well, now let's find out about that. When Helen was younger she had an even younger cousin whom she took to school each morning. The boy cousin owned a horse and he rode the horse to school every day. It was just one mile from the cousin's home to the schoolhouse. Helen would grab hold of one of the stirrups and she'd trot alongside of the horse. No matter how fast the horse went Helen would run just as fast.

"There were a couple of ditches on the way to school," Helen says now, "and the horse and I would take them together."

Of course, Helen didn't know it but she was putting steel in the muscles of her legs and she was strengthening her lungs and her heart. Did she and the horse ever race? Oh, yes, indeed.

"Really, I could always hold my own with that horse," Helen says; then she adds modestly, "but he was windbroke and wasn't very fast."

Will Represent Uncle Sam

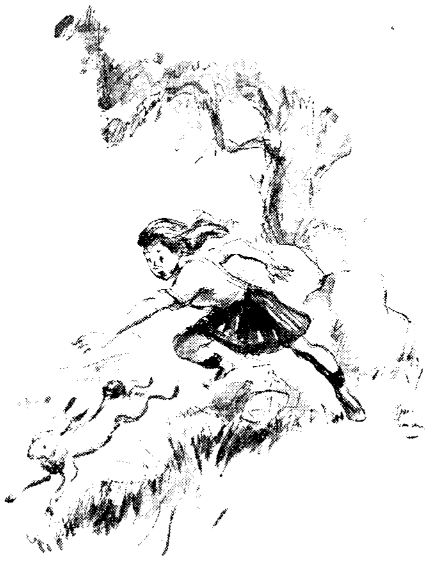
Helen Stephens is going to Germany to represent your Uncle Sam in the Olympic Games and Helen is sure to pick up a few important points for your Uncle Sam. And she received all of her early training chasing rabbits and racing that windbroken horse on the farm down in Missouri. The funny part of it is that she never knew she could run very fast. No one did, in fact, until Burt Moore discovered it quite by accident. Coach W. Burton Moore of the Fulton High School is a personable young man and enthusiastic when it comes to guarding and improving the health of the boys and girls who are in his charge.

Back in 1932, he had the freshman class of the high school out on the track. He was sending the girls through fifty-yard dashes and, just for the fun of it, he was pretending to time them. He held a stop watch in his hand and he'd click it as they started and then click it again as they finished. But he never looked at the time they made. He just wanted them to run as fast as they could so as to get as much exercise out of the running as possible.

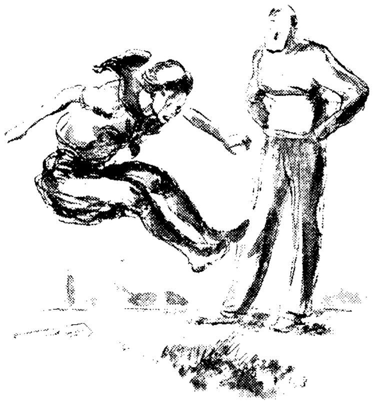
"Then I looked up and found that a rather tall girl was toeing the mark," he says. "I'd known Helen as a kind of tomboy who always liked games but that was all. She ran the fifty yards and I timed her the same as I did everyone and without even looking at the dial I showed her the watch when she finished."

"'Is that good time, Coach?' she asked, looking at me with very serious eyes.

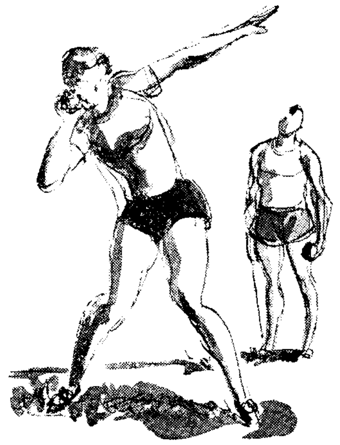
"I looked at my watch and my eyes almost popped out of my head. Good time? Why, the watch read 5.8, which happened to be the record for the distance held then by Elizabeth Robinson.



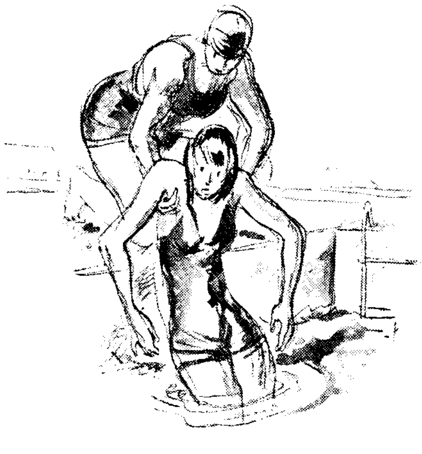
Missouri rabbits aided in Helen's earliest training



Her first try at the broad jump broke a world record



The shot-put is another of Miss Stephens' specialties



Her first try at swimming left all the records intact

"Yes," Burt Moore told Helen gravely, "that's pretty good time." Burt Moore stood there and he must have been filled with queer emotions. Here in front of him was a girl unskilled, untrained, who could run faster than any girl living, and only he knew it.

But she was only fifteen. She was still growing. Might it not hurt her physically to throw her into intensive competition with older girls? Might it not "burn her out" as the track people say? Burt Moore, more interested in guarding the physical condition of his charges than in grabbing any personal glory which would accrue when it was found out that he had discovered the world's greatest girl runner, wisely and unselfishly kept quiet about the speed queen he'd discovered.

Some weeks later Moore was putting his physical education class through some informal broad jumping. They weren't using a jumping pit but the bare ground. Helen took off, flew right merrily through the air and when she landed, Moore measured her leap. It was just eight feet and eight inches, which bettered the world's record.

Ties the Record

A year ago, the National A. A. U. meet was held in St. Louis and Moore thought that Helen was now strong enough and mature enough to compete. He taught her a few tricks—he taught her to come out of her crouch gradually and as she was going forward, instead of immediately straightening up. He taught her how to lean forward a bit as she ran, to run well up on the balls of her feet, and he taught her how to use her arms and hands as pistons to drive her ahead. Then he sent her to St. Louis.

There were four thousand spectators in the Arena that night and most of them had come to watch the peerless Stella Walsh, holder of virtually every woman's track record.

The starter's pistol spoke and a blue thunderbolt shot from the mark and stayed in front of Stella for six breathless seconds. Dressed in a faded blue gymnasium suit, the youngster from Fulton streaked home well in front of Stella to tie the existing record for fifty meters.

Officials and sport writers rushed up to this new sensation and one said, "Congratulations on beating Stella Walsh."

The tall agile youngster, still panting from her exertions, looked up puzzled and asked, "Who is Stella Walsh?"

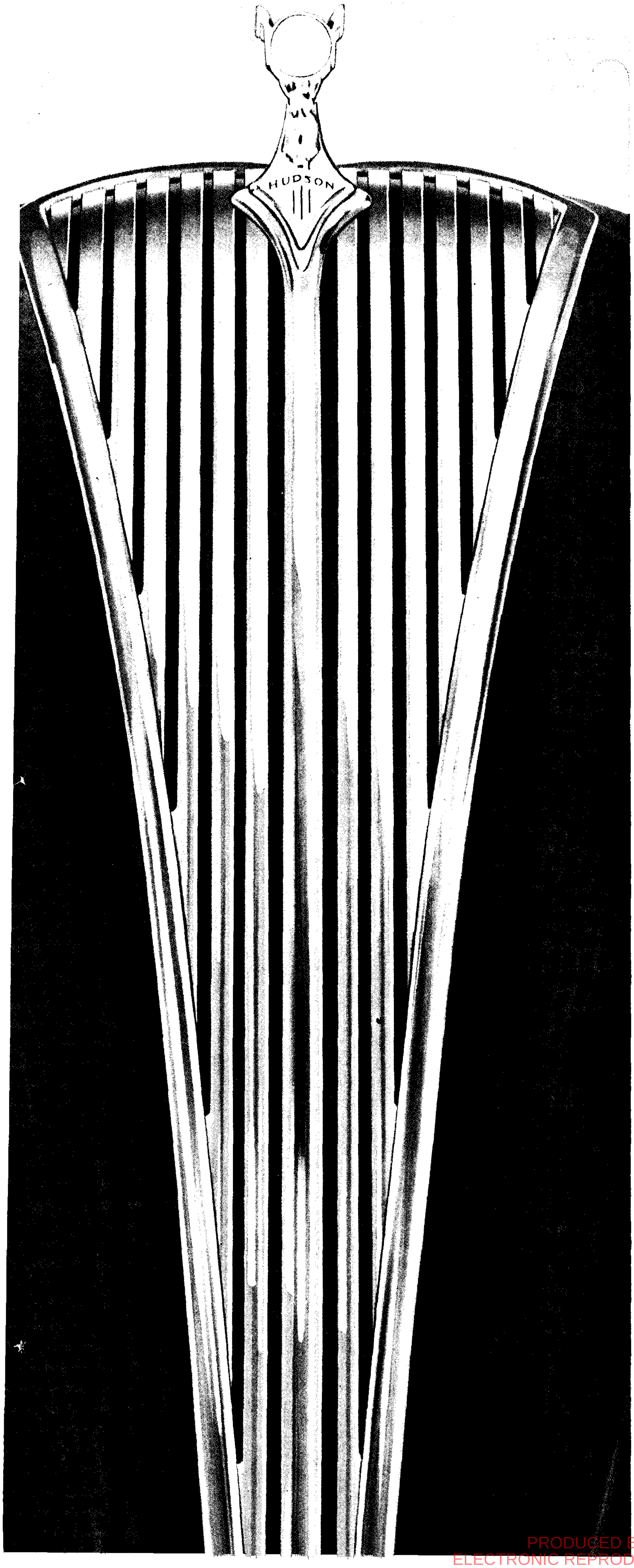
Helen hadn't even known that she was competing against the until-then world's greatest woman runner. While the official and track experts were gasping their amazement at such sublime ignorance the serious-eyed girl from Fulton was winning the shot-put and the broad jump.

Since then, Helen has enjoyed an unbroken string of victories and record-breaking performances.

Coach Moore says that Helen will probably enter the 100-meter event, the 400-meter relay and the high jump.

Helen's excellence is due, of course, to the fact that she is that rarity—a natural, instinctive athlete. The first time she dove into a pool she almost drowned. Two months later she set a college record Basketball? In one game she scored 36 points. Fencing? Gail Potter, fencing instructor at the college, says that with a bit of practice Helen could be one of the best in the country.

And that is the story of tall serious-eyed Helen Stephens, who once upon a time chased rabbits and raced a horse.



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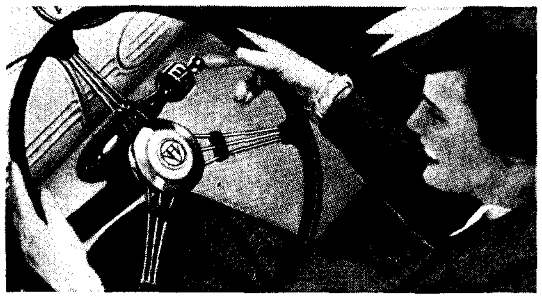

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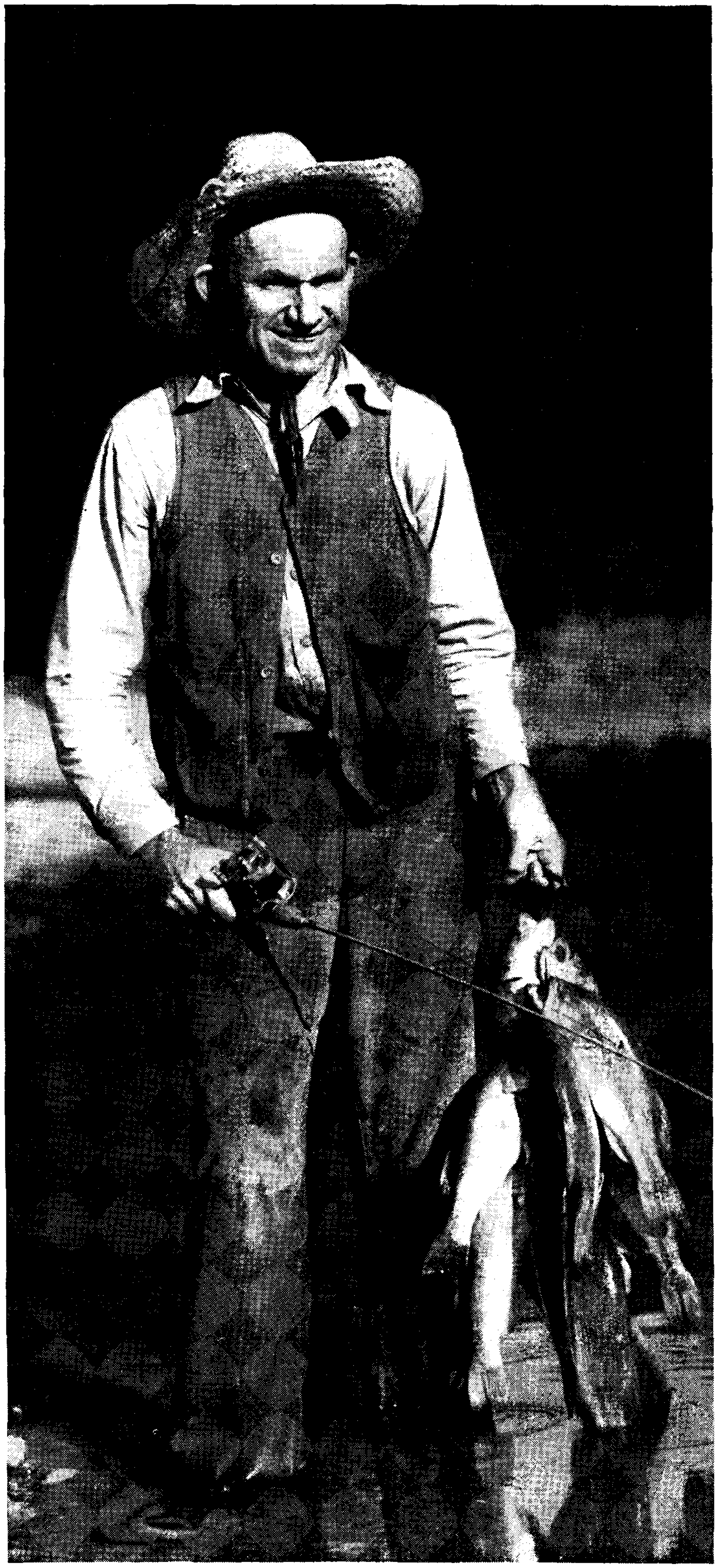
The Hunting of the Bass

By Jack Lamb

He's wayward, vicious and temperamental: he's a wily scoundrel, likely to outwit you at every turn: in short, he's a foeman worthy of your very best lures and cunning. Mr. Lamb discovered all these traits by studying black bass for six years and then fishing for them



Jack Lamb with a string of beauties as evidence of his angling sagacity and skill

THE water swirled; a flash of bronze shot up into the sunlight, and the song of a bird was forever stilled. It was hard to realize. Only a moment before, an orange-winged blackbird had been perched on a frail green spear above the water, pouring out his rasping notes in a frenzy of early morning happiness. The reed-fringed lake, splotched with the yellow of flowering lilies, had been a scene of placid beauty.

But beneath the surface a hungry bass had been lurking, with his eyes fastened on the choice morsel above. When the temptation became too great, he had shot out of the water and crashed the bird a terrific blow.

His aim had been unerring, and only the obstructing reeds had kept him from consuming his prey in one mighty gulp. The impact had knocked the bird into the lake, where it fluttered in a vain attempt to lift its drenched body from the surface. But the bass had wheeled, and, in a moment, had completed the tragedy, the like of which is constantly being enacted before the eyes of the bass-angler.

No man can fully appreciate the gameness of these fish until he sets out to catch them. They are truly the national American fish, being found in almost all of our fresh waters, from Mexico to Canada. Powerfully built, and of a naturally pugnacious character, the black bass in particular is famed for his daring and rapacious habits. He is a dreaded terror to almost every inhabitant of our lakes and streams.

But, apart from the bass, nearly all our waters contain game fish of some kind. And the underlying fundamentals, and prime factors, of artificial-bait fishing apply to all of them alike. Slightly different tactics are necessary in different waters, of course. But once the rudiments are learned, it will be found that game fish everywhere are closely related in their habits and actions, and that all will succumb to the artificial lure.

Hence, the skilled angler finds no difficulty in catching fish with practically the same tackle, whether it be in the rushing rivers of Wyoming, or in the languid lakes of Florida. He can snare alike the black bass, striped bass, and trout of many species; the pike, pickerel, muskie, salmon, and hundreds of different kinds of smaller fish.

When the novice begins fishing with artificial bait, he is usually groping in the dark. He knows little of stealth and skill, and nothing at all of the ways of the cunning bass. Neither does he stop to consider that fishing success is not a matter of luck, but is gained through years of persistent effort.

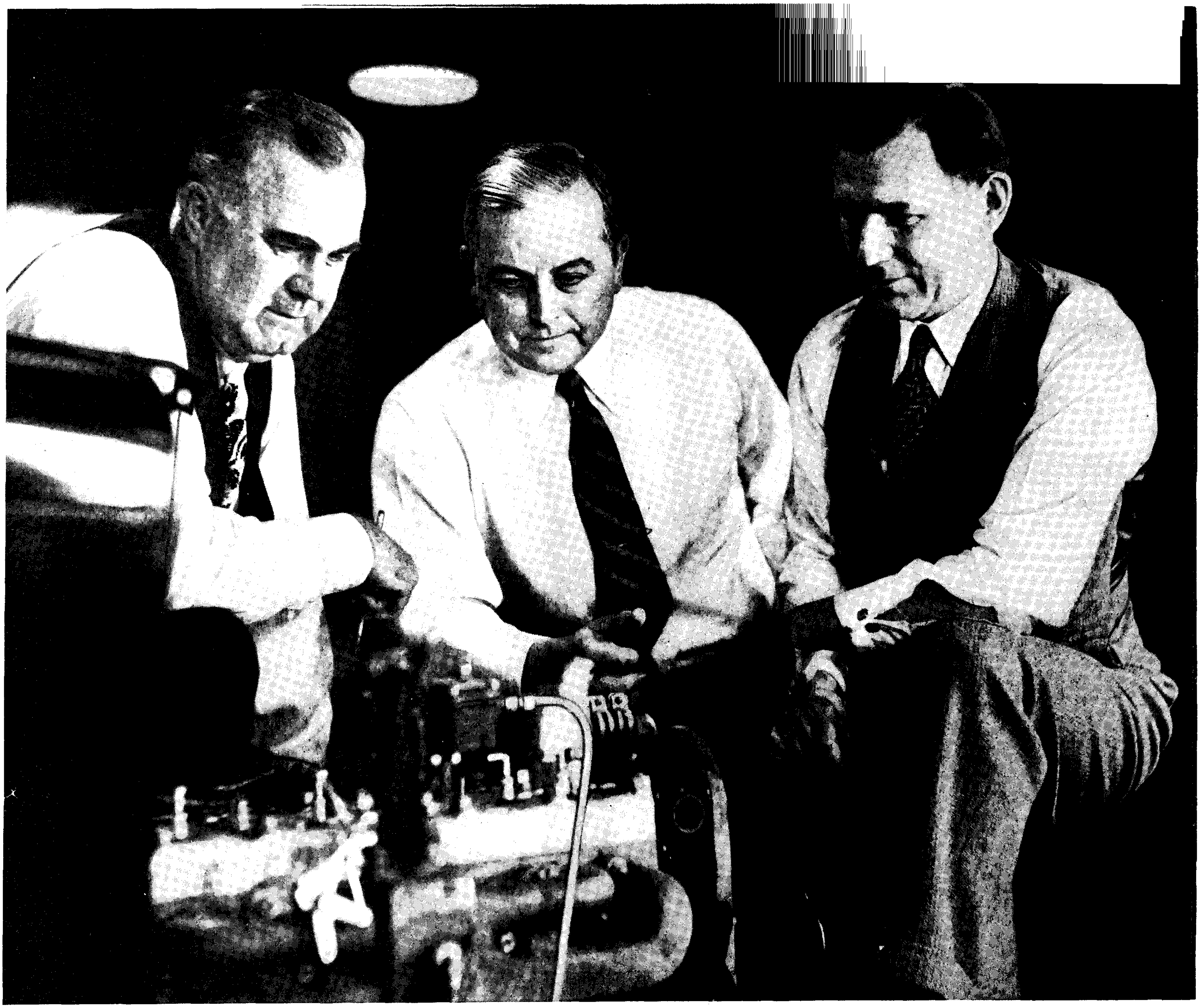
Take, for instance, the inner forces necessary for bass fishing. Self-reliance, or faith in one's own prowess, is, without doubt, the greatest asset. For self-confidence is half the battle. That can easily be proved by one of my own experiences.

A youth accompanied me to a well-stocked lake, a few years ago, and after I had rigged up a duplicate set of tackle for him, we began to fish. As we went along the banks, casting here and there without encouragement, his confidence began to wane. About that time, I snagged a nice fish, and as it leaped from the water, my young companion regained his faith and resumed plunking his lures into the lake.

But the bass were unresponsive that day, and the boy's fire soon died down. At last, he sat on a stump and looked at me disdainfully, while I continued tossing them out and reeling them back.

Socko! Another powerful strike, and instantly the boy's feet were burning off. He was up with a bang, and clenched

(Continued on page 48)



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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

The Way to a Country's Heart

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

THERE are few ambassadors to the United States these days that do not have something to live down. With Dr. Hans Luther, the German, it is Hitlerism; with Signor Augusto Rosso, the Italian, it is the "rape of Ethiopia"; with Sir Ronald Lindsey, the Briton, and M. André de Laboulaye, the Frenchman, it is the repudiation of war debts, and with Comrade Alexander Antonovich Troyanovsky, the Russian, it is Communism and all the implications that the word has come to carry.

In other times the approach to a more favorable public opinion would have been made by gumshoe brigades, but now the fight for larger popularity is about as sly and stealthy as Franklin D. Roosevelt's campaign for re-election. Propaganda, in fact, has left the back room for the dining-room, and its test is no longer plausibility but edibility. Cooks have come to be regarded as the only true experts in the field of public relations, and typewriters are being supplanted by kitchen ranges. Today the alimentary canal ranks as importantly in the scheme of things diplomatic as those of Suez or Panama.

As a consequence, entertainment in Washington has established a new high. Relief Administrator Hopkins may brag that no American need go hungry, but in the nation's capital, at least, embassies deserve the credit rather than Harry. What with luncheons, teas and dinners, Cabinet officers and department heads are more than ever the victims of a vast torpidity, and as for Washington correspondents and other writing men, eyes that once sparkled with intelligence are glazed by the slow and painful process of digesting Beluga caviar, Westphalian ham and Italian delicacies.

Fine Bait for a Diplomatic Trap

The new style propaganda started with the Germans, and like most great ideas, originated accidentally. As Dr. Luther used to sit at the window of his embassy, shunned and lonely, he noted with growing curiosity that the lawn below him was always dotted with recumbent figures. Strange men of all sorts and conditions stretched on the grass before the cellar window.

"What is it?" he demanded of his investigators. "Are they sleeping?"

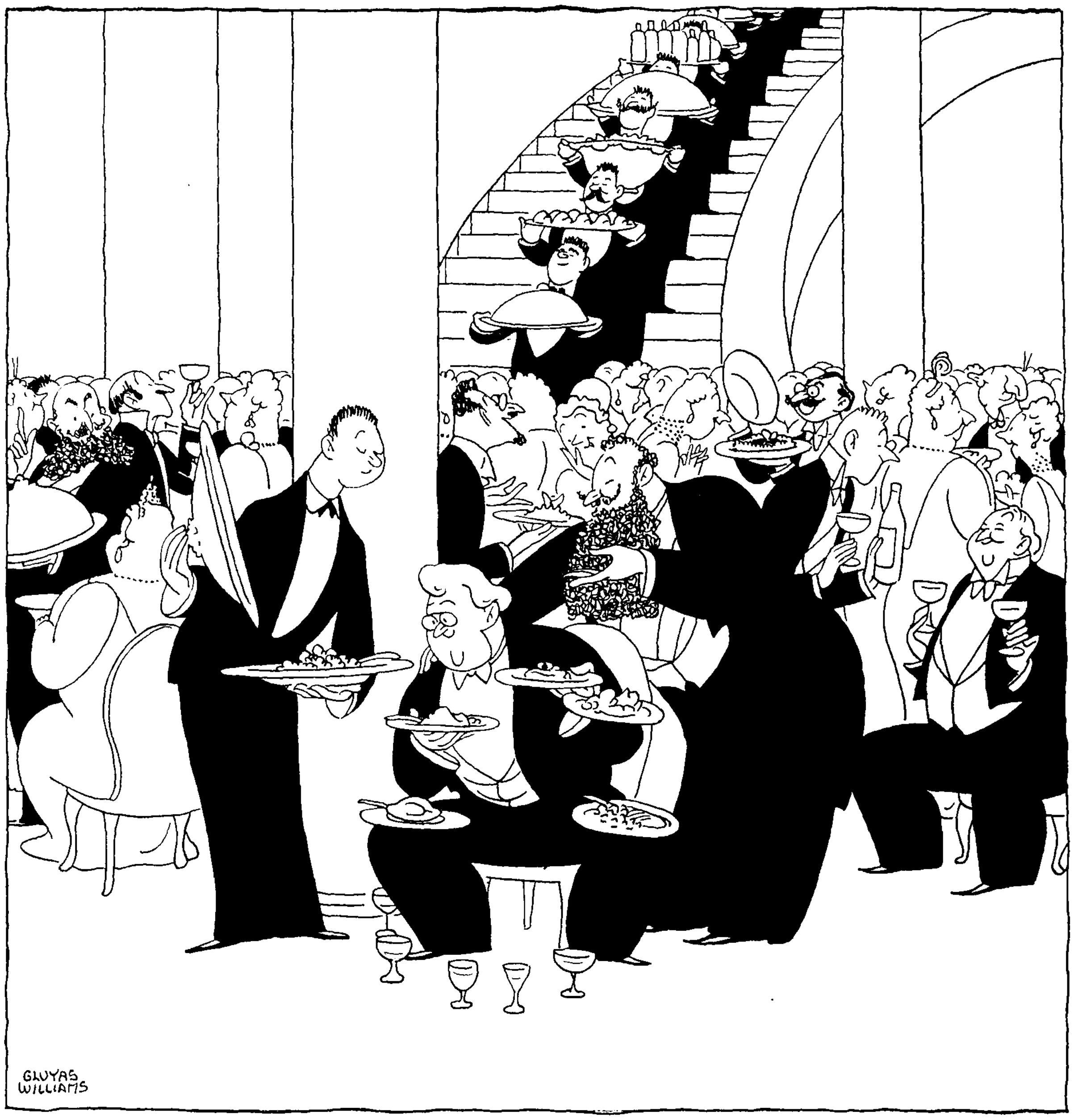
"Nein, Herr Doctor. Only sniffing. It's the Pilsener. They come every day. Last week we counted two Cabinet members, five bureau chiefs, three senators, a Knight of Columbus and a representative of the B'nai B'rith."

That was when the idea dawned. Dr. Luther's first "beer party" was such a success that police reserves had to be called out. Vainly the Italians waved wicker-covered bottles of Chianti and equally futile were tentative offers of Scotch whisky by the Britons. The able-bodied brews of Pilsen and Muenchen made and maintained their appeal. And what were minestrone, spumoni and Yorkshire puddings compared with tender, pungent sausages from Frankfort, kartoffel glacé, sauerbrauten, dampfnudel, schnitz and knepf and other rare dishes that gave Thor and Wotan both delight and strength?

German propaganda, however, reached its height when some brilliant mind proposed a Bockbierabend. Rugs were taken up, furniture removed, and the embassy made over into a German beer garden with banners, steins and board tables. A janitor turned out to be a baritone, several secretaries proved tenors, and the hastily gathered group sucked the poison out of every German song except *Deutschland ueber alles* and the Horst Wessel *lied*. Moreover, others of the embassy staff were found to shake mean legs, and folk dances added to the delirium.

And were these evenings a success? *Kolossal!* As the assembled Americans—government officials, society leaders and writers of every kind and description—washed down gobbets of goose livers with mighty drafts of Bock beer, and watched roly-poly Dr. Luther move about like some sweet, lovable grandpop at a merrymaking of his little ones, hard-boiled correspondents were heard to murmur, "After all, that Hitler can't be such a bad guy."

The Germans may have had a flying start, but the Russians overcame the handicap by a burst of speed as sustained as furious. No sooner had Alexander Antonovich Troyanovsky landed in Washington after recognition than he opened the sixty-seven-room mansion on Sixteenth Street, closed for many years, and before the gorgeous furnishings were fairly placed threw a party that made the entertainment of the Italians, French and the Germans resemble the meager hospitality of a church guild. From tongue to tongue went the report that caviar was to be served in quantity, and such was the crush that even professional Southerners forgot chivalry, and buffeted women so rudely that ambulances had to be called.



Troyanovsky threw a party that made the others resemble the meager hospitality of a church guild

For He's a Jolly Good Communist

Never in all this world was there a rumor with more solid base. Great blocks of ice filled every available niche, and a million mother sturgeon must have been ravished to obtain the eggs that nestled darkly in the center of every block. To show that it was no mere flash in the pan, Comrade Troyanovsky and his charming wife followed with a series of dinners that not only repeated the caviar orgy on a larger scale, but offered in addition vodka, subtly flavored with herbs gathered in the full of the moon, and rare old Caucasian wines that galvanized disheartened palates into new life. What with flying sturgeons' eggs lodging in pores, at the end of the season the National Press Club looked like a segment of Dalmatia.

Musical evenings, too, with singers from the Metropolitan gargling arias from Rimski-Korsakov operas, and Efrem Zimbalist and other Russian violinists, along with pianists, rendering the works of Tchaikovsky and other great Muscovite composers. And always suave, handsome young secretaries moving in and out with the grace of dancers, speaking every language with equal facility.

Here again, as in the case of the Germans, the New Propaganda has amply justified itself. Even before coffee and cognac, guests begin explaining that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is really nothing more than a sort of Epworth League, and that it's really too bad that America can't have a big, warm-hearted, humane genius like Stalin to head our Red Cross. Even the N. E. P. is now spoken of with enthusiasm, although, owing to the vodka, there is much confusion about the term of the plan, some saying five years and others arguing for fifty.

Of course, there are those who murmur critically that it "certainly seems strange" to see Communists going in for mansions, evening clothes, exquisite napery and choice foods, but Comrade Troyanovsky smiles away this attack with the shrugged explanation that Socialists do not preach an equality of poverty and misery, but an equality of happiness and comfort.

A very clever person, this swart, courteous ambassador of the Union of Socialist Republics. He is well-groomed, winningly genial; speaks German, French, a bit of Japanese and precise if careful English.

No question that he has done a good job for his country, and if the caviar and vodka hold out, Americans may yet see Al Smith slapping Comrade Troyanovsky on the back and calling him "Old Potato." So popular is the new form of Russian propaganda that right now Ham Fish stands ready to attend a Soviet dinner if only he can find false whiskers that fit.

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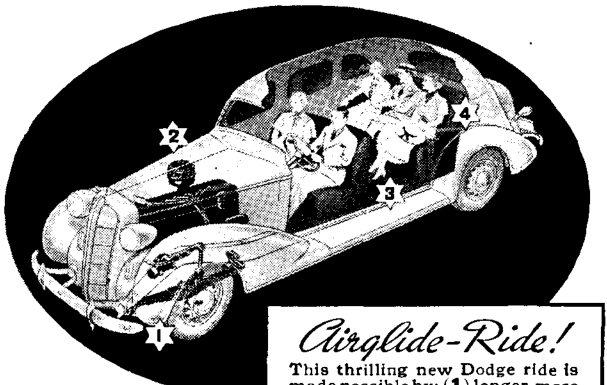
"My old car was giving me only 14 miles to the gallon," says Mr. Smith. "My new Dodge has been averaging 23 miles to the gallon. I have put 6000 miles on it. At 23 miles to the gallon, I have only had to buy about 261 gallons of gas. At the rate my old car was using gas, I would have had to buy about 428 gallons. This means *167 gallons saved since I have* had my Dodge . . . about enough to pay one month's installment on my Dodge!"



"I HEARD a great deal about Dodge economy, but I have been frankly amazed at how much more mileage per gallon my new Dodge has given me since I bought it than the old car I traded in," says J. J. Smith, of Bronx, New York.

"As a matter of fact, I have paid a month's installment on my new Dodge 'Beauty Winner' with what I saved on gas in the first six months."

Mr. Smith's experience is not unique . . . Dodge owners throughout America report sensational gas economy—18 to 24 miles per gallon, they say—with savings up to 20% on oil, and practically no upkeep cost.

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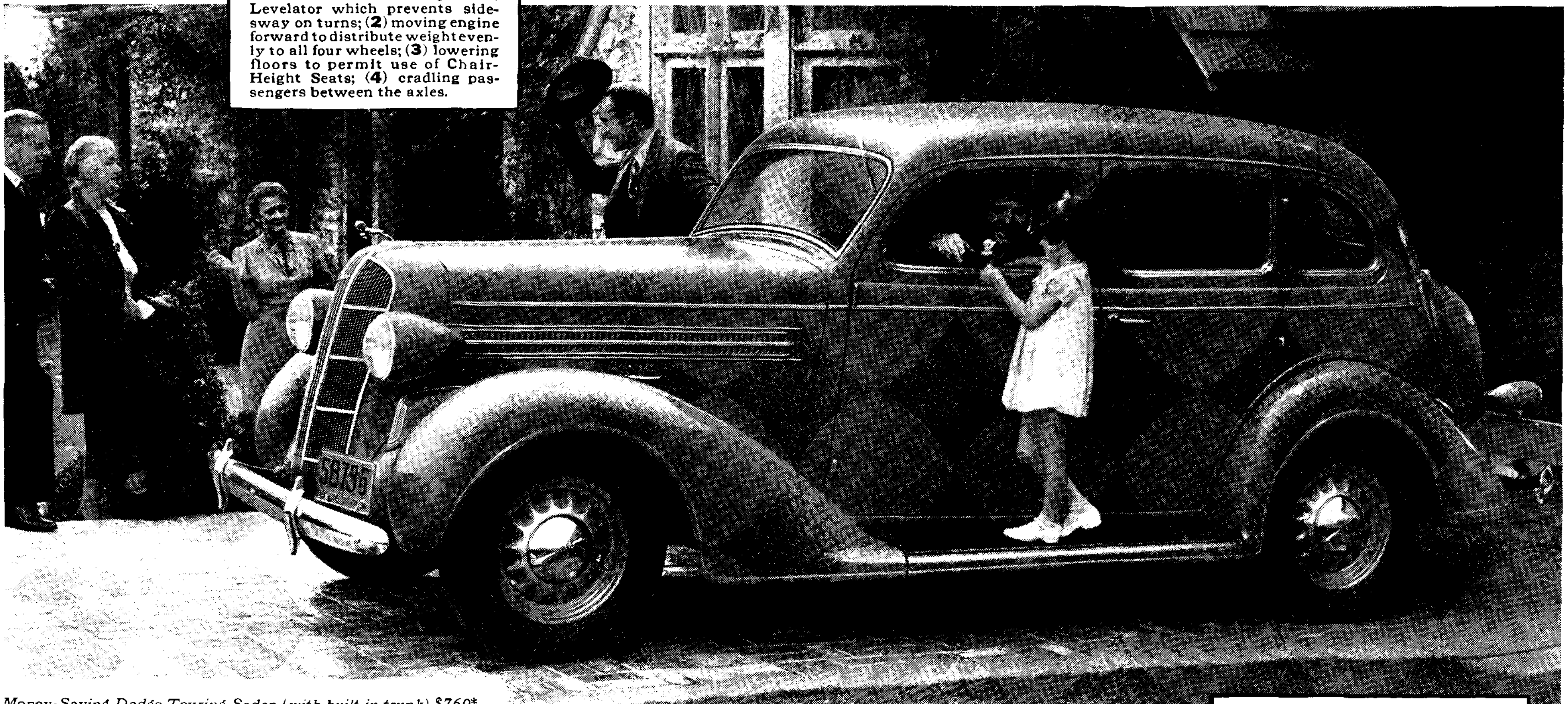

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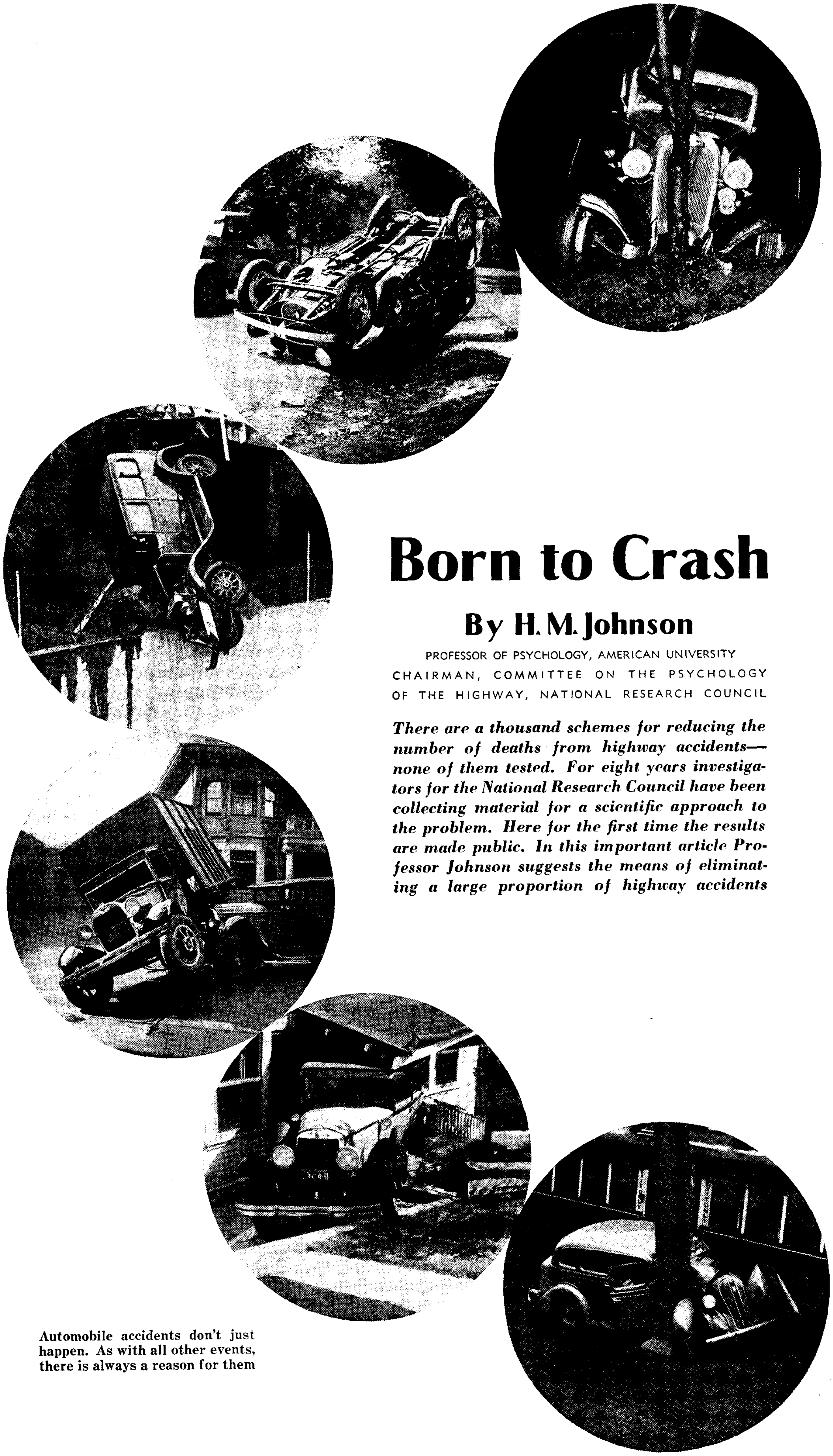


Automobile accidents don't just happen. As with all other events, there is always a reason for them

Born to Crash

By H. M. Johnson

PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY, AMERICAN UNIVERSITY
CHAIRMAN, COMMITTEE ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE HIGHWAY, NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

There are a thousand schemes for reducing the number of deaths from highway accidents—none of them tested. For eight years investigators for the National Research Council have been collecting material for a scientific approach to the problem. Here for the first time the results are made public. In this important article Professor Johnson suggests the means of eliminating a large proportion of highway accidents

LAST year 36,000 persons were killed in highway accidents. That figure is high. All you have to do is glance at it to get at least a hint of what it means in human terms—the horror, anguish, misery and loss that result from preventable accidents. For no one seems to doubt that at least a large percentage of these deaths could have been avoided. In fact, almost everyone has a plan for saving the situation. Reduce the speed limit, say some. Jail the speeders. Make them go through the morgue. Light the highways. Pave them with concrete. Make them wider. Pave them with brick.

Each of these suggestions is based on a different theory and none of the theories has been established. And yet accidents don't just happen. Like all other events, they are caused.

I am going to present evidence that there exists a class of drivers who are accident-prone—that is, drivers who habitually have accidents whatever the condition of the highway, the state of the weather or the speed at which they are traveling. The evidence will indicate that this class represents a small percentage of the total number of drivers and that its members account for a very large percentage of all accidents. We can prevent accidents of this kind from happening. Mere wishing, of course, is not enough. We have to establish the causes and adopt means for removing them.

I am going to tell about a means of reducing highway accidents which is very easy to understand and which has worked in practice. The facts are taken from the experience of four large companies, which employ about 1,400 drivers, with small variation from season to season. Their labor turnover is small. These companies have been co-operating in a study of highway accidents through one of the committees of the National Research Council. The author is chairman of that committee and he presents the facts with permission of the council. For his interpretation of them he alone is responsible.

Accidents that Were Prevented

Company A is a public utility, operating a large fleet of trucks and passenger cars, the latter being used chiefly by inspectors, supervisors, foremen and executives. Collectively, these cars travel between 2,300,000 and 2,900,000 miles a year. In 1928 this company became seriously concerned about the high cost of its automobile accidents and the unwelcome fact that they were increasing in number every year. It undertook to find the reason, and to see whether it could do anything to reduce the rate.

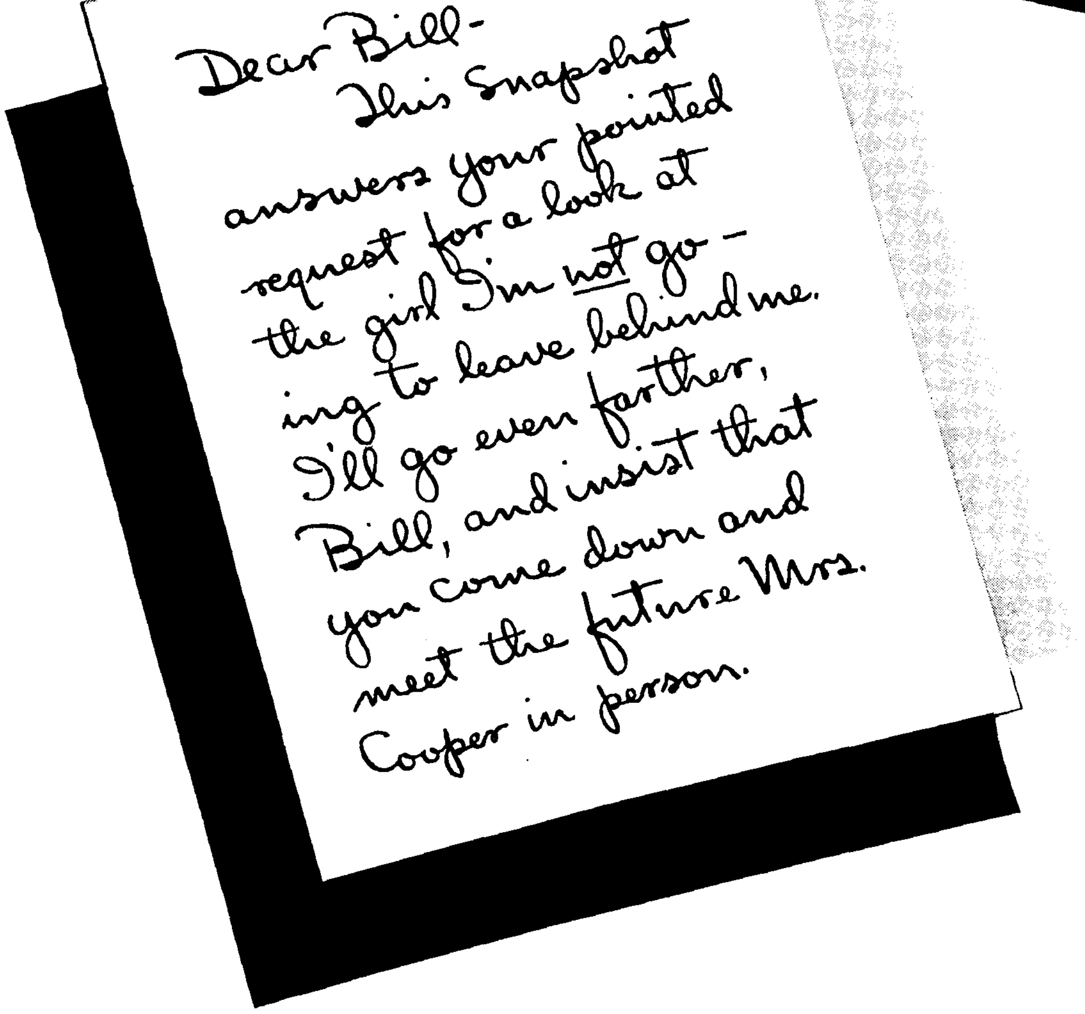
In 1930 it found the key to one of the worst problems in accident prevention, and in that year it began, rather slowly, to make use of what it had learned. The result was brilliantly successful. In less than four years it reduced its number of accidents per year to about one fifth the original rate, and more than quadrupled the average number of miles between accidents. Moreover, it has held to the new level for nearly three years. The other companies began to apply the remedy later, but they are now matching Company A's experience.

Before they hit on the solution the four companies tested many other possibilities and pronounced them useless. Since they include causes to which accidents are very often attributed, let us look at them.

Is the weather to blame? If so, argued these companies, perhaps we should keep as many cars off the road in bad weather as we can, and thus reduce the accident rate.

This theory was easy to test. In the locality in which Company B operates,

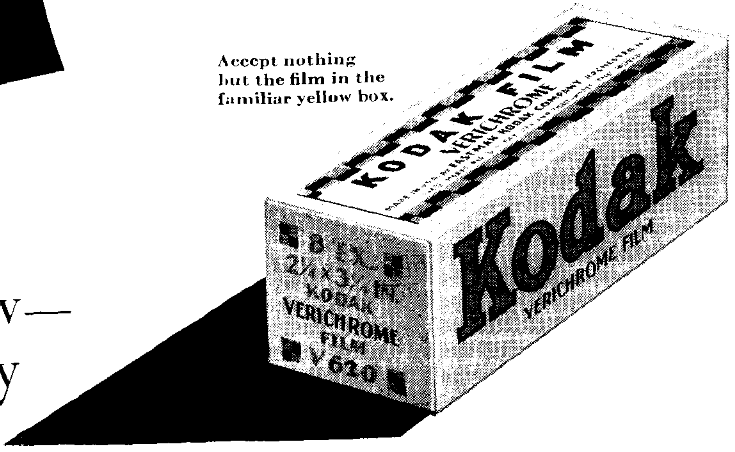
(*Continued on page* 58)



Dear Bill-
This snapshot
answers your pointed
request for a look at
the girl I'm not go-
ing to leave behind me.
I'll go even farther,
Bill, and insist that
you come down and
meet the future Mrs.
Cooper in person.

THERE'S a thrill about taking a good snapshot—there's even more of a thrill in the way it recalls things, later . . . brings back memories, experiences you don't want to lose. Take snapshots while you can—they'll grow increasingly precious to you with the years. But don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.



The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today

"Yeah," said Ring, and left at once.

Campeaux hunched himself forward, his index finger wagging at Cordray and Brett. "Now we're going to have some fun."

"Moynihan?" drawled Brett. His pale face loosened up and he showed a faint, curled smile.

"No, Al," said Campeaux. "Come over here."

AT HIS blackjack table, Roy Lovelace paid off a round of bets, dealt and broke himself again. His long fingers nudged and measured the chips out against the bets placed; and for a moment he let his hands lie idle, one fist holding the card pack, the other palm flat on the table. Faint sweat coated his forehead; looking around, he observed the speechless alarm lying deep in his wife's eyes. He said to the crowd at the table: "Deal's closed a moment," and walked across the room to the far corner of the bar. A water bucket with a tin dipper stood on a stool against the partition of Campeaux's office; he heard Campeaux's talk, heavy and calm, come through the shrunken edges of the boards.

He helped himself to a drink, thirsty from the strain of a bad hour's playing. The cards this night were running out on him; and a man waited back at the table with the offer of a thousand-dollar bet. He could refuse it, but he never had. The voices shuttling back and forth in Campeaux's quarters came against his own hard reflections and made no dent in his mind; not until he heard Peace's name mentioned. It was that word which opened a wide and receptive alley through his head. He bent over the bucket in a manner that put his ear nearer to the partition, and skimmed a little speck of dirt from the water's surface. One of Campeaux's barkeeps looked casually at him and nodded. Men went out of Campeaux's office. Al Brett's dry question was quite clear: "Collie Moynihan?"

"No, Al," said Campeaux. "Come over here."

LOVELACE skimmed the water back and forth, his cheeks wholly unstirred. He lifted the dipper again and drained it. Then he walked back to his table.

"Take a thousand?" said the player.

"A bet," said Lovelace and dealt. Two cards to the player. Two to himself, one face up. The player covered his cards with a palm and cautiously lifted their edges, bending down to read them. He said: "Good." Lovelace had a king showing; the other card, when he tipped it over, was a five. Fifteen. He could stand on that and hope the player had less; or he could draw and risk going broke beyond the limit of twenty-one. The player had been lucky all night; and in the man's veiled, set expression was no sign to help Lovelace now. His fingers more or less made the decision for him; they drew and turned a card. It was a ten-spot and it broke him.

His wife's presence was a weight behind his shoulder. He laid down the pack, measuring out the chips to the player. The player said, evenly: "Take two thousand?"

"The game," said Lovelace, "is closed for the night." When he had cashed the chips he racked them all in the box, put away the cards, and walked quietly from the Club, his hand guiding Helen through the crowd. They went on in pure silence, past the lights of the stores, out into the flood of moonlight beyond town. She spoke then, careful to make her voice indifferent: "How much have we lost?"

He said: "Five thousand tonight." He admired her for the restraint she always wore; he felt humble now for the way her hand went through his arm. He said: "I've said I'd quit when my luck ran out. I'll know in another week's playing if it really has. But that's not why I closed the table. I happened to overhear Campeaux talking when I took a drink of water."

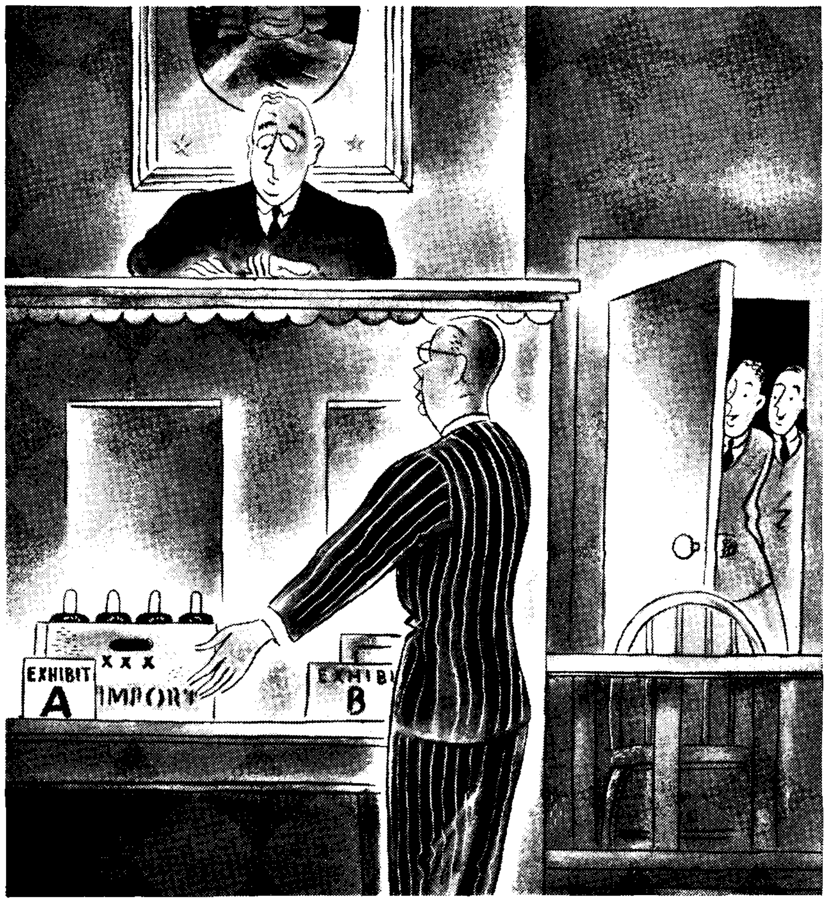
Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 21

They went on, swinging together through the still, pine-scented night. Bryan's noise was a low, churning echo behind them. "Helen," he groaned, "what a rotten life this has been for you!"

"We have grieved enough over that, Roy."

HE SAID, bitter as a man can be: "Two things I have never ceased to regret, and never will. Your being in that saloon. The kids living from pillar to post, in every cheap lodging house along the road. Well, a man's got to have one rule of conduct to hold his pride up. I have mine. I've kept my word, Helen. I've never betrayed a secret. No matter what I've heard in that saloon, the information has stayed inside me. Gambler's honor. What irony the word holds!"



"The jury wants Exhibit A, Your Honor, and some ginger ale"

ALLEN F. HURLBURT

She said, "Roy," in a soft, deep-concerned way.

"I know better now," he muttered dismally. "It's been my boast to be the squarest dealer in town. But I was always fooling myself. A gambler's a gambler. Straight or crooked, there's no difference. Why has Frank Peace been our friend?"

"Because he likes us, Roy."

"I wish he'd never known us!" groaned Lovelace. "It would make the situation easier for me now. A gambler's a fool to have friends. All he can do is lose them when the showdown comes. It's come to me. I can't squeal, Helen. That's the only thing I've stuck by. Campeaux trusts me. I've made my living in his tent for two years. I've kept my mouth shut. But Peace trusts me. What am I going to do?"

"Roy," she cried, "what is it?"

"You can't help me, Helen. Whatever I do, I'm lost."

Peace got back from a long swing through the mountains that night shortly after eight. His plans had called for a three-weeks trip, which had stretched to five. Weary as he was, he could not break the long-established habit he had of reporting directly to Reed and so he turned toward the superintendent's portable office the moment he dropped from the saddle. Reed and Casement, he found, were sitting together by a table disordered with a mass of grading bids. Reed grinned at Peace's inch-long beard. He said: "All you need now is a squaw and a string of traps over your shoulder."

"You're going to get all the ties you want," said Peace. "There's ten little sawmills scattered between here and Weber Canyon. I made contracts on the spot. Ties to be floated down Bear River to Tie Siding and picked up there by the contractors."

"How much?" asked Reed.

Peace smiled wryly. "From ninety cents to a dollar and a quarter per tie, at the siding. The hauling by the contractors is extra."

"We ought to be using golden spikes for ties at that price," commented Casement.

REED shrugged his shoulders. "We can't choose. I told Frank to get ties. He got 'em."

"Your bridge timbers will be waiting for you in Echo Canyon."

"Where you been all this time?" questioned Reed.

"I met Dodge in the Weber River gorge. He was bound for Salt Lake, and took me along."

"I got a wire from him a week ago," said Reed. "He said the Mormon situation was all right but the right-of-way business wasn't. What's that?"

"We stopped at the Townsend House," explained Peace. "We meant to go straight to see Brigham Young. But he came right over to see Dodge. Dodge told him it was impossible to build into Salt Lake town. That Ogden was all we could do. Young blew up. On Sunday he preached a sermon at the Tabernacle scorching the hide of the Union and making Dodge pretty much a personal devil. Dodge went right back to give Young the facts of the case. He told Young the Union couldn't hit Salt Lake town, and neither could the Central. It was the first time Young knew the Central wasn't going to skirt the south side of the lake. Dodge is pretty smooth. Next Sunday Brigham preached another sermon and said the Union was probably Utah's best friend after all. So that's settled. Brigham sees a chance for his people to make some money in construction work."

The three of them sat in silence a moment. "Dodge," remarked Reed finally, "could build roads through hell. But what's this right-of-way trouble he mentioned?"

"Durant was in Salt Lake," explained Peace.

"Yeah," put in Casement. "He came through here ten days ago, traveling like a wild man."

"Dodge met him with a proposition," said Peace. "He thinks it's foolish for the two roads to keep grading past each other. At the rate we're going there never will be a connection. The Central means to beat us to Ogden and come right on through Weber and Echo canyons. Dodge suggested that he get together with the Central officials and agree on a meeting point somewhere west of Ogden. Durant blew up and said the Union was to ignore the Central completely and lay its grade clear out into Nevada, past the Central's completed track. Never mind the cost or the waste. Get every mile of government money it can. Well, those were orders. So Dodge is shooting his grading outfits up toward the Humboldt."

CASEMENT spoke pessimistically. "The Credit Mobilier construction contract is out when we reach Piedmont station. Poor Oakes Ames, who's been a white man all the way through, can't get any more Boston money. He's personally busted and his shovel shop is about gone. He said he'd sacrifice it before he saw the Union quit. So where's the cash coming from then?"

"Maybe Durant will pull another white rabbit out of the hat," suggested Reed.

"He'd better. I don't understand the man."

"A fight for control," said Reed, "that none of us understands. All I know is we've got to get to Ogden before the Central or we haven't got a railroad."

Peace said, "I think I'll get some supper," and left the room. Going past the station, he found Collie Moynihan waiting for him.

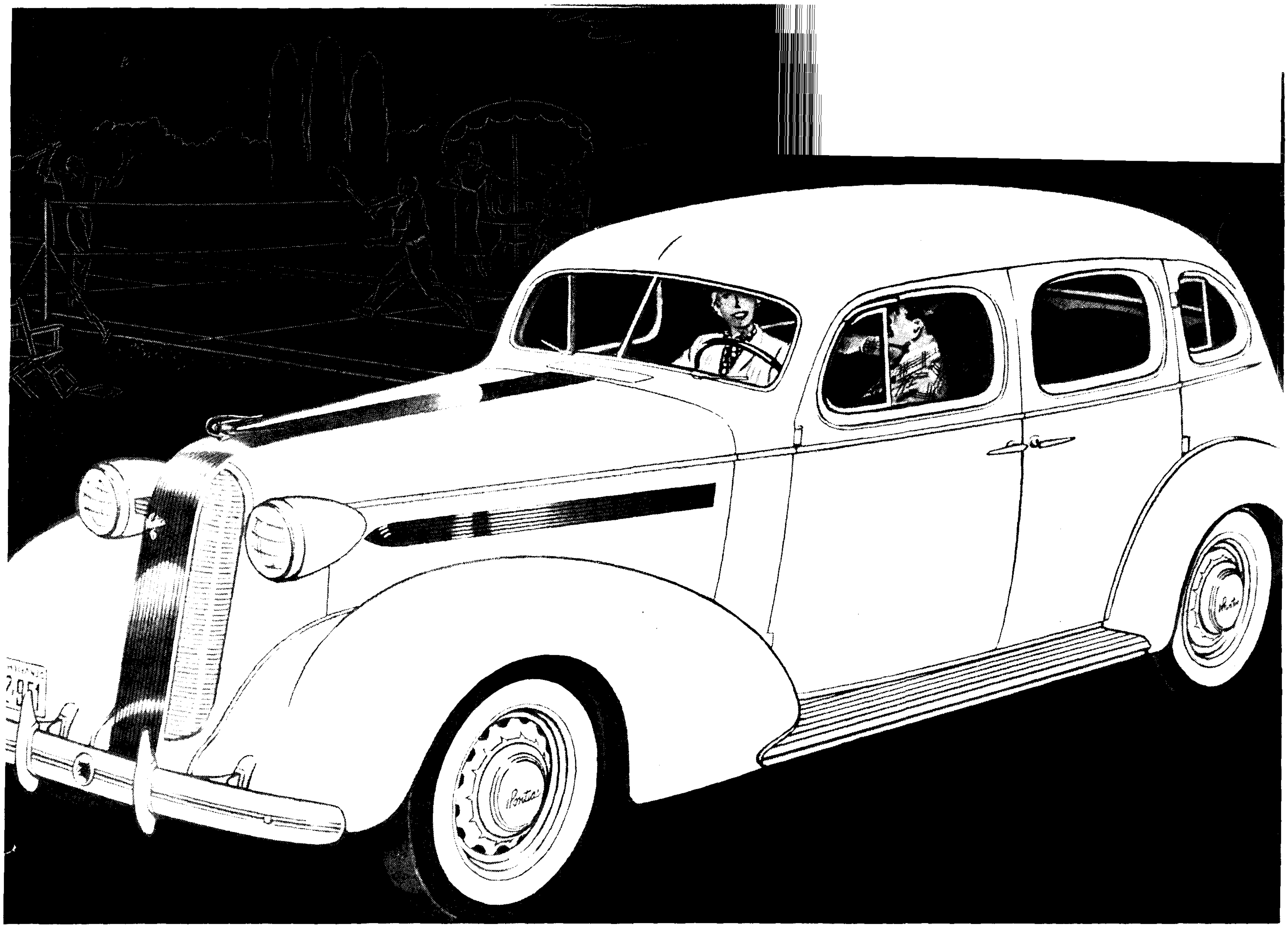
"Wait a bit, Mishter Peace," said Collie, and softly explained the lynching of Heck Wolver. He said afterwards, "Did I do right?"

Peace looked down at the solid chunk of an Irishman. "You did right, Collie. But it was one of Campeaux's men. So watch yourself."

"Ah," retorted Collie, "it's yourself that should be careful. Campeaux wastes no time on little ones like me. 'Tis you he'll hate the more."

Peace went to his quarters and shaved and scrubbed off the riding dust. In the mess shack he found Overmile and Morgan and Archie Millard loitering over the meal. There wasn't any army post near by and Millard, accordingly, was attached to the commissary for quarters and rations. He sat before the

(Continued on page 33)



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THAT feeling of radiant health enjoyed on a breeze-swept deck—that sense of bracing invigoration and fresh vitality—are captured for you in each sparkling, foam-capped glass of SCHLITZ, the beer with SUNSHINE VITAMIN D*.

It gives you the cooling tang that soothes heat-frayed nerves and awakens jaded spirits. It gives you SUNSHINE VITAMIN D—that priceless source of vigor and refreshment that lives long after you set down your empty glass.

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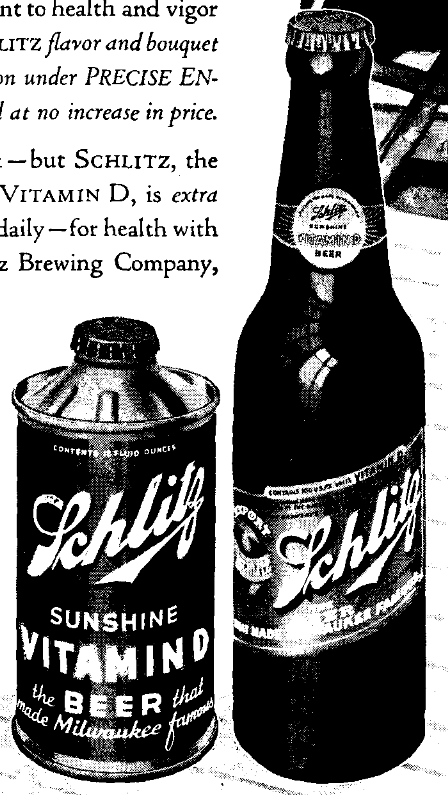

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The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 30

table with his coat unbuttoned, the long yellow hair carelessly falling down across his fine broad brow. Looking at the man at that moment, Peace was shocked to see the quality of misery in those blue eyes. His mouth was really bitter behind the tawny sweep of his mustache.

"Frank," he said, "do you have need of me the next three or four days?"

"I forgot to ask Reed. I'll do it tonight."

Millard's words were stiff and strained. "As a particular favor to me. I'd like to get away for a little while." He reached into his pocket and drew out a letter, tossing it before Peace. It had been crushed into a ball by pressure of Millard's powerful fists. Smoothing it, Peace recognized a departmental order from Fort D. A. Russell in Cheyenne:

"Lieutenant Archibald Millard, Troop A, 1st Cavalry, now serving on detached duty, will report to Fort D. A. Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, not later than the 15th of December, for transfer to Governor's Island, New York.

"J. D. Stevenson, B'v't Maj. Gen."

Millard said, dull and angered: "My regiment stays, but I'm transferred back East. I don't understand it. I've served here less than a year."

"I'll ask Reed what we have to do. Tonight."

Millard stood up, tall and solid and thoroughly a soldier; he buttoned his coat and adjusted his hat. He looked a moment at Peace, those blue eyes narrowed by hard thinking. He said, "Let me know," and left the room.

MORGAN and Overmile were studying Peace. Morgan said: "You have anything to do with that transfer?"

"I wrote Stevenson a letter a month ago," admitted Peace.

Morgan said nothing. Judgment with him was always slow in forming. But Overmile shook his head in a regretful manner. "Sorry you did it. Know what he wants the leave for? Cherry's at Fort Bridger. He'll go there and see her. And when he sees her he'll come to the conclusion that's been in his head all summer. He'll resign and marry her."

"Then," said Peace, "we're doing him a favor by bringing his problem to a head. He's been eating his heart out for six months, unable to make up his mind. It's a tragedy either way. If he sticks with his profession he'll never cease to regret losing her. If he resigns he'll be a squaw man—and in time to come he'll remember what he might have been."

"What would you do?" softly questioned Morgan.

"I think I'd stick to my job."

Morgan murmured: "You're a hard nut, Frank, and that's what you'd do."

"Each man has to cross his own rivers," stated Peace. The food was before him. He ate a little of it, though he wasn't hungry any longer; and stoked his pipe and sat with his elbows propped to the table, not realizing that he was scowling at the far wall.

Morgan and Overmile kept watching him through that pervading silence. He had no laughter in him, nothing to remind them of the deviltry that once had been so characteristic. There wasn't any fat on him. His cheekbones were flat and high on a deep-tanned skin. A scar from the fight with Duke Ring made a pale V on the back of his right hand. Morgan turned his head and met Overmile's glance; and Overmile quietly shook his head. He got up. "Think I'll take a walk," he said, and left the room.

Morgan gently repeated what Peace had last said. "A man has to cross his own rivers. Didn't think you had that wisdom in you, Frank. Fighters usually don't."

Peace said: "What's that, Phil?"

MEN AT WORK
Reamer Keller

"Did you see anything of a left fielder out here?"

REAMER KELLER

Morgan rose. He was smiling, a rare thing for this man; smiling in a quiet, sad way. "Was a time in my life when a good many things mattered. But I crossed my river and left practically everything on the far bank. All I seem to consider important now is a little sleep and a little food and some amount of friendship. I hope that never happens to you. You're right out in the middle of the street, swapping punch for punch, raising a hell of a racket, making this damned sorry world mind you. I want to see you win out. People seldom do. That's why I stick with you." A little gust of emotion got into his voice. "Damn it, kid, never change your ways! Ask for what you want—and take it—and let others do the crying! Don't be sentimental and don't be a gentleman. I was."

He left the room, leaving Peace in an astonished solitude. He put down his pipe, the taste of the smoke unsatisfactory on his tongue, and scrubbed a palm across his cheeks and rose because he could sit still no longer. Going out the door, he saw Morgan half across the street, aimed at Campeaux's Club. He started that way and then felt the weight of somebody over to the left of him, somebody standing in the deep darkness falling down the side of a steel pile. A voice said, "Wait, Frank." Roy Lovelace walked forward. Roy's face in this vague light was quite pointed. His voice wasn't natural.

"I have got to warn you to be careful. I can't tell you any more, but I can tell you that much."

"Thanks."

"Your luck," murmured Lovelace, "is running out. I think mine is, too." He turned and vanished beyond the steel pile.

Peace strolled by the station, a small chill fiddling along his nerves; the sense of trouble always reached him this way, with a premonition such as comes to the cat animals, clearly and sharply. Beyond the tracks, at the edge of Bryan's crooked narrow street, he paused and had his look at the roving shapes across the way. A crisp cold air flowed off the Uinta range; the deep, growling clamor of the Club rolled up against the shining night. There was a man stumbling along the track. He came up to Peace; and Peace recognized Bill Wallen, the bartender of Nick Moylan's camp—thin and prematurely old, with an air of a remote elegance still clinging to him. He said: "How are you, Peace," very civilly and stood with his eyes pointed across the street. The edges of a familiarity brushed Peace's memory again, as they had before in this man's presence; and went away. Wallen murmured: "What is the girl's name in the restaurant, do you know? No offense meant by the question, of course."

"Normandy."

"I knew some Normandys, a long time ago—in Missouri," explained Wallen, and turned away. Peace watched Nan's restaurant lights a long while before crossing the street. When he passed the restaurant he didn't look in. At another alley he turned toward Bardee Oliver's store.

LEACH OVERMILE went directly to Nan's from the mess hall. There were some men eating at the counter and he had no chance to talk to her for a moment. Afterwards she called the colored girl out of the kitchen and beckoned Leach into the back room. "I've missed you," she said candidly. "How far did you go?"

"Clean to Salt Lake with Frank." He grinned and ceased to grin. "I missed you, too."

"What a nice compliment."

He said: "Campeaux bothered you much?"

"He pays me an occasional visit."

"Don't you know that man's record by now?"

"Leach," she said, very sober, "don't scold me. Campeaux has always been kind." Her glance followed Overmile's high, stringy shape as he circled the little room. He had to duck his head at the corners. She said, her voice quite even: "How is Frank?"

He stopped, and nothing could conceal the misery, the doubt and the discouragement lying in his honest eyes. "I wish to God I knew," he blurted out.

"Leach—why?"

IT WAS a quick half-cry of alarm, though he didn't recognize it. For he was thinking of his own wishes, this indolent-shaped and yellow-headed young cowhand who had no power to conceal his thoughts before her. "A man," he said, "ought to have the right to consider himself. Shouldn't he?"

"Yes," she said. "I know."

"You know? Why, honey, how could you know about me that's kept my mouth stric'ly shut?"

She didn't answer that. Her lips were soft and sad; and they held an answer for him, though he didn't see it. He went on, his words running out rapidly. "I'll say nothin' I shouldn't say, though the Lord knows my heart's plumb full. Is there any chance for me?"

She stepped over and laid her hand on his arm.

"I hate to hurt you, Leach."

He pulled up his head; his lips came together in a severe, thin line. He cleared his throat in a noisy way, and looked down at his hands. It was quite a while before he shrugged his shoulders in a manner that tried to be careless, before he achieved a faint, wry grin. "Shoot, what was I thinkin' of in the first place? Comes to me now somethin' Frank said tonight. I didn't get it. I got it now. A man has to cross his own rivers. Yeah."

SHE murmured: "How did he say it, Leach?"

He shook his head. "Sometimes I don't know Frank." He watched her carefully. She dropped her glance from him, and she spoke quite slowly: "I heard he's to be married rather soon."

"Yeah," grunted Leach. He cleared his throat again. "Well," he said, and clapped on his hat and went bowling out through the three rooms of this building. He entered Campeaux's saloon in no respectable frame of mind. Morgan was at the counter. Overmile joined him. "Where you been?" asked Morgan.

"Nan's."

Morgan shook his head. He said gently: "Sorry."

Leach drew a long, uneven breath. His voice went downward along a hopeless note. "That was a kinda wide river to cross, Phil. Leaves me pretty far from nowhere."

Morgan seemed to be speaking to himself. "A man's life is a weary walk through the dark. A long way back on the trail little lights are shinin'. That's memory, Leach. You'll never get back to those lights. But they'll be a comfort to you—in a way." His eyes lifted to the vast mirror behind the bar and found the reflection of Al Brett and Jack Cordray crossing it, on the way to the door. Morgan paid for his drink. "See you later," he said, and left the saloon. Cordray and Brett had put themselves swiftly out of sight. Morgan stood with the point of his shoulder touching the saloon's door casing, his head bowed in

(*Continued on page 36*)

New RCA Victor Console Model 9K-2—Magic Voice, Magic Brain, Magic Eye, Metal Tubes. $129.95

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all agree a

**RCA Victor dealers demonstrate ı
sound system that gives Magic Brain ı
expression . . . offer facts that show l
to get greatest radio value**

“So real! . . . So true! . . . Why, it’s superb!”

Thus thousands comment as they hear the M
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the most important acoustical advance since
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more likable . . . a friendlier quality . . . somet
that makes you determined to own one of t
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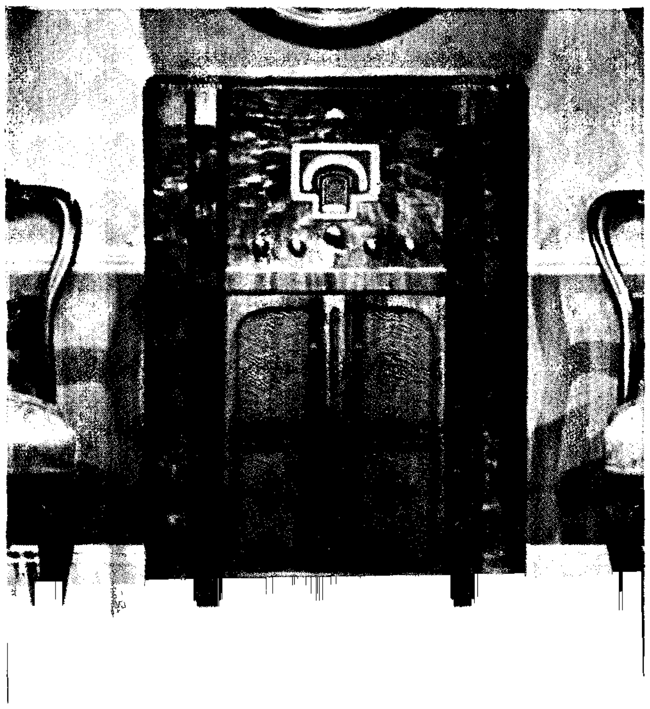
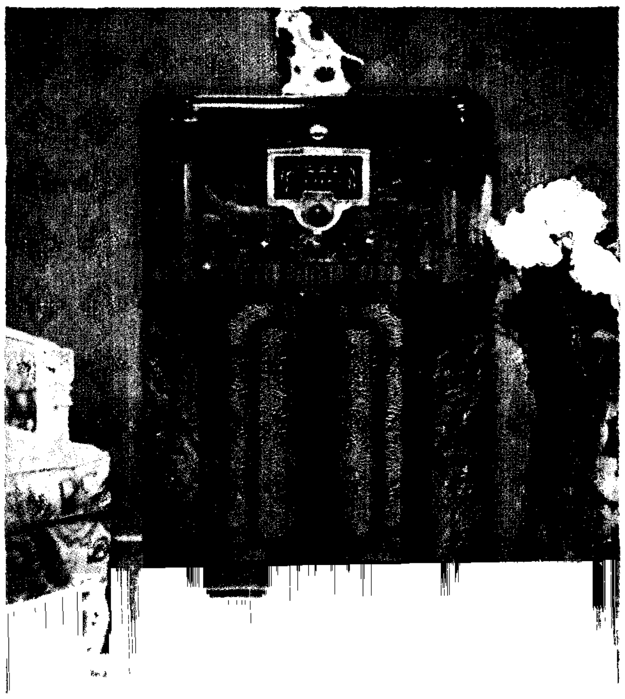
reasonable prices. The Magic Voice results f
sweeping changes in set design . . . changes
call for costlier construction. Yet prices are
high. Consider, for example, model 9K-2, sh
at the left. The well-proportioned lines, the w

RCA Victor Magic for All! 38 Model

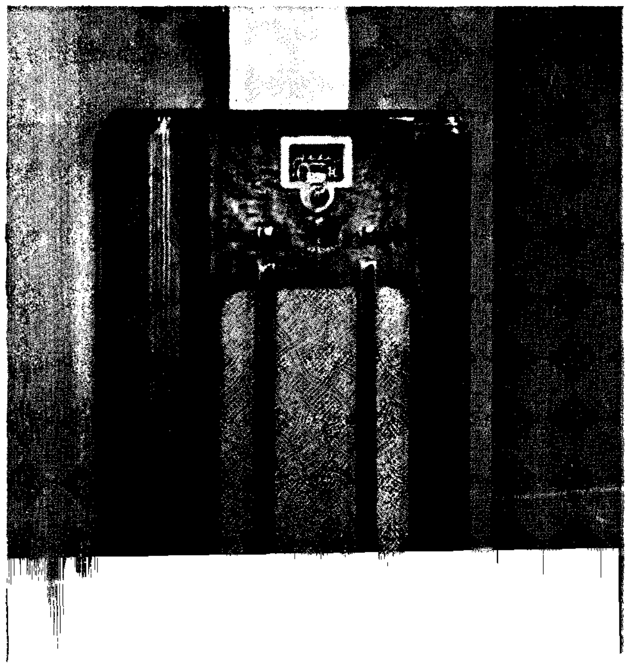
Here’s a handsome console model, 9K, which has Magic Brain, Magic Eye and RCA Metal Tubes. Covers the whole range of world radio, including the X-band. Music-Speech Control, Selector Dial with NEW AUTOMATIC BAND SPREADER, phonograph connection, and 8 other modern features. 9 tubes. The price is **$99.95**



Magic Eye, Metal Tube console model 8K is typical of 1937 RCA Victor values. Covers domestic programs, police, amateur and aviation; and international short wave stations on six short wave bands. Music-Speech Control, phonograph connection, and other distinguished features. 8 tubes. The price of this fine set is only **$89.95**



RCA Victor console Model 6K is one of radio’s best values. Covers domestic programs, short wave broadcasts (49 meter band), aviation, police and amateur calls. Console is beautiful piece of cabinet work with hand-rubbed finish. Has RCA Metal Tubes, New Edge Lighted Dial, Music-Speech Control and other high-priced-set features. Only **$49.95**



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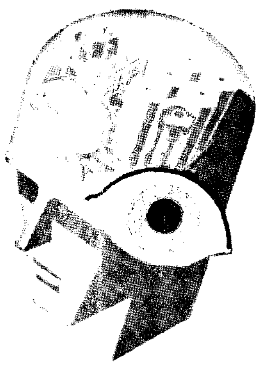
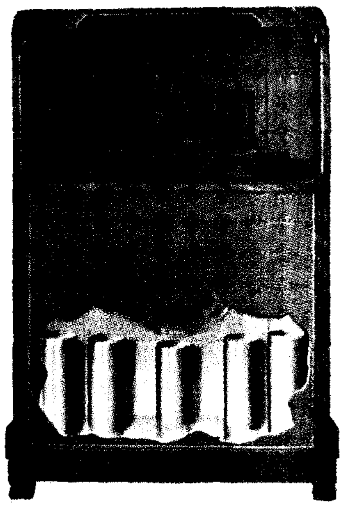
A MIRACLE"

MAGIC BRAIN
MAGIC EYE
METAL TUBES



ousands hear RCA Victor

Magic Voice



Rear view of Magic Voice tone chamber with back cut away.

eliness of its hand-finished cabinet, are visible
ofs of value.
You cannot see other and more important
ofs. They are numerous. There is the improved
gic Brain with a new silver-plated, copper-
d coil system...completely shielded, immune
m interference. Positive tuning is insured by the
gnetite Core Oscillator circuit, which also holds
tions in tune (particularly useful for short waves).
tomatic Tone Compensation maintains
per balance of bass, middle and treble
es at all degrees of volume. These, and
ne 20 other engineering advances,
including the Magic Eye for silent visual tuning, create a performance that makes the price ($129.95) of this fine set pleasantly moderate.

Buy your new radio on the basis of facts. Many of the facts that prove RCA Victor superiority will be self-evident to your ears, and eyes. Others, your dealer will prove to your satisfaction. And when you know these facts you will see that the Magic Voice is the final perfect expression of a radio that is great in every way . . . that gives you more for your money. RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. RCA Victor Co., Ltd., Montreal, Canada.

THIS IS THE MAGIC VOICE

Grouped in RCA Victor's unique tone chamber are 5 gleaming tone control pipes. You will never see them. They require no attention, nor adjustment. But sound flowing through this silvery corridor loses all mechanical quality. "Boom" is trapped. The program flows directly into the room... reaches you as the microphone hears it. You listen *to radio as you have wished it might be. This is the Magic* Voice...the Magic Brain given new realism, new truth, new beauty.

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All prices f. o. b. Camden, New Jersey, subject to change without notice. You can now buy RCA Victor radios on C. I. T. Easy Payment Plan! Put new life into your present radio—use RCA Radio Tubes! Remember, any radio set works better with an RCA Antenna System. Listen to "The Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P.M., E.D.S.T., on NBC Blue Network.

**1 RCA Victor Model 5T a compact
only little more than half a square
space. Has fine volume and clear,
In addition to standard broadcasts,
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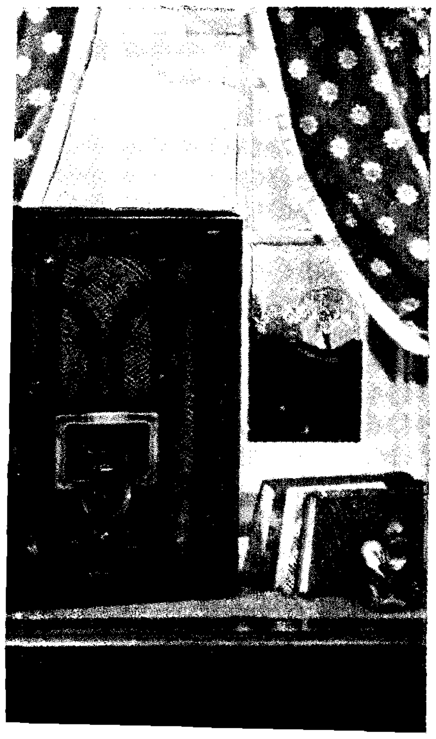

HOW TO JUDGE RADIO VALUE

Forget flowery descriptions and vague claims. Go to your RCA Victor dealer's. Do two things: (1) Listen to the set. (2) Demand facts that prove superior construction of chassis, speaker and cabinet . . . The new 1937 RCA Victors are built to meet these tests. See them. Make your own decision about the price you want to pay. Then ask the dealer to prove that it will buy the best value for your money.

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Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 33

dark consideration. Presently he, too, moved out of sight.

Entering the back room of the Oliver store, Peace found Ben Latimer keeping Eileen company. Latimer got up, saying, "Won't intrude," and started for the door. But he stopped near Peace and braced his stocky feet apart. "I'd offer you my congratulations, if I could." Some latent touch of feeling disturbed the dryness and the coolness of his character. "Eileen deserves better. I mean no offense at all. I say she deserves better than anything she'll find out here."

Peace grinned. "Good for you, Ben."

LATIMER inclined his head and left. Eileen had been sitting at the end of the room's table. She got up now and came over to Peace. He hadn't expected this swiftness, this odd possessiveness. She lifted her arms, her dark face losing its order, its willed serenity. She said, "Frank," and put her lips up to him. She swayed against him, the encircling pressure of his arms locking her there.

"You've been gone for so long," she whispered, and led him across the room. He sat down, at once relaxed. She took her place by the table again, laying a sewing basket in her lap. Her head dropped to the quick turning of the needle in her fingers. "Did you have a good trip?"

"Yes."

He rolled his head against the back of the chair, watching her clear profile. Energy in him ran low; he had no desire to speak.

She said: "A girl in Campeaux's place killed herself last week. And the gambler who ran the chuck-a-luck game at Queed's was found dead yesterday morning beyond the depot."

"How," he said curiously, "would you be knowing things like that?"

"My world is too small for you, Frank. So I've had to take an interest in yours. I have been told that Al Brett and Jack Cordray mean to kill you." Her needle stopped; she looked directly at him, her small shoulders squaring. "What will you do when you're through here?"

"Another railroad, another place."

"Frank—have you any money at all?"

"I suppose so. Got some pay checks stuffed away somewhere."

"Father's made himself wealthy—a country storekeeper who came west and took the opportunities he found. Ben, slow as he seems, will be rich, too. These chances are here. You build a road, and help make them. Why aren't you taking them, Frank?"

"I have no talents toward accumulating."

"No," she murmured. "Not unless you put your will to it. Your will—which is as hard as any man's, once it is set."

He said: "There's a Baptist minister in town, Eileen. Will he do?"

She put the basket on the table and came over to him, dropping to her knees so that she might read his face, which was so hard to read now. She was quietly crying: "I thought you had changed your mind!"

HE PULLED her up until she lay against his big chest. And he held her there a long while, the warmth of her body penetrating him. "No," he said.

She stood up finally, a scarlet color staining her skin. "How much you have changed me! What kind of a woman was I? What kind am I now?"

He pushed himself to his feet. "You have nothing to be ashamed of, Eileen. You've grown up. I'll be back in a few minutes."

He went out of the room, tramping taciturnly across the store quarters. He saw Bardee, and stopped. "I think you're getting the son-in-law you don't want."

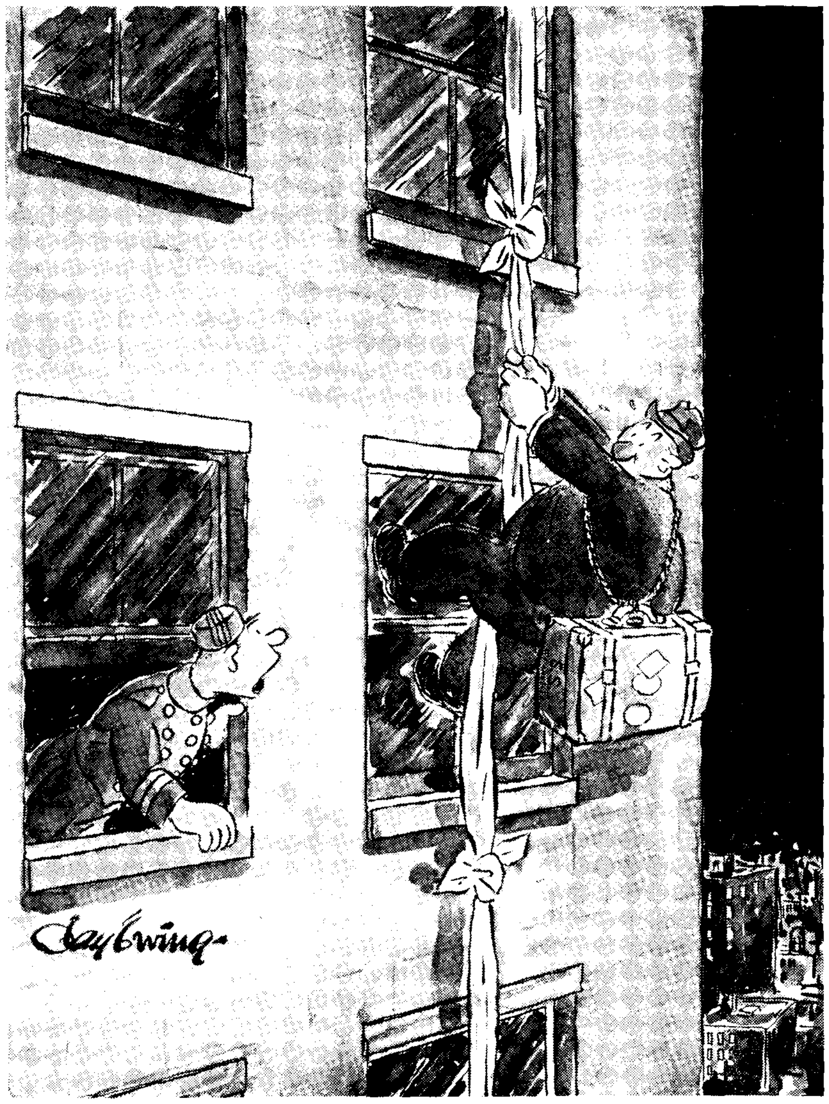
Bardee shrugged his shoulders. "I don't presume to shape Eileen's mind for her. It would do me no good. If she wants you, Peace, she'll have you. Her mother was like that."

Peace walked into the street. He got out his pipe and filled it, not sure of what he wanted to do next. A tall shadow of a man strolled along the far side of the alley and wheeled out of view. Peace noted that casually, himself going on toward the main street. Overmile dawdled along, caught in the stream of Irishmen. Peace caught him by the arm with a relief he could not explain. "Leach," he said, "there's a Baptist minister somewhere around. Down at the Mission hall, I think. Bring him over to Oliver's for me."

Overmile said: "What for?"

"Never mind," said Peace irritably and swung on through the traffic, leaving Overmile planted crookedly in his tracks. Peace got out of the traffic again, idling through another one of Bryan's alleys. A man staggered down the outside stairway of Faro Evans' place, holding both hands across his stomach. Freighters were backed up to Haley and Leisure's store, loading cased liquor for the Montana mines. Beyond that the houses straggled to an end and he walked through the silver-paled shadows, his thought spiraling farther and farther downward, beyond his control. He had loved a girl for two years with a hunger that never varied; this night he was marrying her. Where was the feeling a man ought to have? There was shame in him, because he was going back to Eileen without it.

The small sound of a breath swiftly drawn in pulled him from his thoughts; and he lifted his head and found Nan before him, her body pulled up to a startled straightness. The moonlight laid a crystal screen between them, but the sense of her waiting there was a power that pulled him on until her lifting features were clear to his eyes. She said nothing. She didn't need to. Her personality, so rich and so gallant, was again like a soft wind coming out of wild places, stirring every sense he owned. She did this for him, giving his life a meaning; freeing him of all darkness.



"Don't you remember, Mister Sackheim? You paid your bill this morning!"

JAY IRVING

He reached out and took her hand, the long, warm fingers lying obediently in his hard palm. She was, he knew at that moment, completeness for a man.

She said, in a low, quiet whisper: "Make no more mistakes, Frank."

He said, "No," and let her hand slide away. He watched her turn and go rapidly across the uneven ground. And standing there, torn inwardly apart, he heard a shot rip out of one of Bryan's alleys behind him. Afterwards a woman screamed and a swift gunplay ricocheted across the night.

HE WHEELED back, led toward that sound ripping through the alley which held the Oliver store. He came into the foot of it, clawing his revolver from an inside pocket. A man stood in the little beam of light made by Oliver's store lamp and turned and fired and turned again, quietly losing his balance. Gunlight stabbed short, purple-red fingers out of two black side apertures in the alley, the bullets of those guns striking this exposed man with a small, merciless, tearing sound. He turned once more and his face showed itself to Peace, who cried at the top of his lungs, "Morgan!" and raced forward.

The little jets of fire bloomed round and direct in his eyes. A lead slug clipped his boot and he fell purposely in the dust and rolled against the wall of the store and rose and smashed his return shots at those black apertures. He heard Overmile shouting nearer and nearer. Windows above him shrilled up and Morgan's voice called dimly to him from the dust. "Frank—" He ran across the alley, straight at the jaws of one of these apertures; there was a man stumbling down it, scraping the close walls of the buildings to either side. He drove a bullet at that vague image and saw the man fade entirely, out into Bryan's back area. Then his hammer dropped on a fired cartridge.

Overmile was raging down the other side of this building, the echoes of his gun shaking all the boards. Men were scudding into the alley, toward the prone Morgan; and Morgan's voice kept calling, kept growing weaker. "Frank—" Peace went back, kneeling in the dust. He pulled Morgan half up; he saw Morgan's weary smile creep across pale lips. "Frank," he murmured, "I've had a lot of fun with you this last year. I want you to know that."

"Phil—who did it?"

"I ran into it. Two men—in Oliver's store. They shot somebody in there and came out. I took it up. Here I am. It doesn't matter at all."

"Who was it?" ground out Peace.

MORGAN'S shoulders lifted gently. "I hope you win out. I'd like to live to see that." His weight fell fully against Peace's arms; and he was dead then. Overmile tramped back from his chase. A woman in Oliver's store was crying, crying. Peace laid Morgan gently on the dust, and stumbled to his feet, going to the store. Eileen sat near the wall of the room, her head dropped, her hands stiff and clenched. Ben Latimer rose from behind the counter and solemnly motioned. Going over there, Peace found Bardee Oliver lying full length inside the counter, a bullet hole's black blemish on his cheek. Latimer lifted an arm and pointed behind him—and Peace's following glance hit the open doors of Oliver's safe.

Latimer said: "I came in the back way and had no gun. They were just leavin'—two thin fellows wearin' burlap masks. Was four thousand dollars in the safe."

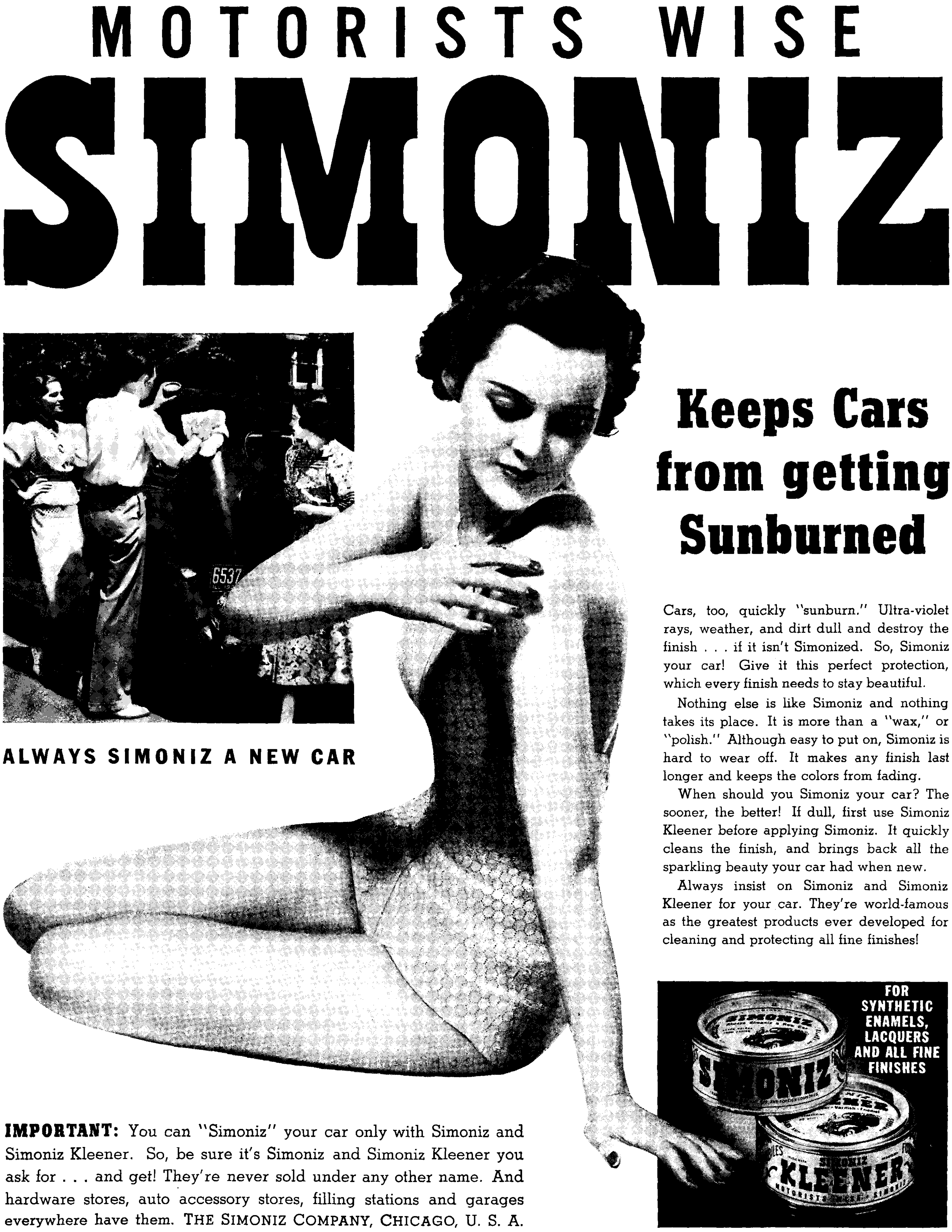
Men began to crowd the room. Overmile drove his way through them, pale, crazy-eyed and murderous. The Baptist minister followed Overmile and stood gently by, saying nothing. Latimer walked back from the counter.

Standing there, having nothing to say, Peace watched Eileen pull up her head. She looked at him and she looked at Latimer. She arose, put out her hand, and it was Latimer she touched, and afterwards it was Latimer she swayed against. Latimer held her awkwardly with his arms. "I'll be here, Eileen," he kept saying. "I'll be here."

Peace wheeled, and smashed his way through the crowd. In the street he found men lifting Morgan out of the dust. He yelled, "Leach!" and walked toward Main Street. Leach came trotting up, breathing fast. At the edge of Main Street, Peace stopped. He said: "Give me some cartridges."

"Two tall fellows," said Overmile. "Brett and Cordray are tall." Peace said, "We'll find out."

(To be continued next week)



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Fog and thick weather no longer impede the modern American railroad, protected by safety signals which tell the engineer in his cab whether he has a red light or green light ahead. This is one of many rewards of railroad research covering such varied projects as Equipment Design, Metal Alloys, General Equipment Efficiency, Design and Performance of Signal Apparatus, Production Methods, Wood Decay, Metal Corrosion and Water Softening. If all the research activities carried on by the American railroads were concentrated in one huge laboratory it would require an institution housing thousands of men and providing millions of square feet of floor space. Six railroads, two universities and ten supply companies alone, for example, maintain a permanent research personnel of about 1,000 people.

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ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

HEADQUARTERS: Transportation Building, Washington, D. C.

The Experimenter

Continued from page 15

and everything he brings out is excellent. We have formed the habit of turning to his books for any and all sorts of data on sailing."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it, okay. Let me see, the last book, Muddy Horizons, contained an excerpt, or dissertation, on the Jasper Gaff, commonly known as the wishbone. Have you that book about?"

"Down in the main cabin," Doris cries and makes a dash for the companionway. She is back with the book in a moment and opens it directly to the page treating the subject under discussion. She reads it aloud and all of our bemused expressions change. Ryan is correct.

Doris puts the book down and looks at him and says, "The youngster has some gray matter behind those freckles."

He blushes furiously and says, "I still don't think Craig is the proper authority to whom to appeal."

"We think so," Jim bellows. "Don't be so modest. You're right and that's all there is to it. Now, how about the check?"

Ryan takes a checkbook out of his pocket, a greasy one, and he and Jim make the transfer. We all stand about and are a bit uncomfortable. It's almost like selling the old homestead. There is a lump in my throat and I notice Jim's eyes are a little blurred. He was so blamed anxious to race Colleen and never had the opportunity. And here she is going over to a queer duck of a kid.

RYAN seems not to notice our embarrassment, but he says to me, "You might as well stay on as skipper, Mr. Davis. Your wages, whatever they are, will remain the same."

"That's very nice of you," I reply. "Thanks. It will save me from looking for another berth."

"No need of that. I'll join the club, by the way, and that will save us from having to move the ship. I suppose I can get in?"

Hodges, who has taken a dislike to him, coughs and says, "It is a rather difficult matter, Mr. Ryan. Being on the membership committee, I would say, offhand . . ."

"Offhand," Doris interrupts furiously, "you'll say that he goes in."

"Very well. Very well. Please don't be so angry about it."

"That's better. Don't you think we'd like to keep the Colleen in the harbor?"

Which embarrasses even me, as I had thought she was sticking up for Ryan. But it was the boat.

Ryan only foolishly grins and says, "I understand Colleen is entered in the race to Santa Barbara. We'll have to scratch that off, I guess."

Hodges says, "Correct. Too stiff for you. This will be my third try for the cup."

"Which is your boat?" Ryan asked.

"The Orion. You can't see it through the fog, over on the other side of the basin, but look it over tomorrow."

"Thanks. I will. Come to think of it, I've changed my mind. I'd like to keep the Colleen in."

All of us gasp and blink. Every man in that race has to be a veteran or he won't stand a chance.

Ryan looks us over and says, "Is there any objection?"

Hodges thinks of a million and tells them all to him in one breath and openly shows he would not care to have him in the event even if he were a good sailor. But the boat has already been entered and Ryan's membership in the club is secured. He hardly needs anything more.

We walk up to the club and argue with him all the way—all, that is, except Doris, who hasn't much to say and is doing a lot of thinking. But the other members of the club have something to say, when he is introduced to them and they know what we are arguing about. The whole place is soon a hubbub.

Commodore Lewis gets into the arguments going on, about Ryan being in the race, and flatly asks him what he knows about boats.

Ryan says, "Not a great deal, sir. I am just beginning to find out things, experimenting in the dark and so on."

My brain is clicking fairly well and I remember where he said that before—about Gordon Craig.

Then the commodore gets sarcastic and he and Ryan have words and the commodore doubts if he can sail. Ryan looks Lewis squarely in the eyes and the commodore's expression changes at once. Those eyes of his command attention. Then he says, "Commodore Lewis, when I was a kid I belonged to a club up on the northern coast of China. It was composed only of youngsters below the age of sixteen. I was twelve at the time. I wanted to join the outfit, which was called the Gentlemen's Yacht Club, a kid's title you know, and asked to be taken in. The members never asked me a question, only could I sail. I said that I could and they took me in. We had a race a few days later and I placed fourth, so they let me stay in the club. If I could not have sailed no harm would have been done and I would have been thrown out for lying to them." There is a silence and then he says, "Commodore, will you take my word for it that I can sail?"

No one makes a move and Lewis dares not take his eyes away from Ryan. He stares at him for a moment and then says, "I take that as a subtle insult. However, you can sail in the race. The same rule will apply, though, as applied with the Gentlemen's Yacht Club. In the event . . ."

"I understand."

He walks away from the small crowd and we drift apart and Doris takes me to a corner of the room.

"Isn't he an odd one?" she asks. "Who do *you* think he is?"

"I have an idea."

"Old Mr. Secret, eh? Well, here's something you can do for me. Let me know what he talks about and especially if he mentions anything about himself. I have an idea, too."

"Something like Gordon Craig?"

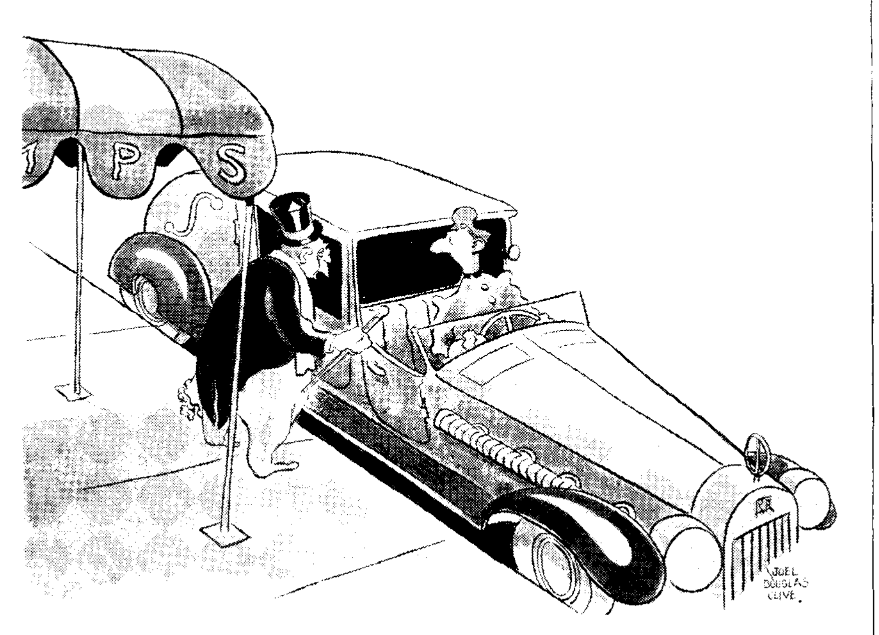
"Who else but?"

She barges off to another room and I go to the bar and run into Jim and he tells me that the bank has informed him the check is good. That's a relief. While we're talking about it Hodges comes up and has a laugh over Ryan's mention of the boys' club on the North China Coast.

Ryan saunters over while he's blowing off and calls him on it. Hodges at once refers him to Gordon Craig and his writings on the North China Coast. The other members gather around and all of them get indignant when Ryan still refuses to accept the writer as authority on anything. But they force him to accept and dig up Craig's book on that subject. Ryan is again right, a hundred per cent, as the author goes into some detail about the club.

Hodges slaps the book down on the bar, gets very red in the face and says, "Mr. Ryan, I advised against letting you in the club, against letting you in the race and against having anything to do with you."

"So?"



"Drive off a cliff, James. I'm committing suicide"

JOEL DOUGLAS CLIVE

"So I would like to back up my attitude with a little cash. I will wager one thousand dollars against your five hundred that you do not place in any of the first four positions. Are you game?"

Ryan thinks it over and then slowly drawls, "That's hardly fair," and Hodges grins at the rest of us. But he continues, "The odds are all wrong and the money is not enough. I would like to make you a better wager, that I beat you into Santa Barbara, as long as this seems to be a personal thing. I will back that up with ten thousand dollars in cash!"

THE sum staggers all of us and I look at him and am sure he is crazy. In the first place, Colleen is a sweet ship and all that, but she has never been tried in a race. In the second place, Ryan is not as acquainted with the ship as a person should be to have full control of her. They all have their weak points and it sometimes takes months to find them out.

Hodges is just as surprised, but his face turns pale and he is on a spot and knows it. Ten thousand is a lot of money to wager on a race, even if you know how good you are and what your boat will do. However, there is no way out for him and he takes the wager and the two write out checks and turn them over to the club treasurer.

Everybody starts talking at once and Ryan takes me aside and wants me to come up to his house. I accept the invitation and we go in a cab down Bay Street and then up to the top of the Hyde Street Hill. His home is there and I know, even though it is foggy, that he can see all the way to Marin County and Mount Tamalpais, and over the bay and the gate and out to the ocean. It must be beautiful on a clear day. The outside of the house is weather-beaten and worn, but the inside is very comfortable and just exactly as I would like a place to be. He tells me that some artist friend decorated and furnished it for him and you can easily see it.

We go into the library and sink into deep leather chairs and I take note of the nautical aspect of the room, the ship's models and various ship's gear lying around and also notice a complete set of books by Gordon Craig, all of them leather-bound and looking like special editions. Ryan notices me speculatively eying them and blushes and I know the answer to Doris' question.

He pours a highball, explains that he never touches it except when tired, and says, "I would like to ask you a few questions, Mr. Davis."

"Just call me Channel."

"Good. First, I would like to know if Miss Murphy is engaged to anyone."

"I should say not!"

"Hmmmmm." He relaxes and stares at the ceiling and says, "I believe I will marry her, Channel."

Well, you could knock me over with a feather.

"But maybe she will have other ideas."

"There is something in what you say, Channel, but not much. She is not immune and I have fallen in love with her. Isn't that enough?"

Then he pumps me of all information about Doris and her father, and when I leave the house I feel empty and realize he hasn't said a word about himself. I tell Doris all about it in the morning, but she keeps her conclusions to herself and goes off singing a lilting melody.

RYAN doesn't show up all day long and I put the rigging in shape and spread the sails out on the lawn of the club. There is a mess of work to do and everybody comes around asking questions and I get very little done and wish Ryan had showed up to help a bit.

But he does show up the next morning and the stubble is off his face and his hair is combed and he looks like another person, not at all hard to take. His clothes, however, are the same and he still has his battered pipe. He drops a curt hello, goes below and comes up in a moment in a pair of shorts. He grabs a line and drops over the side into the water and cold chills run up my spine. The sun is shining beautifully, and all that, but the water is as cold as ice. I hold my breath and let it out twice before he comes up—on the other side of the boat.

"How does she look?" I call to him.

"Smooth as glass," he answers. "You're a good skipper, Channel."

"Thanks. Say, where did you get your lungs, young fellow?"

"South Seas. I was a pearl diver down there for two years. Had my own crew and worked with them."

"Yeah?"

I am about to follow that up with another question when there is a splash and he is out of sight again. Doris and Jim show up while he is under and I tell them where he is and both of them shiver and wait for him to come up. He does, after what seems like an hour, spots his guests and climbs up on deck. There isn't a trace of gooseflesh on his skin. I scratch my head and spit overside.

"Well!" Doris exclaims. "I see you have come out of the brush. Did a bar-

(*Continued on page 42*)

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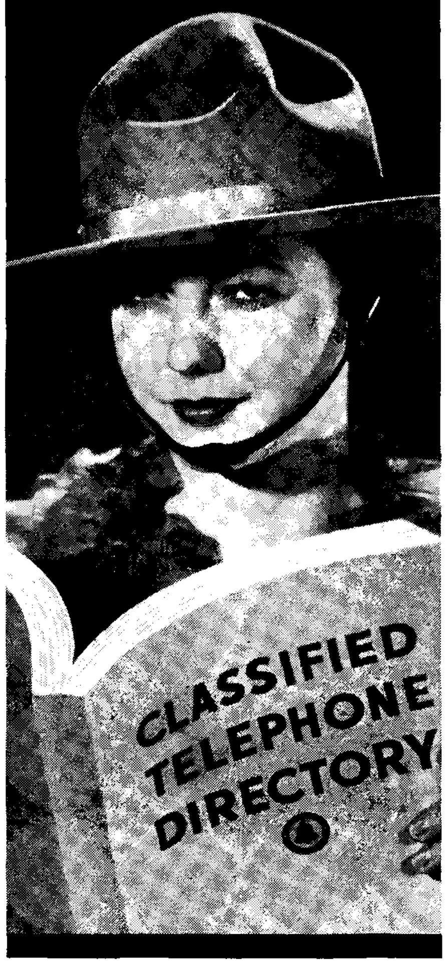

SHE promptly tracks down that dealer who sells the product she wants. She turns to the classified telephone directory, looks up the brand—and finds the nearest dealer listed. When you want to know where to buy a certain product, be a shopping sleuth too.

CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIREC

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710 Main
GROUND GRIPPER SH

TELEPHONE FIRST

The Experimenter

Continued from page 40

ber give you an estimate, or was it a gardener who did the job?"

"My own little hatchet, lady. Sorry I disturbed you with my beard the other day. I forget to shave every now and then."

"Absent-minded?"

"A bit."

"Not a bad trait, lad. I wish some of the other members around here were a little more like that. But, say, what sort of a crew are you going to get for the race? We may be able to help you out. Dad knows every man who is any good."

"I hadn't thought of getting a crew."

Jim explodes. "Are you out of your mind, man? You and Channel can't handle this craft alone."

"I know that, Mr. Murphy. But I had thought you and your daughter might give me a hand."

"Er . . . ah . . . hmmmmm. What was that again?"

"Wouldn't you like to be in the race?"

Doris yells, "Dad, grab a bucket and help the youngster swab down the decks. Can't you see he's busy?"

Jim beams like a small boy and a lump comes in my throat and I have to look away. No one could have done a greater favor for Murphy. His heart has been set on this race for more than a year. Now he will be in it after all.

WE GET to work and straighten things out and in the afternoon take Colleen out for a trial spin. Ryan handles her like a man born at her wheel. After a while, he turns her over to Jim and goes forward with Doris, where they lie on their stomachs and talk. They are so engrossed in what they are saying to each other that they don't realize what is going on until we are back in the basin and warp up to the dock. Then they come aft looking a bit sheepish.

From that moment on they are never apart. They meet in the morning and have breakfast together, then work until noon on the boat, then have luncheon together, then work some more, then have dinner together and hot Tom and Jerries in the evening, after taking Colleen for her spins in the bay. Jim and I get a kick out of it, they are such an odd couple.

Crawford Hodges burns over the whole thing, though, and starts an argument with Ryan every chance he gets. To make matters worse he always appeals to Gordon Craig for authority and Ryan is always right, naturally. Which makes for a bad feeling among the other members. They don't love Hodges any the more, but they have at least known him longer. It is like losing the arguments themselves.

Things are gradually coming to a steaming head and it is a lucky thing when the race day pops around. If it was any farther off something might happen. Hodges is ready to have him thrown out of the club and there are plenty who would support his action, including the commodore. That would have been bad, considering who Ryan really is.

Race day is cold and crisp and a hard morning breeze is whipping through the gate and everything is ideal for a good start. We mill around the basin, receive the starting signal and heel over into the wind. There are eighteen boats altogether and they make a pretty sight cracking hard down on the waves, white spray flying in every direction and sharp prows cutting clean blue water. The start is perfect.

Orion, Crawford's boat, is the first to clear Land's End, with ourselves close up. I look at Ryan and notice him watching the other boat, the gray look back in his eyes. Then he turns to us and yells to let out the wishbone a bit more to leeward. We let it out and he looks up and says it is not enough. We let it out some more, until its extremity is more than six feet to leeward of the mizzen head, farther than we have ever had it. Jim scratches his head and grumbles something about Ryan not knowing what he is doing, regardless of who he is. But I notice the boat is handling better and is gaining on Orion and keep my opinion to myself. It is a good thing I do not object because we take the lead when we are not quite ten miles out in the ocean. And we never lose it while the wind is blowing, which isn't long.

It drops off in the afternoon and there is a bad calm, with intermittent head breezes tantalizing us.

Orion comes into sight along about midnight and floats up within hailing distance. She is about to pass us when a very peculiar thing happens. We pick up speed, even in the calm, and I sit up and take notice. Orion doesn't pass. Ryan is doing tricks with the wheel I have never seen before.

It is an amazing thing the way that ship is handled and we take lessons in seamanship. Ryan knows every trick and uses them all. Orion does not get near us. But she is always just in sight, her running lights twinkling in the clear night. She is still there at dawn and I can just picture Hodges exerting every ounce of will power to keep from swearing. Maybe a little of it would do him good.

Then a hard breeze springs up and clouds come scudding over the horizon and a short while before noon it is raining. The wind increases and starts the dangerous trick of letting up and then booming again, cracking the sails like cannon. Something is bound to give way. Ryan finally gives the order to reduce sail. Jim and I jump to our task and Doris, who is soaking wet and won't stay below, helps us.

The sails are soon in and safely stowed and we relax for a moment, only a moment. The Orion is prancing at our lee side, with all canvas up, and is passing us, the greatest challenge I have ever seen in a race.

Ryan then gives the order to crack open the sails again and we grumblingly snap into it.

THE rest of the race is a nightmare. Jim and I argue with Ryan to take in sail and even more vehemently when we notice Crawford doing the sensible thing, pulling in the canvas. No schooner could last under such a beating. But Crawford is not lucky, at that. The wind carries away the slack mainsail and snaps the mizzenmast cleanly in the middle, leaving a mass of wreckage on the deck. I see them working away with axes to clear the debris and that is the last I see of them. They drift back. But Ryan won't pull in our canvas and leaves it up.

Doris enjoys every minute of it. Each time the gale chases us into a trough she laughs, and each time the Colleen comes shaking out of it she laughs again. That girl was born for the sea. I begin to see why Ryan may stand a chance with her. He has more nerve on a boat than any man I have ever seen. Nothing daunts him, and he is like Doris, loving every minute of it. Already they have a big thing in common.

The Colleen's masts do not give way and her sails do not rip open. We cross the finish line standing up, so to speak, with all flags flying and every piece of canvas and a couple of bolts still in place.

The Orion comes in under power a few hours later and the rest of the fleet arrive the next day, after the gale has let up. Then we have the banquet.

All of us are assembled in the huge dining-room and there is very little conversation going on. The drinks are flowing freely, as is usual after a race, but they don't seem to affect the members. They are all too intent on watching Ryan, seated with Doris, Jim and myself. He has given them a lesson they will never forget.

Commodore Lewis finally gets to his feet and looks around at the group, then turns his attention to Ryan.

"Mr. William Ryan," he says, clearing his throat, "we are very fortunate, this year, in awarding the cup of victory to a man who has made us all ashamed of our own shortcomings, to a real sailor, to you, sir."

He can't say any more and gives Ryan the cup in a dead silence. The youngster takes it and looks at the inscription for a moment and then hands it to Jim.

"This is yours," he says. "The committee has made a mistake."

Everybody is dumfounded and then Colleen's master explains that the boat was entered under Jim's name, not his, and that he never bothered to change it. He is right and there is nothing anyone could do about it. The cup goes to Jim. It makes me feel funny just sitting at the same table with a person like that.

THEN Doris gets to her feet, her eyes shining very brightly, and wants to know if it is all right for a mere woman to propose a toast. The commodore nods and she says, "Gentlemen, for the last time I would like to appeal to Gordon Craig, but not for advice. Let's give a toast to the great seamanship of Gordon Craig, to his sportsmanship and to the many things he has taught us."

Everyone stands to their feet, except Ryan, and Hodges notices it and gets very red in the face and says, "Well, Mr. Ryan, you may still persist in your idiotic notions about Gordon Craig, but you should at least have the courtesy to drink a toast to him. Are you going to persist in this . . ."

"Wait a minute, you boudoir nymph," Doris interrupts. "The recipient of a toast can't drink to himself. Mr. Ryan is Gordon Craig."

It is like dropping a bombshell in the room. Questions are shot from every angle and Doris and Jim and I smile at each other, the three smarties. No one wonders any longer how Ryan happened to win the race. He was born in the cabin of a four-master and has never been off the water since then. His father was an old-time captain and taught him everything he knew from the moment he was able to make out what the old man was saying. He has only been writing for the past six years and his books have been very successful, which explains why he has money and why he wouldn't accept Craig as an authority. As he told the members later, he is just beginning to find out things, experimenting and so on.

Suffice it to say that the party then wound up a howling success. And also suffice it to say that Ryan and Doris decided to keep the Colleen in the family, as long as Jim had the cup for the race—a mighty nice gesture on their part.

But the thing that always gets me is that Craig is actually his right name and Ryan is assumed. The other is too well known. That's what I call modesty. And me wondering about that point!

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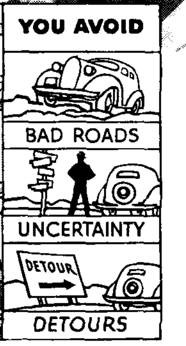
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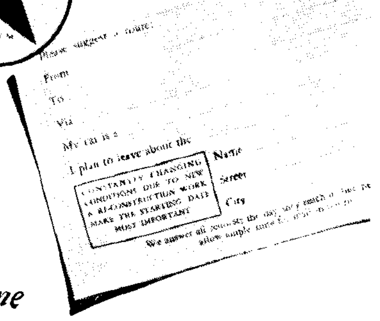
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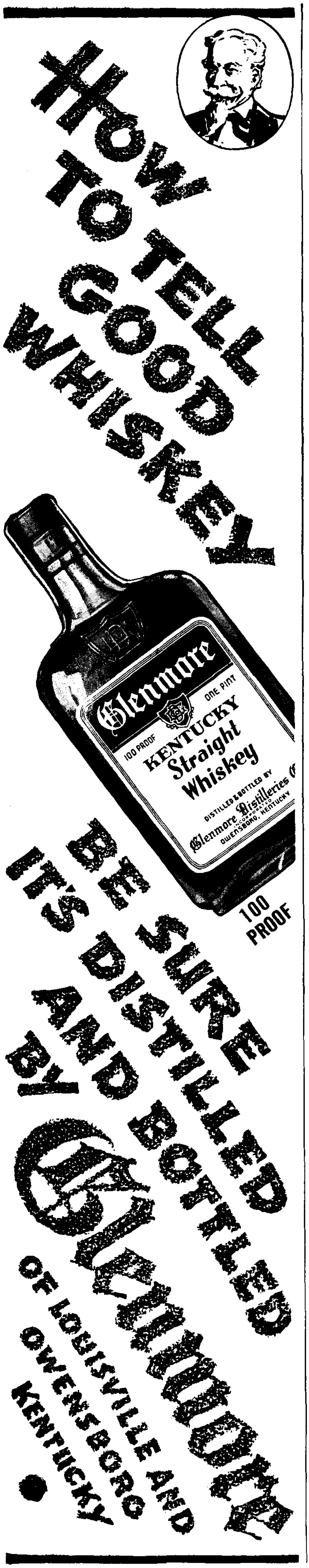
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Dangerous Number

Continued from page 9

that. That time, Bill, I struck back. I told her I vaguely remembered her and I finished up, 'Whoever you are, I bet you started out a fresh redheaded kid and never got over it.'

"The effect of this on Vera was downright dangerous. She actually looked tough. 'I don't like her myself,' she cut in, pulling her brows together. 'If you say the word, Hank, I'll pluck her bald.'

"Elinor made a strangled sound in her throat and darted away and a couple of minutes later I noticed a taxi driver prowling around in the driveway and went out to ask him if he was looking for me.

"ELINOR and her young man followed me out. I know now his name is Dillman. Jack Dillman. Dillman went to the parking space to get his car and Elinor waited on the bottom step of the porch. I took some measures at that point to protect Elinor's life. I walked up and spoke to her. 'It's possible, Mrs. Medhill,' I said, 'that you might consider it terrific and funny tonight to follow my taxi and I want your word of honor that you won't. That moose I'm with is some kind of a yegg.'

"'Mercy, Hank,' Elinor said distantly, I hope at least I'm a lady. I wouldn't think of such a thing! Besides Jack would have a fit.'

"I was sick, Bill. I was sick all over. But I stood there and watched her drive away with him.

"In our taxi, Vera agreed to go back to the Eldredge Hotel if I told the driver to pick out some dark roundabout roads and quiet streets, and the minute we left the inn grounds she burst into tears. An Amazon in tears, Bill, is a dreadful sight! 'Hank,' Vera wept, 'I'll have to tell you. I—can't stand it alone!'

"Well, her brother, she said, was a pug named Monahan. Monahan had a training camp fifteen miles up the river and he'd been getting anonymous letters. Public enemies, the letters said, meant to kidnap him. I'd read it that morning in the Sunday papers.

"'My brother and I are alone in the world,' Vera blubbered into my shoulder seams. 'He'll be in hiding now until after the fight and he thought I'd better get farther away from camp and go to a good hotel in a good-sized town where they couldn't get at me. He was afraid they might torture me to find out where he is and I don't know! I don't know! Oh, my heavens, they'll torture us both!'

"Every hair on my scalp wiggled. I believed her, Bill. I believed her. After that we both watched the roads. My entire life was beginning to rise up, as if I were drowning, and twiddle around in my head. I remember passing my own corner, clammy with perspiration, and a couple of blocks farther on Vera clutched my wrist and whispered, 'That street ahead looks like a dark street, Hank. Tell him to turn left.'

"The street was dark except for an arc light near the river. We approached the arc light and Vera told the taxi driver I'd give him ten dollars extra if he'd park across the street and turn out his lights. My hair lifted again.

"As the taxi stopped, she rummaged again in her handbag." Hank tapped my knee again. "Bill, the second gun was smaller! I didn't even wonder why she was choosy. I let out a yelp. She had a bead on the arc light and she fired before I could stop her. The light winked out in a crash of falling glass. I heard the door of the taxi open and shut. I heard her running but I couldn't see her.

"The taxi driver was a young, heavy-set Irishman and he plunged out of the driver's seat, opened the door of the taxi and switched on a dome light. He said in a most peculiar tone, 'Pay me first!' I paid him sixteen dollars. He stuffed the money in one of his pockets and dragged me out of the taxi. All I remember after that is a few stars.

"I came to with a black eye, propped against a fire hydrant. Two cops with flashlights and the taxi driver were inspecting my car license. The cops, I dimly gathered, knew the driver. A police radio car was parked behind the taxi. 'I conked him,' the taxi driver growled, 'for shootin' public property, but I can't find his gun. The dame ran out on him.'

"They let him go. I rode off again with the law. I was still groggy.

"The desk sergeant in the police station was an old cop with a gray mustache, blue penetrating eyes and black stubby eyelashes and I told him part of the truth. 'Mr. Medhill,' he said dryly, 'I respected your father. If you'll pay for the arc light and agree to go home and sleep it off, I won't look for the girl. But you'll have to tell me her name.'

"I told him the rest of it.

"'Monahan's sister, eh?' he said skeptically. 'Funny. That pug ain't even in hiding. A guard of state police is posted around his camp.'

"Well, Bill, he called up the training camp and the pug didn't even have a sister.

"A cop drove me home.

"I tiptoed my shiner up the stairway and when I opened my own door, I saw mangled carnations all over the rug and the remains of a broken flower bowl. Elinor's young man with a knob on his brow was out—on the floor. Out! He was just beginning to move and mutter.

"Elinor's whisper drifted weirdly out of the keyhole of our bedroom. 'Hank, is that you?' I said it was. Elinor unlocked the door and dragged me in.

"'Hank,' Elinor whispered fiercely, 'the fool wouldn't go home. He followed me up here and I—I hit him with the bowl of flowers. I had to! I've telephoned the police. Oh, my heavens, Hank, your eye! What—went wrong?'

"Bill, I hope you will never have the experience of hearing a guy like that rattle the knob of your wife's bedroom door because at that minute that's what happened to me. I leaped out and poked him once and Elinor squawked, 'Hank, don't! Don't stir him up! He's an acrobat!' I could see he was covered with muscle bulges but it was too late then. What happened to me after that is still black and blue on different parts of my body. I'll say this for Elinor. She tried to help me. She dived in and out and hit him on the back with everything loose in the room. The cops—Elinor's cops—pried us apart. Same two, Bill. Same two radio cops who had found me before. They wouldn't even listen.

"DILLMAN resisted arrest. He made the trip to the station house in bracelets and wound up in a cell.

"One of the things I keep remembering is the old desk sergeant's face when he looked at me. He leaned over his desk. 'Young man, do you plan to commute in and out of this station house for the rest of the night?' Before I could answer him, Elinor made an entrance. 'Officer,' Elinor said at the desk, 'could I talk to you alone?'

"They talked it out in somebody's private office. At a quarter past three the office door opened again and the desk sergeant followed Elinor in. He had the look of a man ravaged by strong emotion. 'All right, Mrs. Medhill,' he said in a muffled voice, 'I'll turn him over to you, but if we pick him up again tonight, I'll have to jug him.'

"Elinor and I rode home in a terrible silence. I suppose I had been in bed about fifteen minutes when I heard a choking sound in Elinor's bed and turned on the light. She was—exhausted. She was exhausted—from mirth.

"'Hank,' she sobbed, 'I'm—sorry. It—it's your eye!'

"I got up and turned my back to her. 'Fiddle away, Mrs. Nero,' I remarked over my shoulder. 'Tomorrow every breakfast in this house will be stirred by the information that the Medhills have been raided by cops simply because an old-fashioned husband bit the dust, resenting his wife's taste in acrobats.'

"'Old-fashioned husband!' Elinor wailed. 'Hank, go back to bed.'

"My muscles, I told her, were beginning to stiffen up and I preferred not to congeal in a horizontal posture. 'If we make up our minds to dig out and go back to New York,' I said carefully, 'I'd like to be something more practical than a stone image on a bed.'

"'Go back to New York!' Elinor slowly repeated. 'When, Hank?'

"'Now,' I told her, 'to protect your reputation.'

"'Hank—' Elinor's voice was beginning to wobble again—'are you sure you haven't been lying there weighing the public effects of that shiner? Suppose we just get up and go without picking the reason.'

"WE PACKED our clothes and went and Elinor said in the car, 'Really, Hank, when you consider that we sublet our penthouse in order to—to live for a while in the suburbs, we're a tragic spectacle. I mean, we're practically homeless. Fleas in the night!'

"That apartment house across the street, Bill, belongs to my mother. We sublet somebody's furnished apartment and took over his telephone. When I stop and think that I actually succumbed to remorse over there and made a clean breast of the whole thing—" Hank threw up his hands. "'Grow old with me. The worst is yet to be!'" he misquoted tartly. "Three hours after I settled down in a bed across the street, I was an abject imbecile with a purged soul and a film of liniment on my muscles. Elinor not only—forgave—me—" Hank choked—"she feverishly brushed the whole matter aside as if she couldn't bear to remember it. I was able on Tuesday to use the telephone and keep in touch with the mills.

"Twice that week Elinor awoke in the night shrieking but I was having nightmares myself and I believed I understood it. What I didn't understand was Elinor's reticence. I knew no more about the acrobat Dillman at the end of the week than I had at the start and he hung between us like a cloud until Saturday afternoon.

"Saturday—" Hank's glance grew strangely remote—"Saturday Elinor's acrobat called us up. Some fool in the mills had given him our telephone number. Elinor answered. I heard her sputter, 'Why—why, that's ridiculous! You wouldn't dare!' And then she flamed over her shoulder, 'Hank, Jack Dillman says he's decided to sue me in a public court—assault and battery!—unless you give him five thousand dollars! It's blackmail or something, isn't it, Hank?'

"I said, 'I'll handle the buzzard!' and grabbed the telephone. Bill, she let out a shriek and collapsed in a chair. I told Dillman what I thought of him and what

(Continued on page 46)

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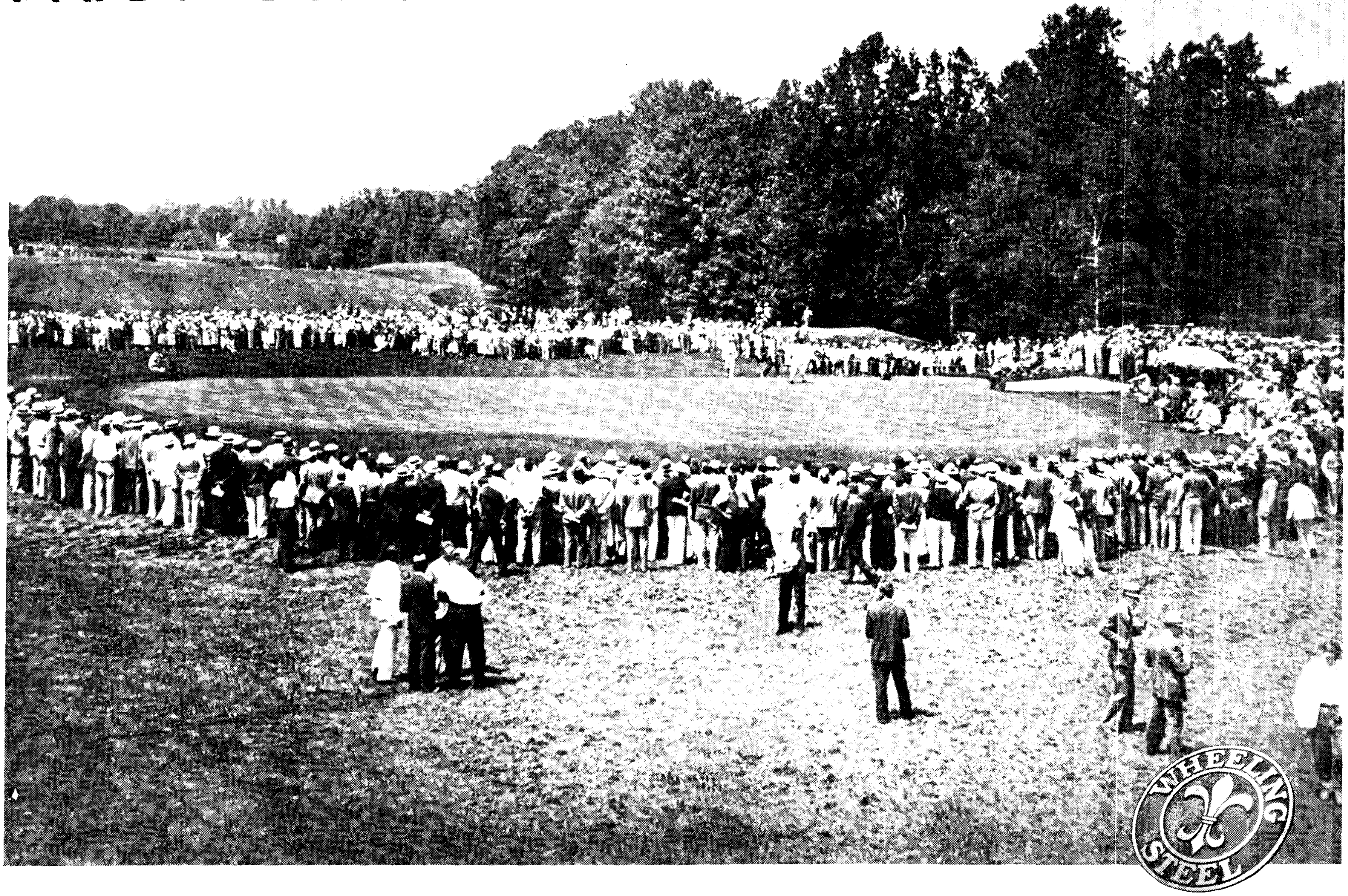

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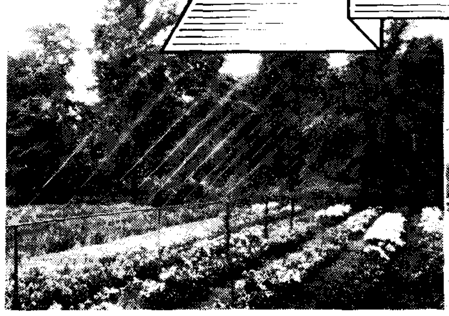

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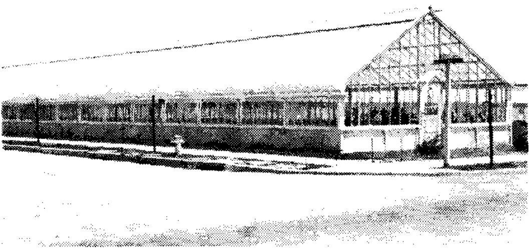

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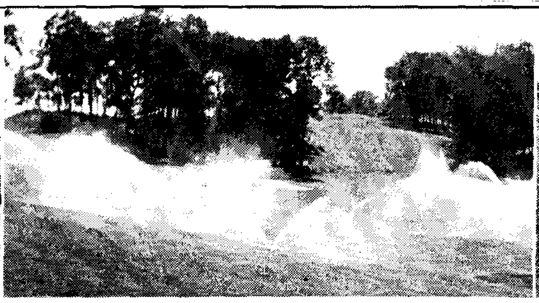

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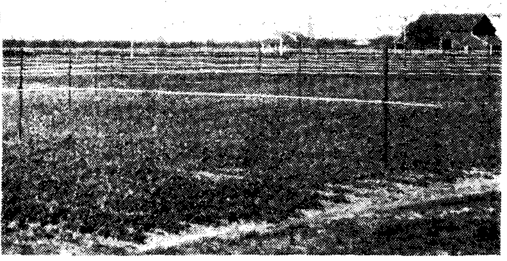

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Dangerous Number

Continued from page 44

I would do and he said, 'You poor sap, if you started a countersuit against me for lickin' the tar out of you, I'd spill the whole works. I'd tell in court who framed you last Sunday night—'

"'Framed!' I yelled. 'Me?' And behind me Elinor cried, 'Hank, don't—don't listen to him! I—I'd rather tell you myself.'

"Bill, it's difficult to believe that a girl like that with the face of an angel—

"Here's what she told me. She said first, 'Hank, I suppose when you caught me Sunday night on that fire escape in New Jersey, you thought I hadn't a single place to go. Well, you were wrong. When mother called me up, she'd been reading in Variety that an old friend of mine was billed out in New Jersey in Little Luna Park—that park near the river.'

"I said I supposed she meant Dillman and Elinor looked away.

"'Heavens, no, Hank,' she faltered, 'I'd never seen him before in my life!'

"SHE asked me then if I remember what she had said to me on the fire escape about groping for dates in the telephone book. 'I was sorry I said it,' Elinor went on. 'I mean, Hank, you were in such a pigheaded, unreasonable state of mind that I was afraid it might crank you up and you'd do something about it. It—it turned me cold!'

"It turned her so cold, Bill, that she sat on a garden bench under the fire escape for over an hour figuring out ways to find me out and push me into a corner. 'First,' Elinor said, 'I supposed if you did blow up, you'd test your fingerwork in a pay station because you wouldn't want to shock your own switchboard. Then I remembered how lazy you are Sundays and besides you needed a shave and I made up my mind you'd stay home and disguise your telephone voice and fish around in your whiskers until you located your date.'

"Tie that if you can, Bill. That's what marriage does to a man's mental privacy. Eventually, Elinor came into the apartment house lobby through the side door under the fire escape. Old Mike, the elevator man, was at the switchboard. Elinor made some inquiries about Little Luna Park and Mike told her there'd been some local reforms and amusement parks had to be closed on Sunday. A lot of the park talent lived at Mrs. McKeever's theatrical boardinghouse five or six blocks away. Elinor called up the boardinghouse from a booth in the lobby.

"She came back then to the telephone desk. 'Mike,' Elinor said, 'we have an erratic guest tonight in our apartment. If he calls up anybody he doesn't seem to know, you must telephone me immediately at Mrs. McKeever's boardinghouse, purely, of course, for our protection, but don't bother Mr. Medhill about it. He's too annoyed.'

"She gave him five dollars.

"Bill, have you ever heard of McGinley's Tabloid Circus? It's the property of a young woman whom Elinor has known most of her life. They ran wild together as children on a ranch in Montana where stage people farm out their kids to make them healthy. Miss McGinley rides bareback, halfback or under a horse's stomach shooting at strings of colored glass balls suspended over the ring. She's billed as Mona Montana. Is or is not any of this—significant?"

"Hank," I said, "I'm beginning to see a faint ray of light—"

"You are beginning to see," Hank retorted, "a big white evil light. Mona Montana in private life is Vera Louise McGinley. You can at this point picture that fine Italian hand I married arriving in Vera's rooms at the boardinghouse. Wild horses, Elinor informed me, wouldn't have opened her mouth if the elevator man hadn't called her up. He reported a guy in our apartment with a deep cagey voice who had called up Room 203 in the Eldredge Hotel.

"Elinor tried to convince me that she became at once a crushed, pitiable object with her whole future at stake. She tried to tell me she looked ahead and beheld me an addict, creeping up on telephone books with slavering jaws and a dreadful trembling for the rest of my life. She admits rockets went off in her head. What exploded, of course, was an aggravated attack of red hair and inhibited theater.

"Now, Bill, at this point I would like to ask you a question. If in some unscrupulous manner you discovered that an unfortunate wretch had rung up Room 203 in the Eldredge Hotel, can you think of a way to sidetrack him, scare him to death and cost him a lot of money? Can you think of a way in which that miserable sap in his white pants and a white carnation never reaches Room 203? Naturally not. You were born in private life. Elinor wasn't.

"Elinor told this Vera that she knew exactly what she would do to me if she had some men she could trust and Vera said, 'There's a bunch of my boys in the room across the hall, playing pinochle. Three acrobats and a broncobuster.'

"'All I want them to do,' Elinor said, 'is give that young man an evening he'll remember, so he won't try it again.'

"Personally, Bill, I wouldn't take the responsibility of turning loose a bunch of acrobats and a broncobuster but Elinor told them she'd pay the bills and while Vera was telephoning for a couple of taxis and digging guns and some tin badges out of a stage trunk, young Mrs. Medhill exhibited a snapshot of me in the back of her wrist watch and described my car and where it would be at the curb. She included in her instructions a dash of local color gleaned from the Sunday papers. I refer, Bill, to the crack about Maxie Tripp and that baloola about the pug and his hunted sister.

"TWO of the acrobats taxied six blocks to our apartment house and gathered me up. Vera Louise McGinley—" Hank choked again—"rode off in the other taxi with the broncobuster and parked behind the Eldredge Hotel. The broncobuster 'identified' me. Then after Vera had me hooked, he followed us up in a taxi and shot a hole in the tire when he thought it was safe. In that scene Vera was loaded with blanks.

"'My idea, Hank,' Elinor kept telling me, 'was to curdle your blood so you'd never forget it! And if a lot of things hadn't gone wrong, you'd never have known I was behind it.'

"Having unleashed these juggernauts, young Mrs. Medhill peaceably rolled over the landscape in a car with the acrobat Dillman, prepared to cue in some more of it at the Lakeside Inn. Bill, can you see how two girls who—who considered my anguish unbearably funny could play that blood-curdling scene in the inn with a couple of poker pans?"

"Hank," I said, "all of it's outrageous!"

"The arc light, of course—" Hank snorted—"Vera popped with a bullet. Elinor wanted a fancy terrifying finish where I could escape and rapidly go home without any trouble. It worked swell for Vera. Vera stopped the taxi in the street behind her boardinghouse, shot out the light and escaped in the darkness. In my case, Mrs. Medhill insists, I was an innocent man in a state of panic and perspiration only a few blocks from home and all I had to do was to say so to the taxi driver and bribe him to drive fast and on the following day Elinor would have mailed an anonymous sum of money to the mayor for the use of his lamp. As simple as that, with an Irish torpedo driving the taxi.

"The current row is this: I contend that if Dillman has to be paid to hush it up, it's up to Elinor. I believe if it costs her five thousand bucks, she'll think twice before her stage blood boils up again. That's why I'm over here freezing her out.

"Elinor on the other hand insists that anything she did is a proof of affection and anything I did is simply a proof of original sin. She actually said, 'Hank, you guilty wretch, you know perfectly well if you hadn't walked out of that apartment house with a white carnation in your buttonhole, none of it could have happened.'"

"Hank," I said, "if you yield an inch, you're imperiling the future of a generation of husbands. If this gets out privacy will become a legend and no man will be safe—"

THAT was as far as I got. The telephone rang. Hank bounded out of his chair and vanished from view. I heard him say in a sickening voice, "I know, darling. I can't stand it any longer, either. I made up my mind tonight I'd pay Dillman myself."

I approached Hank from the rear and seized him by the collar. He bared his teeth and kicked me. "Scram!" he growled. "Not you, Elinor. . . . What? . . . Where? . . . Middle West? . . . No! . . . When? . . . Holy Smoke! That calls for a celebration. We'll go out to dinner and dance."

I was still behind him when he began to look for his coat.

"Next time you feel violent, Bill," he said coldly, "I hope you'll wait for the facts. Vera called up. She told Elinor that Little Luna Park has folded up. Vera's tabloid circus leaves tonight for a carnival in the Middle West and if Dillman isn't here, he can't sue, can he?"

"Listen, Hank," I said, "when you cracked up and told Elinor you'd pay that acrobat, you didn't even know the park had folded up!"

Hank leaped into his coat. "I—I gotta hurry," he said feverishly. "It's getting late. Bill, those infernal bottles are a little risky. Will you pick 'em up and give 'em back to the janitor?"

I picked them up after he left, smoked a cigarette and ate a melon I found in the icebox. I was about to call the janitor up when I thought I heard Hank's key in the lock. I turned my back on the door so I wouldn't have to look at him. He stood so long in the doorway that I finally bawled, "Well, what's freezing you now?" and glared over my shoulder.

It wasn't Hank. It was Hank's mother.

"Bill," the senior Mrs. Medhill said slowly, "I was fond of your mother. I don't know how you got in here but if you're sober I hope you'll go quietly and I'll get the janitor's wife to remove the bottles and sterilize the kitchen. I can't help feeling, Bill, that you need a nice, responsible wife. I believe—I really believe if you could find a girl like Elinor, willing to settle down, it would make a man of you!"

What could I do?

I took the rap.

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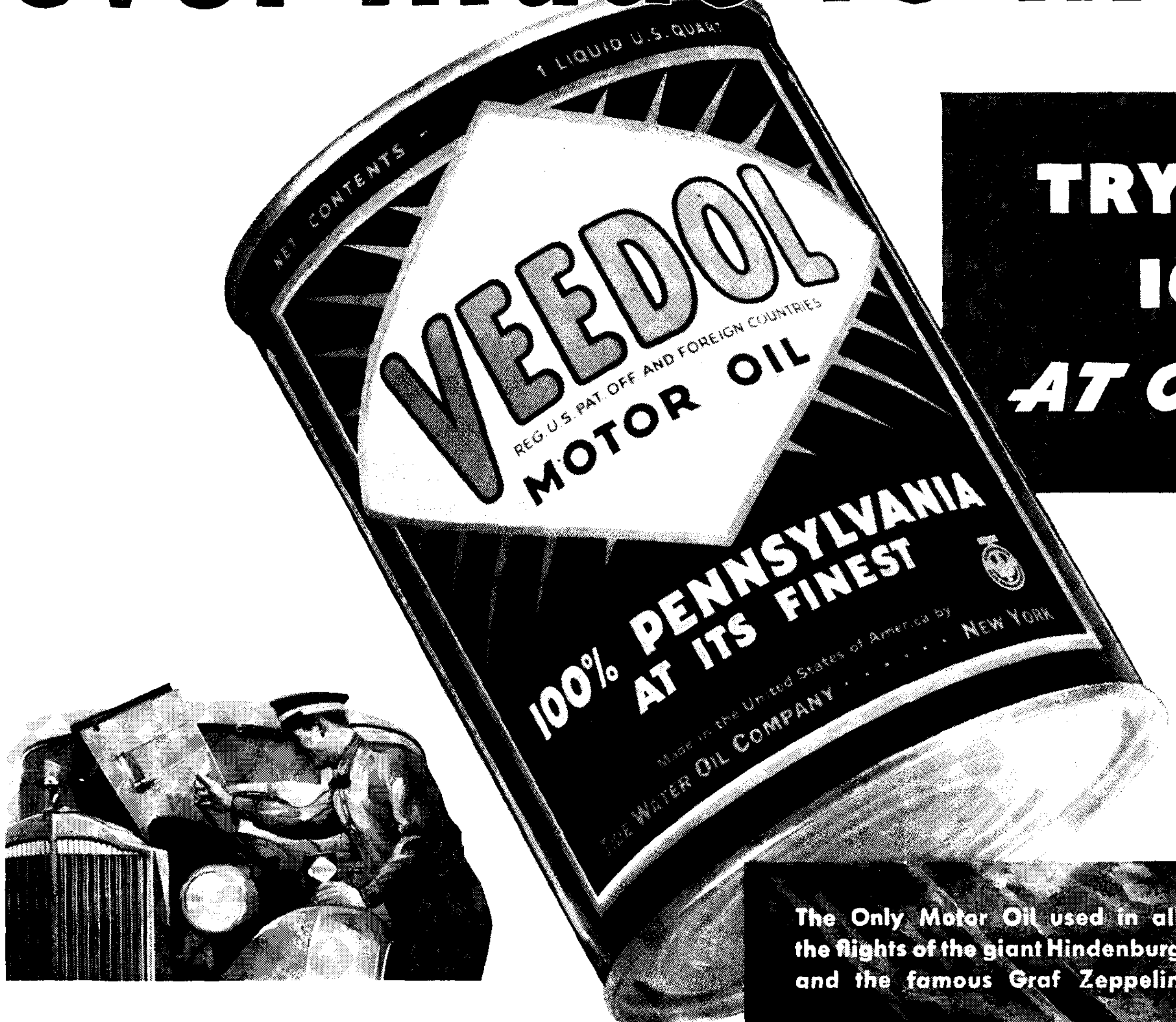
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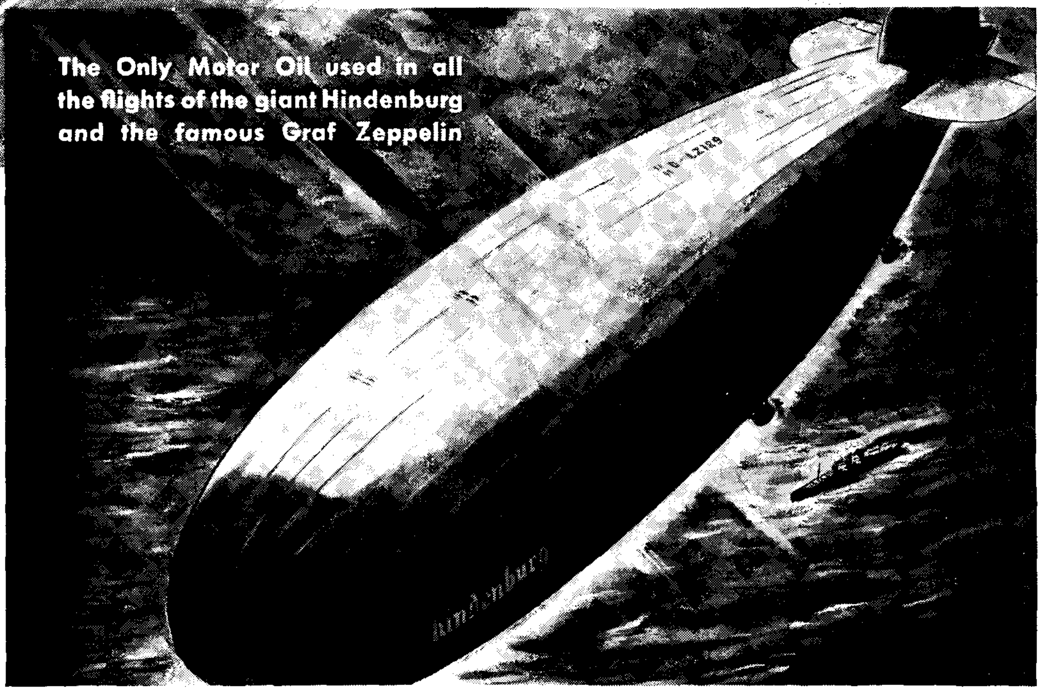
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IT'S NO TROUBLE TODAY, JUDGE. ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY IS PRINCE ALBERT
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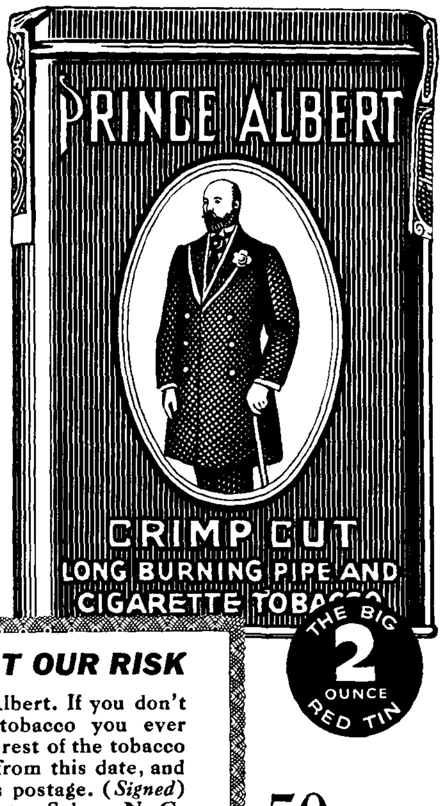

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The Hunting of the Bass

Continued from page 24

his teeth as he again whizzed his lure across the water.

Well, it went on like that for hours. It took about one hour for his confidence to wane, and just when he was feeling ready to call it a day, another big bass would slam my lure and make his pulse race up to the bursting point all over again.

But it was no use; he did not have the confidence that is so necessary to fishing success. At the end of the day, sixteen bass dangled from my stringer, and none from his. He dubbed me Old Lucky, and it took years for him to learn why I could catch fish at a time when he failed to get even a strike.

Alertness is another such inner force. A bass can travel ten feet, grab a lure, release it and go back to the starting point in two seconds. Thus it may be seen that it is a waste of time for sleepyheads to try to catch them. Even the experienced angler, when his spirit droops, may as well call it a day.

Perhaps the greatest single material factor is the ability to identify bass waters. The experienced quail hunter is not long in the field before he can read certain signs that bespeak the range of these birds. And likewise, the observant fisherman will soon learn to distinguish the habitat of the bass.

First and foremost, it must be remembered that bass and filth do not go together. Bass thrive best in cool, clear, spring-fed lakes and streams where cattails, lilies and moss are abundant. If submerged brush is clean, in all likelihood some kind of game fish are there. But if the limbs are covered with a green scum, or slimy moss, such as is frequently seen in any stagnant pool, the odds are against the fisherman.

Another unfavorable sign is an abundance of minnows. They are natural food for bass, and great numbers of them denote a scarcity of these fish. On the contrary, if there are plenty of bass, the minnows will be few.

Minnows have also learned to stay where the water is only a few inches deep, to keep out of range of the larger fish, and will rarely be seen in midstream. The smart angler passes up any water where the minnows follow his lure, for it is quite evident that they have had no experience in dodging the hungry bass, whose jaws are constantly intent on gobbling them down.

You Must Be Cautious

Where the beasts of the forest have the well-defined sense of smell for protection, the bass have highly developed senses of sight and vibration. While they do not have external ears, they are so highly attuned to vibration that they can *feel* a man walking on the gravel bed of a creek a full hundred yards away. Naturally, they are on the alert, and ready to dash away as soon as he comes into view.

The angler should therefore study the stream carefully, and approach each hole cautiously. If he is fishing from a boat, care should be taken not to scrape the oars, strike the tackle box, or kick the anchor chain, since all such vibrations are immediately felt by the wary bass, causing them to sense the fisherman's presence and to take to cover before he gets within casting distance. For the cunning bass must be taken unawares or not at all.

If one walks to the water openly, he cannot fail to notice all the small fry leaving the edges. Even cattle run out of the woods, birds scatter, and turtles a hundred yards away slide from the logs. Hence, it would be foolish to think that this general exodus and movement on a tranquil stream has not also sent the dubious bass scurrying to shelter. Anyway, one fact is certain: the successful angler must practice extreme stealth or else learn to cast his lures a tremendous distance.

Which reminds me of one canny fellow that once gave me a lively time. He was a twelve-pounder, and haunted a pool that was accessible from only one point.

This pool was surrounded by high rocky walls, and was gained by a cleft, or fissure, in the rock's face that led steeply down to it. And the wily bass must have been well aware of this danger spot, for he was careful to keep to the opposite shore.

To get within casting distance of him, it was necessary to wade out on a natural causeway for a dozen feet, and it was a perilous passage. The current made you feel like a steel robot in the pulling zone of a powerful magnet; it was waist-deep when you started, but only hip-deep where the outermost edge fell sheer and prevented you from going farther.

A Fisherman Outsmarted

I gained my position, made my cast (one of the longest casts I had ever made), and hooked Mr. Bass. He leaped like a tarpon, and shot to the downstream end of the pool with the velocity of light. Before I could do anything, my reel was empty, and the rod was bent over like a delicate, quivering withe. I thought I would lose him then. But luck was with me and everything held.

Without relieving the strain on the line, he shot three times from one side of the pool to the other. He shot so fast that, where the taut line entered the water, it created a bow wave like that of a speeding destroyer. Then, just as suddenly, the strain was gone. My line was still extended downstream, but it was only the pull of the current that held it.

I was disappointed, baffled, chagrined, enraged and racked by a multitude of other sensations, all at the same time. My back was braced against the current. My legs were spread apart, like the legs of a partly opened scissors with its points stuck in the ground. And my head was twisted to the right, to where my companion sat in the cleft with a knowing grin on his face. And that was when it happened.

At the instant that my companion's face enlivened with a renewed interest, the rod flapped back against me, whacked against my head like a caveman's club, became a lever that used my head for a fulcrum in order to pry itself free from my hands, and was gone. The bass had played 'possum, then darted upstream while my head was turned.

Boys, to this day I have not seen that rod, line, bait, or bass. All I can see is myself, standing there in the water, empty-handed and looking downstream with all the intelligence of a jackass.

While laymen never give it a thought, it is a well-known fact among anglers that violent weather changes have a tremendous effect upon the temperamental bass. In nearly every instance, they will suddenly cease striking from six to twenty hours before the advent of a blizzard, high wind, sandstorm, heavy rain, hurricane, earthquake, tornado, or any other drastic change in the elements. One may go fishing on a perfect day, but if any of these conditions are approaching, the chances are that he will not get a strike.

The same atmospheric disturbances also register their effect in various other ways. And by means of them, the success of a fishing trip can be fairly well gauged before reaching the water. Cattle and sheep are invariable telltales of such changes. When fair weather and good fishing is ahead, the cattle will be scattered out and grazing on the highlands, regardless of the time of day. But if they are lying down in the draws and windbreaks, the angler is headed for tough sledding. That is an observation that has been brought forcibly to my attention, and I have never known it to fail.

Starlings, martins, swifts, and other like birds are also highly sensitive to weather changes, and fishing is poor when these birds sail and dart for hours through the sky in great droves. Getting closer to the family fireside, the fisherman can tell fairly well about how the fish are biting by looking at the goldfish in the bowl, or observing what his pet chickens are doing in the old henhouse.

When the goldfish are glued to the bottom of the bowl, it means that his distant cousins out in the creeks are also resting serenely on the bottom, and that no tempting morsel can induce them to come to the top. If bad weather is approaching, Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen stick to their domicile, huddled like a varsity squad. But if the day is going to be fair and pretty, and the fishing good, you will probably find your prize fowls scratching in some neighbor's garden a half-block away.

Visibility and wind direction are still other things that have a bearing on the bass. Low, threatening storm clouds seem to retard them from striking, while fair success can be expected on hazy, half-clear days. The warm, clear day, however, is by far the best. So, watch your barometer.

Every fisherman detests an east wind, and justly so. For east winds are usually the forerunners of many of the weather changes already mentioned, and especially of rain. If one drew a circle, it would show eight main wind directions that, from a fishing standpoint, would represent the following:

Southwest—Perfect
West—Good
Northwest—Fair
North—Poor
Northeast—Terrible
East—Impossible
Southeast—Bad
South—Good

Submarine Cannibals

Likewise, temperature has a decided effect upon the game bass, and a wise man consults his thermometer to determine their range. Contrary to general opinion, these fish remain at the surface during hot weather, and go deep in the winter. Eighty degrees Fahrenheit is the perfect fishing temperature, and is the approximate temperature which brings fish to the surface.

Consequently, the fisherman will have far greater success by fishing on the surface with all lures when the water is 80° F. and above. Below this point, he should run all lures beneath the surface, sinking them one foot deeper for every ten-degree drop from the basic point. Thus, when the temperature is 60° F., lures should be run at a depth of two feet.

Bass feed early and late, and are usually lying in ambush against some background, cleverly concealed by their mottled, transparent coloring. But they are ready to strike down any hapless prey that unwittingly ventures into their path.

They are rarely found in open water, and will go out of lakes into the smallest streams. They are cannibals of the highest rank, and in the wild state, only a very small percentage of them survive.

Their daring and gameness astound the novice. They will attack and devour snakes, rats, squirrels, ducklings, all kinds of small birds, and will even grab one of their brothers of equal size and try to swallow him. They will devour a full-grown bullfrog at one gulp.

Bass will tear a snake to pieces so quickly that he does not know what has hit him. So, if you fish for them, don't be afraid of using too large a lure, and of whamming and banging it against the water with every conceivable erratic action. Their natural pugnacity makes them ready to attack anything that has lots of action, and the angler who catches them puts action into his lures in a bountiful measure. Large lures catch large bass; small lures catch small bass; and no one hunts elephants with air rifles, or sparrows with cannons.

At the End of the Line

When it comes down to the matter of lures, the average fisherman is somewhat like a youth I once met on a remote creek. As I approached, I saw him whiz a snake-like lure into the water. And being interested, I watched it weave as he reeled it in. He had five or six plugs, tandem spinners, and bucktails fastened together in a contrivance about twenty inches long.

"Son, what do you call that?" I asked.

"That," he answered, "is my cafeteria bait."

"Cafeteria bait?" I puzzled. "That's the funniest named lure I ever saw. "Why do you call it that?"

"Well, you see, it's like this," he grinned. "I just drag it past the fish, and they pick out what they want."

Which is the way most people fish. They drag lures past the fish. And if one happens to catch a string, the word is passed along, and others buy the same lure. It might not work the next day, and seldom does, but Americans will buy anything if someone tells them it will catch fish.

For the man who likes bait casting in its most sporting phase, there are a few single hook lures which have proved very successful, namely: Al Foss Shimmy Wiggler No. 6; Al Foss Frog Wiggler No. 12; The Dardevle Imp; Pfleuger's Chum Lure No. 3; Charlie's Mousie-Spoon; Shannon's Twin Spinner, and Johnson's Spoon.

If you like plugs, there are many that will catch fish—in fact, an expert will catch them with almost any plug because the action given to these lures is the thing that does the catching.

If you fish with wet flies, it is well to remember that the spinner catches the fish, and not the fly. It is spoon-fishing on a small scale. Copper, brass and gold spinners will catch more fish than nickeled ones. What trails behind them makes little difference because it is the flash of the spinner that does the catching.

But with dry flies, it is vastly different. Emulation of the natural action of insects and bugs is necessary. In the class of dry, or floating, flies there are a few which cannot be discounted. Among these are: Weber's Whiskerakle No. 3, or 4, ringed hook; Marathon's Bass Hound, patterns No. 112, 115, and 117; Tuttle's Celebrated Trout Devil Bugs, patterns Nos. 503, 504, 505, and 506, all with No. 3 ringed hook; The San Antonio Bug, No. 3, ringed hook; color combinations of black and white, red and white, and yellow and black.

Fishing success is not born of luck. The angler who desires to become expert must pay with long hours of practice and study. So, if you read this article carefully, you will find it profitable in more ways than one.

8 Questions

people ask about the NEW Motor Oil for "STOP-and-GO" driving

When so many thousands of motorists start talking about a new motor oil . . . THAT'S NEWS!

In the few weeks since the new Golden Shell Motor Oil was announced, it has aroused wide comment. Dozens of questions have been asked. Here are a few of them:

1 **"What's different about Golden Shell?"** First of all, it is made to meet a newly found fact . . . that approximately ¾ of engine wear, according to engineers, is caused in the STARTING PERIOD.

2 **"Isn't it hard driving that ruins engines?"** Driving in the 120° heat of Death Valley . . . or doing 2 miles a minute on the Indianapolis Speedway can cause less wear than a single engine start.

3 **"Why does starting cause more wear?"** One big reason is that oil doesn't flow FAST enough to the 100 moving parts in your engine when you step on the starter.

4 **"Aren't there other fast-flowing oils?"** It is fairly easy to make an oil that flows quickly even at 40° below zero. It is also easy to make an oil TOUGH enough to stand 120-mile-an-hour speed. The problem has been to combine both qualities in ONE oil!

5 **"How does this new oil work?"** The new Golden Shell Motor Oil is FAST-FLOWING so it lubricates instantly in starting . . . yet TOUGH so it holds its body under high heat and resists breaking down into sludge and carbon.

6 **"How was this done?"** By developing a new double-treatment refining process at a cost of over $3,000,000. Automotive engineers call this process the biggest advance in 25 years of oil refining.

7 **"What can it do for my engine?"** It is possible for the recommended grade of the new Golden Shell Motor Oil to:

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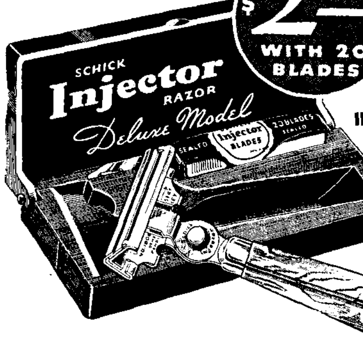

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Votes for Sylvia

Continued from page 19

lottery scheme had run amongst the old folks like cholery epidemic.

I was setting in my office in Eolia, a-tryin' to figger which of five no'count volunteers fer the sheriff race to pick, when in rolls Jube E. Brown in his hog-body truck. Thet truck was loaded with twenty head of the purtiest fat red hogs a man ever toted to market. I mind I stepped out to look at them hogs; never had no intention of looking at Jube E. Brown.

"Nice lot of hogs, Jube," I says.

"Nice? Them hogs is sweethearts," Jube says.

"Makes you sad to part f'm 'em, don't it?" I says.

Jube he shaken his head.

"Yep, does," Jube allowed, "and I ain't very well acquainted with 'em neither."

I KNOWED what he meant. A real red hog raiser like Jube E. Brown don't never fatten his own hogs. He can't bear the idee. Jube allus growed his hogs with lovin' kindness till they was fattening size and then swapped 'em off fer strange shoats and gilts.

"Heard about Obert Kiskaddon bolting the party?" I says, casual, jest to make talk. Didn't mean nothing by it.

"Nope. Ain't heard it," says Jube E. Brown.

"Reckon Annie May Tilton will see fitten to jilt him over it," I rattles on.

"Thet so? Good!" says Jube E. Brown.

The satisfied sound of his voice give me a start. I looked at him sharp. He pertended to be studyin' them red hogs. He was a big, gentle-faced feller, with a soft, calm voice and steady eyes.

"Better try your luck with Annie May," I says.

Jube E. Brown laughs, sad.

"Shucks, no gal'd want me," he said.

"Never can tell till ye've tried, Jube," I says.

Mind you, all the time an idee had been growin' in my head. I looked at Jube E. Brown and fer the fust time I really appreciated him.

Son, it takes a plumb good man to raise hogs in Bushwhacker. One season it rains gully-washers an' no corn. Tother season it's a big dry an' no corn. In betwixt 'em, the chinch bugs an' army worms get a-going agin you, an' no corn.

"Jube," says I, "you'd make a right good candidate fer sheriff!"

Jube E. Brown blinked his big sheep-eyes.

"Me? Sheriff? Shucks!"

"A gal would like livin' in the jail and gettin' to see the sights of Bowling Green every day," I says, sly.

"You reckon?" says Jube E. Brown.

I DIDN'T get to say no more jest then. Them red hogs started squealing fretful and Jube he starts up his engine.

Well, sir, the longer I thought about it the surer I was. Jube E. Brown was the feller to run agin Obert Kiskaddon.

Next arternoon, I drove up to Bushwhacker to persuade Jube to run. Whilst I was passing the Widder Tilton's place, I heard a lot of red hog squeals. Figgerin' maybe some of the widder's hogs had hung up a-trying to outsmart a gate, I turned in to lend a hand.

Jube E. Brown and Annie May Tilton was a-setting on the hog lot fence.

"Howdy, Doc," says Annie May.

"Howdy," says Jube E. Brown. "Ain't them the purtiest twenty-seven hogs you ever seed, Doc?"

Annie May had got holt of some silo-scrapings and all them hogs had come home fer the party. They had et all they could an' now they was invitin' friends f'm neighborin' farms. Did you ever hear an intelligent red hog squeal, son? Them Bushwhacker hogs all squealing together was a dern' sight more musical than any whistle. Fact.

What say? Sylvia skunk? Why, she was there. In the pen with the Widder Tilton's red hogs. Sylvia and the Widder Tilton's red hogs was inseparable friends.

"Sylvia's looking mighty peart today," I says.

"She sure is a honey-girl," says Jube.

"Sylvia's awful smart, too," says Annie May. "She's as smart as a five-year-old red sow!"

"Thet smart, you reckon?" says Jube E. Brown.

"You can tell how smart Sylvia is by the way the older hogs respect her," says Annie May. "Come here, Sylvia—"

Sylvia lets out a little squeal. Them red hogs stood aside to make way. Sylvia runs over the rail fence into Annie May's arms.

Jube E. Brown taken it big.

Jest then, a strange Poland China barrow comes loping into the feed lot. All them twenty-seven Widder Tilton hogs begun to bristle. They hadn't invited no Poland China barrow.

"Look out!" I yells. "They'll kill him!"

Like on signal, them twenty-seven red hogs turned agin the Poland China. It looked like hog meat sure. Jube E. Brown grabs a fence rail and starts to jump into the pen—a dern' brave act, son. But Annie May yells, "Hold on! Sylvia can handle it!" She turns Sylvia loose, saying: "Stop them. Sylvia!" Sylvia scampers into thet feed lot jest as them red hogs starts to chaw the Poland China.

Shwooosh!

Yep, son. You've heard of them tear-gas bombs they use to calm riots with?

Jube E. Brown taken it big. I could tell thet he plumb approved of Annie May Tilton.

Next week, come a Friday, Jube E. Brown filed fer sheriff agin Obert Kiskaddon.

Well, sir, thet was a hot and heavy primary campaign. Dern 'em, they got a head start on us, an' it looked mighty dern' bad. Only old Bushwhacker seemed to be nip-and-tuck. The rest of the voters looked like they had been roped in by Ben Tate's five-hundred-dollar-a-month pension scheme.

The crisis come when Ben Tate invaded Bushwhacker fer a big basket dinner and a speech-makin' at Homer Treadles' place, next door to the Widder Tilton's. Our regular candidates was all invited, but Ben Tate he stole the show.

"Friends and neighbors!" says Ben Tate Trowbridge, "I'm jest a pore farmer like the rest of you!" Him with six hunderd acres on the Cuivre River bottom. "I have a dear old silver-haired mother like so many of you." Yes, living on the fat of the land in Pasadena, California. "I want to do more for her than the Good Lord has allowed me to do." Him with three cribs of corn still standing out'n his rich bottom fields!

YOU never heard sech whooping an' cheering. As Ben Tate p'inted out what all the old folks could do fer the young folks with their five hunderd dollars a month, even vigorous young people that should of knowed better started whooping it up.

I mind I looked around to see if jest a few Democrats was a-standing firm agin Ben Tate. Fust, my eyes seemed to light on them twenty-seven red hogs of the Widder Tilton's. They had come over to the meeting to pick up basket-scraps and stray horse feed. All twenty-seven of them hogs was ranged in a row out in the black oaks.

Every last hog of 'em was a-bristled up. Fact. Them hogs had no tarnation use fer Ben Tate Trowbridge. Them hogs was smart; an' they had *character*.

An', son, neither did old man Cunningham Yackey and his seven sons. They rared up f'm their seats an' marched to the platform.

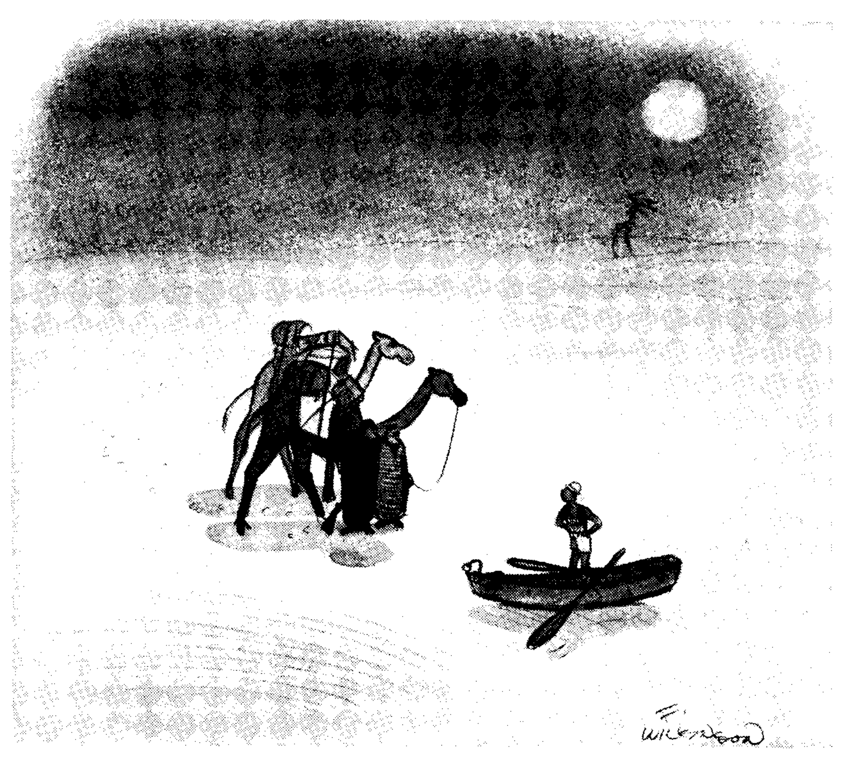
"Ye've spoke yer piece, Ben Tate," drawls old man Cunningham Yackey. "Light out f'm yere!"

"The Constitution guarantees me the right of free speech, Mr. Yackey," says Ben Tate.

Old man Cunningham Yackey shaken his head.

"Ye've had free speech," says he. "Ye've had fifteen minutes wuth; an' thet's a heap sight more than a cheap-

(*Continued on page* 52)



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FRITZ WILKINSON

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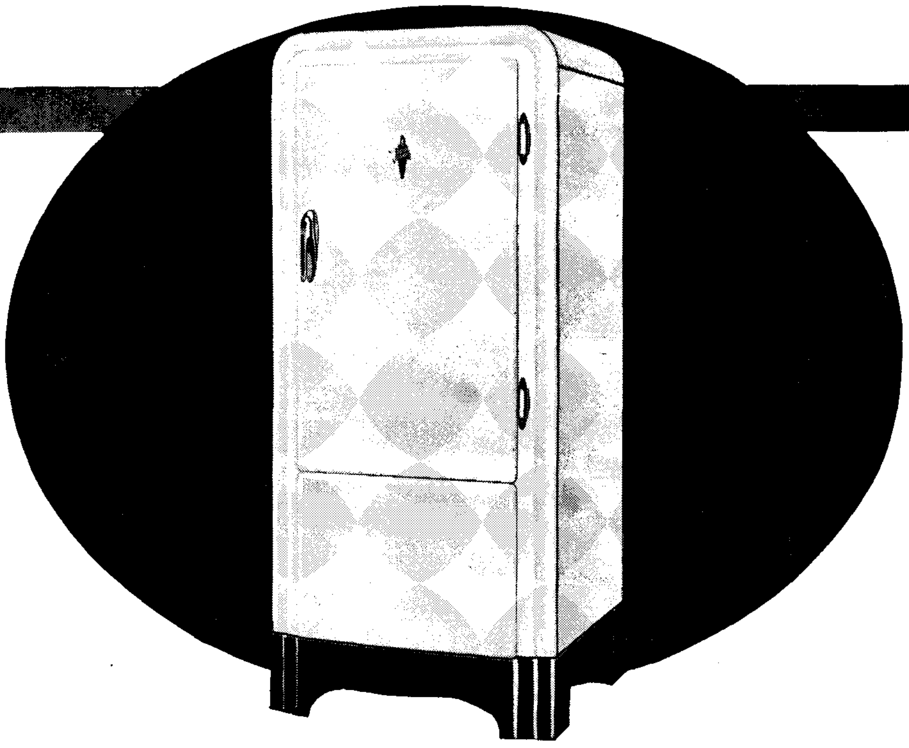

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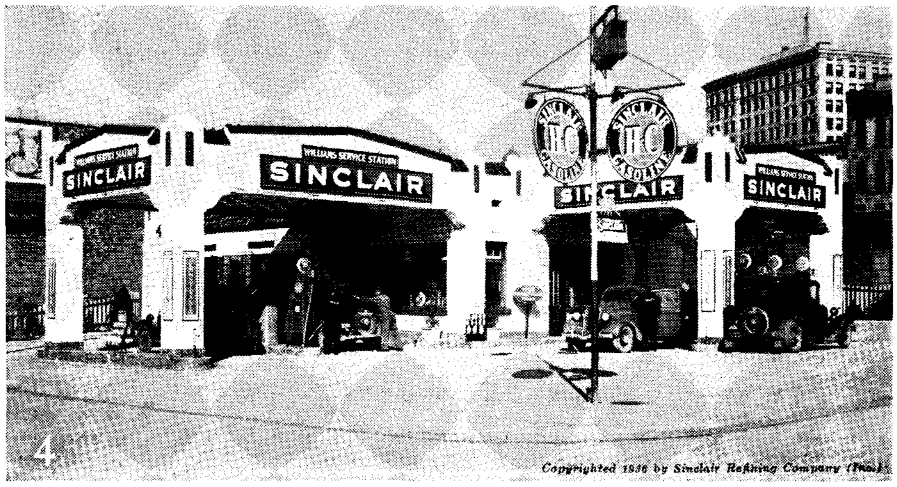

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Votes for Sylvia

Continued from page 50

jack blatherskite like you deserves. Git off'n thet platform!"

Speaking as a human, son, I say thet old man Cunningham done right. Speaking as a politeecian, he done wrong. Them Yackeys busted up the meeting; and the voters thought it wasn't fair. Even Annie May Tilton spoke out agin it.

"Mr. Yackey should have let Mr. Trowbridge finish his speech," she said, arterwards, "and that would have given Obert and . . . and the rest of them a fair chance to speak."

"I dunno, Annie May," says Jube.

"Surely you weren't afraid to let Obert speak, were you?" she says, snippish.

"Yep, I was," says Jube E. Brown, too honest fer a feller who's sparking. "He talks a hull lot better'n me!"

I could see Annie May commence to waver. I could see all them voters commence to back water inter Ben Tate's camp.

The only ones that didn't waver was them red hogs of the Widder Tilton's. I mind I seed them hogs still rooting around the black oak grove long arter the meeting was broken up. They was holding a caucus of their own. Fact.

WHAT say? I don't want none of yer city hoomer, son. I *know* Bushwhacker red hogs. Hold on . . . jest listen—

The very next morning, them twenty-seven red hogs disappeared.

Annie May Tilton and Obert Kiskaddon come a-raring into Eolia.

"Oh, Doc Sam!" says Annie May, crying-scairt, "somebody's stolen every last one of Mamma's hogs. And they took Sylvia, too!"

Obert acted smart aleck.

"She came for the sheriff when she got in trouble," he bragged. "You notice she didn't go after Jube E. Brown!"

The news was all over Pike and Lincoln counties afore noon.

Right off, Obert he begun to put his foot in it. He drove over to Bushwhacker with two deputies and started searching around fer them twenty-seven Widder Tilton hogs.

Fust, he begun questioning Bushwhacker farmers along the Louisville road. The dern' fool didn't know the etiquette of it a-tall. It's all right to ask a Bushwhacker farmer: "Seed anything of twenty-seven Widder Tilton hogs?" Thet's all right. But if'n the farmer says, "Nope, I ain't," a feller had best leave it go at thet. One more question is a insult an' two more questions is fighting talk.

Well, Obert he had Annie May tagging him and he wanted to show off. He asked too many questions of Dod Weibstetter an' too many questions of Luke Ethan an' too many questions of Jasp Overbeck. He put his poleetical hash on the fire right then and there, son! An' not content with thet, arter them hogs had been missing a week, Obert he up and *searched* Tom Pete Wills' hog shed!

Tom Pete Wills is related to half the folks in Pike County. I danced a jig when I heared how Tom Pete drawed a gun on Obert; an' how Obert took him to jail in Bowling Green.

What say? Jube E. Brown? Oh, he never done nothing.

"Them Widder Tilton hogs went off of their own notion," allows Jube E. Brown, the fust day, "an' they'll come home of their own notion. If'n they don't see fitten to come home in the near future, they'll send Sylvia back to tell us!"

But Annie May she didn't have no patience. I heared her give Jube a turrible tongue-lashin' fer not leavin' his hogs to go traipsin' like a daft one all over Bushwhacker.

When them twenty-seven red hogs had been gone nine days Jube E. Brown come rolling into Eolia in his hog-body truck.

"Sylvia came back," he says.

"Where from?"

"Dunno. But I aim to find out."

He lifts a sack on the seat. It's Sylvia.

"Where's Annie May?" I asked.

"Gone off with Obert to run down a clue near Frankford," says Jube E. Brown. "Reckon we won't need her. Sylvia's enough."

Son, thet was some trip Sylvia skunk took me an' Jube E. Brown over!

Them twenty-seven Widder Tilton red hogs had started out by wading half a mile of Cross-Over Crick inter the Lincoln County hills. Sylvia had stayed on the bank. She follered her old trail fer us like a possum dog. Next, them hogs had back-tracked through a dry sorghum field. They stayed in Cuivre Crick valley about a day, we jedged, playin' with a hog-proof fence some city feller had run up. Then, they forded Cuivre River by Si Holcomb's place—a good four mile from home—and covered up their tracks by wallering all over the banks. Fact.

What say? Where did we find them hogs?

We found them twenty-seven hogs, son, in Ben Tate Trowbridge's cornfield on the Cuivre River bottom, about nine mile f'm home! Yep. Them hogs had planned to make a good long stay eating up Ben Tate Trowbridge's three field-cribs of corn.

I mind how them hogs looked when I and Jube E. Brown snuck up on 'em through the weeds around them cribs. Proud, son, an' dignified.

Well, sir, I and Jube E. Brown jest busted right out laughing.

"They've et about a hunderd an' eighty bushel," says Jube E. Brown.

"They've plumb ruint about two hunderd bushel more," says I.

Poor little Sylvia skunk she run around scolding them hogs fer it.

Jube E. Brown he shaken his head.

Them twenty-seven red hogs kept right on eating, fast. They knowed they didn't have much more time.

Well, sir, the hull of Pike County like to bust its sides laughin', when I and Jube E. Brown come rolling into Eolia with the Widder Tilton's hogs. They laughed at Sheriff Obert Kiskaddon. They laughed at Ben Tate Trowbridge. Afore the yarn got around as far as Bushwhacker, folks allowed thet them hogs had et two thousand bushels of Ben Tate's corn.

THEN, Ben Tate Trowbridge made the biggest poleetical blunder a feller ever stumbled into in this county.

He sued the Widder Tilton fer the corn her red hogs had et. Yep. Sued her!

Voters hollered at Obert Kiskaddon: "Found them red hogs yet, Obert?"

Voters hollered at Ben Tate Trowbridge: "Missus Tilton will pay you fer thet corn when she gets her fust five-hundred-dollar-a-month check!"

Son, Jube E. Brown is as good as elected sheriff right now. Annie May is plumb sure of seeing the sights of Bowling Green any time she wants to step around the square. An' the aroused hosts of loyal Democracy is a-going to hurl their shinin' lance full at the brazen forehead of Ben Tate Trowbridge—whose heart bleeds fer the old folks an' who sues a silver-haired mother fer the corn her hogs et.

What say? Them twenty-seven Bushwhacker red hogs? Why, son, them hogs has now gone on a hunger strike to force Ben Tate to dismiss his suit agin the Widder Tilton. Fact.

The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 16

watching the group which had formed about Daklin and that limp form sprawled on the grass, the grass so weirdly green in the dying light. She was staring intently. She could not understand what was going on there. Were they moving Mrs. Daklin? Why? Was it possible that she was still alive? In the lull of her watching, of the hushed silence that had fallen on them all, her eyes beheld the distant group divide and she saw that they *were* moving Janet Daklin. Someone was whipping off his coat and they were placing it, a rolled bundle, under her head.

"She's alive!" Celia cried. And her sharp agony subsided into action. She was running, running, her eyes that had stared so hopelessly across the field, exploring that one bit of space where movement was, straining to read it.

The pilot joined her. "I've called the ambulance," he said. "There's nothing to do now but wait." He said gruffly, "No use your going over there, you can't do anything."

"Is there," Celia wanted to know, searching his face, "a hospital near here? A good one?"

"Sure."

"Is there any bleeding—anything—" She wasn't speaking quite sensibly, she perceived. "I'm a nurse," she said. "Is there anything to be done—first aid?"

"No." He scrutinized her. She didn't look like a nurse to him. "I know first aid myself," he added. "There's nothing to be done. Looks as if there were internal injuries." He wiped his face. "And her leg's fractured. She's completely out. I don't believe she'll come to—"

She stiffened.

"I mean right away," he said hastily.

Celia moved closer to where Daklin was kneeling beside his wife. She saw Janet Daklin's face. Quite unmarred it was, terrifyingly white and her lovely mouth bright with lipstick was like a gash in the whiteness. She looked still and beautiful like a stone lady on a monument. But she was breathing in shallow breaths.

CELIA leaned down and felt her pulse. It fluttered beneath her hand. Daklin looked up and did not seem to recognize Celia. She began to chafe Janet's wrists. With his one good hand he reached out and lifted Janet's head a bit higher, closer to his breast. Unconscious of watchers, he was calling to her, imploring her.

"Janet! My darling! Janet, look at me—Janet!" No longer was he a sealed tower, inviting and even inspiring in its own way, inaccessible and entirely mysterious. This was a man in agony, conscious only of the woman against his arm, and every agonized thought he was thinking, every tearing emotion seemed to be written on his face.

The pilot plucked his mechanic's sleeve. "Step back," he whispered, under his breath. "Let him be with her by himself, at least!" They all moved off and stood near the hangar and every now and then looked towards the entrance to the grove as if wondering if the ambulance would never arrive. Everyone was helplessly silent, playing his and her negative part in this scene.

Celia said, "Her pulse is not bad." It was bad but this was the time to lie.

He looked up at her fleetingly. "She isn't bad, is she?" he implored. "She was thrown out on the grass, you know. She didn't strike anything, really, no tree or rocks."

"She may be simply stunned," said Celia smoothly, too smoothly if he had noticed. She went on rubbing Janet's wrists without looking up.

He said, "Kallock. We must have Kallock. I've been thinking. He can get a seaplane—there's an anchorage near his house—tell Carstairs, the pilot, to call him—Carstairs will know what to do—"

She stood up and looked over at the group by the hangar; she waved her hand. Carstairs came running. She told him what to do, gave him the number.

Carstairs nodded. "If I locate him," he said, "he could get here in fifteen or twenty minutes. They have that club seaplane warmed up at this time of day." He said to Daklin, "She'll be all right; I've seen worse things than this and men flying a few weeks later—" He threw that back over his shoulder as he was off again to the hangar.

Celia said, with that awful, demolishing hopefulness of a nurse, "Of course she'll be all right." With a large part of her mind, now, she believed it. She could not allow herself to believe anything else.

Daklin said, "The ambulance should have been here long ago. My God! What's the matter with them?"

NOW, all at once, something was happening to that little figure in his arm. There was a stirring, almost imperceptible, not so much a movement, not anything so definite but a feeling of awakening. And Daklin, electrified, was vigilant again as if he were a hypnotist, willing an obdurate subject to come under his spell.

"Janet—Janet!" he was saying over and over again. "Darling—darling! Janet, open your eyes; Janet, look at me. Janet, it's Carlie—"

And the great violet eyes opened. They were looking into his gray ones so near her own. And they did not seem to know him at all for the first second. Then she knew. Her lips twisted just a little as if even now she must smile, as if between them there could be nothing but that mask of smiling and of laughter. But masks weren't for Daklin, all that pretense was gone.

"My blessed," he was saying, "Oh, my Janet—"

Celia watched; she was only a watcher in that gathering dimness and she held her breath. She saw it, the transfiguration of Janet Daklin's face, the lighting up of her eyes.

"Carlie!" Her voice was scarcely more than a breath. "Carlie." It seemed as if her head moved closer to him. He gripped her more closely. She did smile then. "I suppose I'm dead," she said, "and it's so wonderful—being dead—"

She closed her eyes again and the smile was on her face like a light.

"Janet, keep your eyes open, Janet. I want to look at you—"

And again Janet Daklin opened her eyes and she was quite, quite sure that she was not dead. But she was still unsure of something else. She said, "I'm awfully sorry to have made all this fuss—" A little color was in her cheeks, her mouth was a scarlet thread. She was the most beautiful thing in the world. She said, "Am I all broken up? Is my face a mess? Better not look at me, Carlie—"

She saw by his face that she was not a mess. She saw everything by his face. And then Carleton Daklin, that man of rock, broke. Tears were running down his face. He was thinking, "Is this really happening? Is she here in my arms? Alive? Loving me?"

(Continued on page 54)

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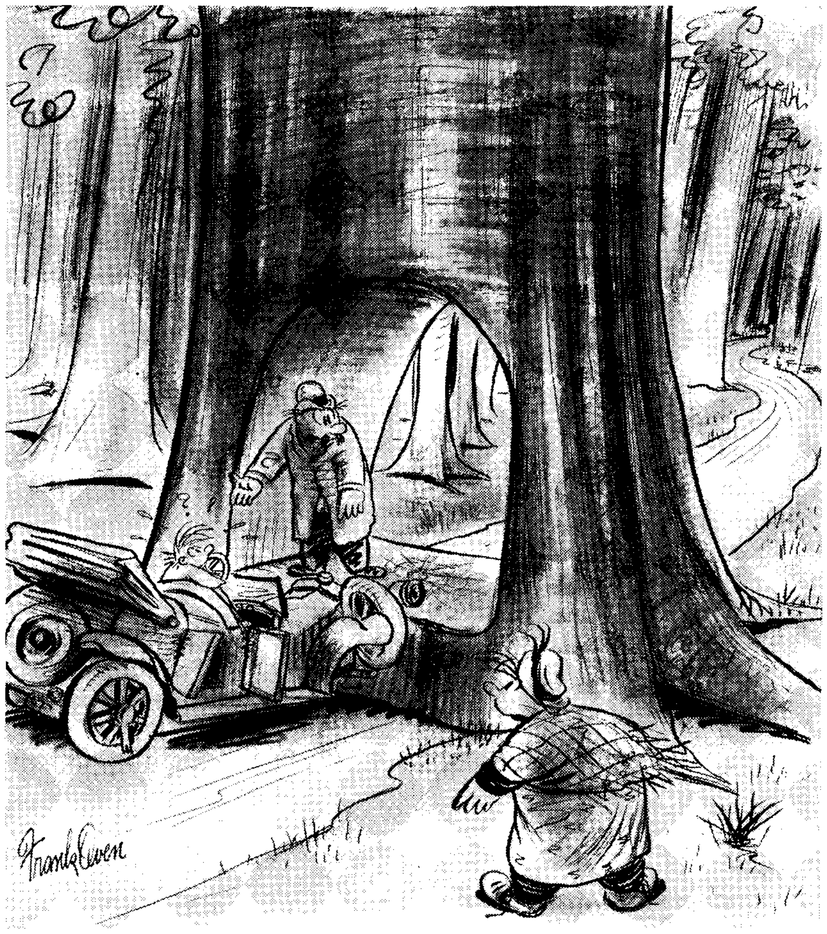
By FRANK OWEN



"Sure! I heard him say he got through last year, but this tree's been growing since then!"

(Continued from page 53)

"Carlie!"

Celia turned away. She tiptoed away as if they were conscious of her, as if they were conscious of anything but themselves. She was crying, too. She went over and stood beside the pilot, who was holding a flask in his hand. "Would this be good for her?" he was asking. Celia could only shake her head. He stared at her. He hadn't believed that she was a nurse and now he knew she was not. "I got that doctor," he said. "He's on his way by now." He said, "Listen, sister, you'd better dip your beak in this. You look sick."

"No, I'm crying because—"

"She hasn't—"

"No. She's alive. She recognized him. She's—they—" She turned her head away. She fumbled for a handkerchief. The pilot, Carstairs, was a man of parts. He took out a large clean handkerchief and handed it to her still folded.

He said disgustedly, "And look what she did to that crate! Women!" His expression suggested that he could do very well without women for a long time to come.

They heard a siren and the clanging of a bell. It grew louder and louder and then the ambulance men were there with a stretcher. Celia stood still. There was nothing she could do. The men were there and they could do everything. But when they had lifted Janet Daklin she moved over toward them and followed them through the grove.

"Come close, Carlie," Janet Daklin was saying. "Don't go away from me, Carlie. I'm so tired. I'm so—tired."

"I'm here, Janet. Don't be afraid." You could tell from his voice that he would never be more than a few feet from her if he could help it for the rest of his life. That was what Janet Daklin heard in his voice, too. She smiled though the pain was bad, though it seemed that there never had been such pain.

AS THEY slid the stretcher into the ambulance Daklin said, "I'm coming with you." The young doctor nodded. Daklin turned to Celia. "Follow us, we'll need you."

Carstairs said briefly, "We'll be directly behind you." And they were. He drove that car as if it had wings, that Carstairs. Flying through the dim lanes Celia thought, "But I haven't a uniform. The staff won't let me do anything." But that was silly, she knew. Daklin got what he wanted. If he wanted Celia Landis to nurse his wife, that would be arranged. In a private hospital such as this must be, down in this neighborhood where only wealth reigned, it was undoubtedly like an exclusive club, you did what you liked.

They sped through the dark green lanes, and in those lanes it was night; though, in the fields beyond, where no shadows were, it was still twilight. The lanes were warm and fragrant. Carstairs switched on his lights and shoved the night before them. Round corners, down highways, past fields they tore with the ambulance shrieking before them. Silently they followed the ambulance carrying the doctor and his assistant and Carleton Daklin and his wife.

Celia sat silent. She jerked up with a start as they turned into a blue-stone driveway and waited as the ambulance gave up its burden.

"Here we are," said Carstairs. He looked curiously at Celia. So she *was* a nurse? He remembered that Daklin had said she was needed. . . .

"Thank you," Celia said. "Good night."

She went in through the door marked "Emergency Entrance Only. Public Not Admitted." They were carrying the stretcher down the long, white, shining corridor. Daklin stood, watching it. He was only a "friend of patient" now. Celia went up to him. She felt, all at once, at home, capable in her familiar environment. Home was the sailor, home from sea and the hunter home from the hill. To Daklin the place was a horror, to her it was just a hospital, it smelled and looked like a hospital. The matron approached, a plump, kind-looking woman with glasses.

She said, "Mr. Daklin, I'm so sorry. Mrs. Daklin has always been so kind. . . . One of our stand-bys. . . . Now, you must not worry. . . . Everything will be all right. . . . I understand that you have sent for Dr. Kallock, of St. Martha's?"

Daklin said, "Yes. He should be here any time now." He indicated Celia. "This is Miss Landis—one of Dr. Kallock's nurses. She has no uniform." Strange man, thought Celia, to remember that at this moment. The matron showed no sign of surprise that one of Dr. Kallock's nurses should be opportunely on the spot. She said, "You wish Miss Landis to take charge of Mrs. Daklin?" She waited for no reply but said to Celia, "If you will come with me, I think we can manage a uniform." To Daklin, "And if you will wait in the reception room, Mr. Daklin?" She nodded at a bright, wicker-filled room on her right.

CELIA started to follow her swift form down the corridor but she stopped to say to Daklin, "You must not worry. She will be all right." His eyes beseeched her. She said, "Absolutely." It seemed to her that nothing else could be; she knew it. Some deep instinct triumphantly knew it. She laid her hand on his. They were friends, nothing but that, and all of that. Friends. Swiftly she followed the matron's plump form down the corridor. She wanted to care for Janet Daklin. She knew Janet would not die.

And she knew it with something more than her own inner conviction an hour or so later when Kallock had come and the operation was over, and she, with two other nurses, was watching over Janet Daklin. Kallock said, "She is doing well." He stayed in the room until Janet had opened her eyes again, was well out of ether. Janet said, "Where is Carlie?" Those were the first words she said.

"He is waiting," Kallock told her.

"Let me see him."

KALLOCK started to say, "No," then changed his mind. He said to Daklin, "Only for a second and you must not talk to her or excite her." He said, "There were several ribs broken and one of them was pressing—very slightly—against the heart. The leg was a simple fracture. She is in good condition and will recover rapidly." He laid his hand with his attempt at being a good fellow on Daklin's shoulder. "You must not talk to her." So Daklin did not talk. All he did was lean down and kiss Janet Daklin, and that was enough. She fell asleep.

Kallock said to Celia, "You look tired, Miss Landis. We shan't need you immediately. Go off and rest."

Celia thought she never had been so tired in her life. She slipped out of the door and downstairs. She said to the matron, "I am off duty for a while. Is there a place where I can rest until Dr. Kallock sends for me again?" So the matron directed her to the patients' sun parlor. She sat there, where a moon was rising beyond the windows, and leaned back in a long chair.

She was back at it again. She was a nurse. There she was at the end of some journey which she had been making in the last—how many months—she counted back—February to May—three months. And what had she done? Well, if you looked at it one way, she had done quite a lot. She had seen a good deal of that thing which she had called the beauty of life on that day she was graduated. She had lost Anthony Starr for good. She had got herself talked about in the nastiest papers. She had made a mess of everything. A great success, so far.

Daklin found her on the terrace. He was worn to the bone; he was tired to death, was Daklin, but he looked years younger. He strode over to where she was sitting.

"She will get well," he said.

"Yes," said Celia. She looked up at him. "I am so glad," she said, and he knew that she did not mean merely because Janet Daklin was out of danger.

He looked down at her. "You are a great girl, Celia," he said. "We want to do something for you, Janet and I."

"Thanks." Her smile was twisted. "I can't think," she said, "why." She shivered, adjusted her cap which had slipped as she lay back against the chair. He looked at her in uniform.

"You don't want to go back to that, do you?" he asked. "To nursing. Or do you? Kallock says you are a remarkable nurse."

She said, "Of course I shall go back to nursing."

"You can be a great success at posing. Make more money. It leads to other things. We still want you to go to Paris."

"Thanks. I'm going back to nursing." She said, "Do you want me to remain with Mrs. Daklin until she is well?"

"I do and I know it will help her more than anything else."

"Then," said Celia, "I'll have to telephone Betty. I'll tell her to get out my uniforms—they are in my trunk in the storeroom—and not to expect me back for a week or two."

He saw that she looked white and worn. "Shall I telephone for you?"

"No, thanks."

"Tell her to call my house. Stevens will bring your things."

HE WATCHED her go and remembered that she had had no dinner. Neither had he, and he found now that he was ravenous. He rang for the matron and asked if Miss Landis and he could have dinner. It was wonderful how he felt, young again, vigorous, like nothing since he had been twenty-one. He stood at the window looking out, thinking about Janet, about the life they would have, dreaming of that life. He thought of the idiotic time he had led in the past ten years without her. He couldn't think of anything to be unhappy about now if he tried. And he knew it was so with Janet. With all her poor little broken bones, and her splints and her plaster, she was sleeping now with that little smile on her face. Marvelous, she was, adorable. Celia—that kid looked worn out.

He tried to think about Celia and to worry about her. But he couldn't. He couldn't be sorry about anything now if he tried. Janet! He could see her violet eyes and the light in them when she looked at him— He smiled, thinking of the first things they would do when she was well again—off on the yacht, alone, with not another soul—

Then Celia was back again, having talked to Betty, and he found himself staring at her. He said, "Celia, we have a lot to thank you for."

"For nearly killing Mrs. Daklin." She found her voice faltering.

He was looking at her; she had a feeling that he admired her for saying that. She could hear him thinking, "The girl can face anything."

And she couldn't. "I can't face anything," she thought helplessly. "I don't want to face anything."

He said, "You are attaching too much importance to yourself, aren't you, Celia? Janet was merely fed up. We had been a good bit stupid, she and I—"

(Continued on page 56)

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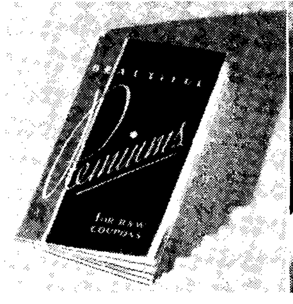

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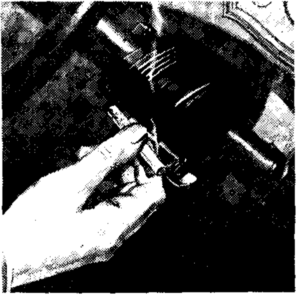

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The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 54

He did not like to show emotion. He was not the type to show emotion and he had exhibited a good bit in the last hour or two; he was about ready to close up again. He said angrily, "If it had *not been for you we might have gone on* and on—" He took a turn about the room. "I don't need to say anything more," he said, happily and furiously. "Go and powder your nose, Celia. We're about to have a large, juicy steak."

Celia smiled at him dimly. "All right."

So she went to the nurses' rest room and slapped cold water on her face and washed her hands. She could not use powder for she had no vanity case with her. It was strange to see her face so free of cosmetics, but rather refreshing. To Celia, however, it was just a rather tired, thin face.

"So, Celia, my dear, you've made quite a hash of things, haven't you?" she said to that unhappy-looking face looking out. "Well, try to do better next time, that's all I can advise you." She said, "At least, you didn't go to Paris." And to that she added, with utter honesty, "Though that wasn't your fault, you little idiot."

SHE found that she could eat none of Carleton Daklin's juicy steak. She tried to enter into his mood of exhilaration but she was dead, heavy. This man was part of a way of life which was hers no longer. He was part of that glamorous life from which the glamor had departed.

The matron came in and said, "Miss Landis, you haven't eaten a thing!"

Celia said, "Thanks. It was delicious, but, somehow, I was not hungry."

Daklin grinned up at the matron. "I think I'll move over here," he told her. "We don't have food like this in my house." He hadn't eaten anything so wonderful in years. The matron smiled at him. She had a decided preference for the Daklins and if Celia was a friend of theirs, that elicited nothing for Celia but good will. She said to Celia, "There is a man waiting with your things. Your bag. I told him you could see no one until you had eaten."

Celia said, "Why did he not simply leave my bag? I can't think—"

"He said he has a message for you." She was bustling about now. "Mr. Daklin, won't you let me get hot coffee?" It took quite a minute to convince her that he would have no more coffee, that the dinner had been perfect. Celia watched her. Perhaps she could find a position here with her? But no. Too quiet here. She wanted work, real work, emergency operations day and night. . . . She had to be needed, to be fulfilling something. . . .

She remembered about the man with the bag and the message. Something from Betty, she thought wearily. Poor Betty, what a life *she* had had since she had suggested that Celia come in with her as a roommate. Well, she would leave Betty now—she would go back to Nurses Incorporated. When she remembered Miss Klapham she flung her head back quickly.

The matron had gone out. "What are you thinking about?" Daklin asked.

"About the registrar at the place where we nurses live," said Celia. "A delightful woman. You must meet her." She was wearing her defensive smile. She stood up. "I'll go get my bag," she said.

Daklin rose to his feet formally as she started to leave. He looked at her, then, like the brother she never had had, like a friend, like a father, he walked around the table and with one arm he held her lightly. "Nice girl," he said. She looked up at him. Her eyes were all gold-flecked, her smile flickered back at him. "Nice girl," said Carleton Daklin again. He kissed her lightly on the forehead. He had much to thank her for, this Celia Landis. "Florence Nightingale," he said. "Anything, any time, any place—" Laying everything that he had, that Janet had, at her feet.

She understood him. She knew he wanted to help her but that he could not, nor could Janet Daklin. That was all right. She had her own road to go. She refused to feel frightened in any way. She remembered Janet Daklin. Always, she thought, if she remembered Janet she could stand anything. That woman who was never afraid. . . .

She slipped out from under Daklin's hand and he scarcely knew she was gone, for again he was lost in thoughts of Janet. And Celia went down the long bright corridor to the reception room. Her uniforms awaiting, and a despairing message from Betty—she could imagine that message—

She opened the door, but before she went in she knew what she would see. All hospital reception rooms look alike. Yes, she knew what she would see: the table with the magazines and a few chairs around and a visitor waiting and the boy with the bag and the message. The message from Betty telling her that United Models wanted her in the morning, telling her not to tire herself out, not to stay down there killing herself over those old Daklins; they could get lots of nurses, any amount of nurses. "Now, Celia, you come home, hear me."

Good Betty, priceless Betty, her friend. . . .

She walked in, and she stopped, her hand on the doorknob.

The room was quiet and white. There were flowers on a low table. There were books, and there was no patient's husband or father or weeping sister. There was just silence and the white furniture and Anthony Starr standing by the table, looking at her. And the long French windows open and the moon, the quiet moon looking in.

He was quiet, too. He was here because of Betty's insistence, because of her letter and her telephone message and he was glad now that he had come. He saw that nothing else was possible. He looked at Celia, he and the moon and the flowers. "In uniform again," said Tony Starr.

"Hello, Tony." She looked down at the white starch which did not fit very well. "Yes," she said. Her hand left the doorknob. She was still looking at him and behind her, with her foot, she closed the door. But she leaned against it. She hung on to it, that strong, solid door.

"HOW is Mrs. Daklin?" he asked.

"She's out of ether," said Celia. "Her pulse is 88. Her temperature is 100. She's sleeping quietly, and Dr. Kallock—"

"Yes, what about Dr. Kallock?"

"He's very pleased."

"Oh. So Kallock is pleased. Isn't that splendid!"

"Yes," said Celia, breathless. "Yes, it is splendid." Her hands, behind her were spread against the door, and she was pretty white, but she stood straight and quiet. She looked for her bag but could not find it.

"And is he pleased with you?"

"He said so. He said he was most pleased. Gratified."

"That is fine, that is very fine. And now you may go and take off that uniform. I don't like you in uniforms that are five sizes too large for you."

"Where is my bag? My uniforms fit."

"Yes, so I've noticed. But they don't fit for Kallock. You aren't nursing for Kallock, my dear. Not ever again. What you need now is street clothes."

Celia saw a chair, so she went over and sat down in it. She had to sit down, for her legs weren't holding her up very well. She said, "I want my own uniforms. That is what I asked Betty for. They're mine. They're me. I don't need street clothes tonight. I'm a nurse."

Starr leaned against the table. He jarred the bowl of roses and some water spilled, but he paid no attention to that. "Last February," he told her, "you weren't a nurse. You said you did not want to be. You wanted freedom. You wanted the beauty of life—wasn't that what you said—the beauty of life? That particular uniform isn't very beautiful."

"That's too bad. I like it." Uncompromising. Unflinching.

HE WATCHED her. "Kallock let you down once," he said. "Isn't once enough?"

"He isn't letting me down this time. I won't let him." She kept her feet very close together so that she would know that she had feet. She held her hands tight in her starchy lap so that they would not tremble. "It was my fault before," she said, "but I've learned better since then."

He looked at her. She had once thought he was like a river, flowing deep and calm. But he was not like a river now, he was mountain, stony, invincible. Very much as Carleton Daklin had been that afternoon, those years ago, but this mountain was not aloof, this mountain was a volcano.

"How many nurses," he asked, "did Kallock bring down?"

"Two."

"And this hospital is fully staffed?"

"Yes. I believe so."

"I see. Well, you are not needed here any longer. You've done your job and now you are through." He was perfectly at ease. "I'll wait for you," he said. "Run and say goodby and get your own dress on."

"I'm not leaving." She looked at him. He was the most worth-while thing to look at she had seen in all these months; he was, probably, the most worth-while thing to look at in all the world. It made her weak to look at him. So she wouldn't look. She forced her eyes to stare down at her hands, she forced herself to think that they weren't trembling.

He stood for a moment and then he was beside her. He was looking at her hands.

"What's all that red lacquer doing on your nails?" he wanted to know.

"They photograph my hands. My hands look better, for a camera, with that red."

"I thought you were a nurse. You just said so."

She hid the nails beneath her closed fists. She looked up at him defiantly. "Yes. And a professional model."

"Oh! So that's what you are! A professional beauty! Yes, I've seen you all over the place—on billboards, in the subway, whenever I pick up a magazine—"

Celia stood up. She moved away. She almost had the door open before he caught her. His hands came down, his surgeon's hands over those fantastic white fingers with the red, red nails. He crushed them together. He held her to him, crushed her to him. Celia struggled, fought to get free, was backing away now, fighting, her back against the door. But she did not get through the door. She was not free, not by an inch. She was in the grip of his arms, encircled, bound, her freedom gone.

"Let me go," she was saying, "let me go. I won't stay. I'm on duty. I must go."

"Oh, you're on duty?" said Anthony Starr. He kissed her mouth. He kissed her silly red nails. Then he let her go.

Celia said furiously, "This is my third case and I'm going to stay with it. I've left my other two, or been thrown out, whichever way you want to put it. Now, I'm going to keep this one. You—you—"

"What about me?" He was smiling at her now, as he had that night in the grillroom of the Delphic and his blue eyes were mocking and provocative and yet tender too, as they had been that night when she was starting out to be twenty-one and—free! And all his gay serenity was back. "You poor little idiot," he said, "you are so tired you don't know what you are doing." With his foot he pulled a chair toward him by the rung and picked her up as if she were a baby and put her in it. He pulled another chair closer and put her feet up on that. He unpinned her cap and kissed her on the nose. "That's better," he said. "Now you stay there until I come back."

She watched him go out the door. The room was bleak now with him gone. She wanted nothing so much in the world as she wanted him back. In her weakness she could have cried. She did cry. Great tears rolled down her cheeks and she could not bother wiping them away. Tony was taking her back. He wasn't making any fuss; he was asking no questions; he was just taking her back, blotting out the last few months as if they had never been. She looked at her nails. As soon as she could she would get some polish remover and take off that lacquer . . .

He came in again, carrying a woman's coat. "You are too tired to change," he said. "I borrowed this thing from Mrs. Whosis. It will cover you up. Come along." He lifted her out of the chair; he wrapped the coat about her.

"But this is crazy!" she said. "I can't go like this, without telling Dr. Kallock, without a word to the Daklins—in somebody's uniform—"

"I've told them. Come on. You need sleep. We have work to do in the morning."

He led her out, he tucked her into his car, he got in beside her and took the wheel. He started the car and they were off, out of the hospital driveway into the lane, then onto the long, smooth highway.

"You're a sweet idiot," Tony Starr said, and he was laughing. It was good laughter, young and delighted. He said, "What are you going to wear when we go down to City Hall in the morning?"

"City Hall? What for?"

"To get a marriage license. You seem not to know much, you lovely, but even you ought to know that we can't get married without a license."

THEY sped on through a wash of moonlight. The headlights were drowned in the moonlight and the spring, and all the little flying things of the night blew against the windshield as if attracted by what they felt was in the car. Celia was not crying any more, or only a very little. She felt so warm and safe now and sure, surer than she had ever been in her life.

She said clearly, "I'll grow up sometime—"

There was no room for a wound now, not in her heart, not even in her pride. For good and all she was with her man, she was where she belonged; there was no more menace and nothing to be desired. She had thought other people were fun. They weren't; nobody was as much fun as Tony Starr. He was everything—work and fun both. She saw that the things she had wanted were valueless, a child's playthings, and that nothing counted but a willingness of the heart.

She said, "Tony, could you stop the car a minute? I'd like to put my head on your shoulder for a little while."

THE END

The Professor thought it was lemonade!

IT was a tall refreshing drink—so deliciously cooling and smooth tasting. The Professor had heard someone at the party mention "Tom Collins," but he never got names straight.

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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

On Bubaque Island off Portuguese Guinea the natives use psychology as well as man power to propel their war canoes. The captain of each boat stands and helps his twenty oarsmen maintain their maximum speed by "driving"—with reins in one hand and a whip in the other—a large wooden replica of the head of a long-horned ox which is fastened to the bow.

Considerable sums of money have been spent by the War Department of the United States in guarding the graves of Presidents and ex-Presidents until mausoleums were completed and permanent guards provided by a memorial association. The military guard of one officer and 25 soldiers that was maintained at the grave of President Harding in Marion, Ohio, for almost five years cost nearly $135,000.

To stand while drinking a toast to someone's health has never been an inviolable custom. In 17th-century England, toasts were often drunk on bended knees. In Scotland, almost to the present time, one foot was placed on the chair and the other on the table. Today, British naval officers and seamen follow the centuries-old custom of remaining in their seats while drinking to the health of their king.

Many persons have been seriously poisoned while bathing in the sea by accidentally swimming into the trailing "hair"—sometimes 120 feet long—of the jellyfish *Cyanea capillata*. When the end of its fine, threadlike tentacles touch anything, they emit a virulent poison which, in man, sometimes proves fatal.

California innkeepers are today circumventing the state law which prohibits the use of signs announcing alcoholic beverages for sale. The old familiar signs now read: Aloon, Avern, Peer, Eer, Beep, Puffet, Bee Garden and Ocktail Ounge.—*By Joseph T. Hanna, San Francisco, California.*

The House of Representatives of the United States has never had an opening session in any of the 74 Congresses with every member present. The closest approach to a 100 per cent attendance was at the opening of the 72nd Congress on December 7, 1931, when 433 of its 435 members answered the roll call.—*By Arthur Lamneck, Jr., Columbus, Ohio.*

Not only do many species of lower animals give birth to numerous successive generations of females without the appearance or intervention of a male, but some of them, such as the crustaceans known as *Cypris*, apparently never produce a male. In a colony of this species that has been kept in an aquarium for the past thirty years no male has ever been discovered.

Only once, it is believed, has a scientist discovered a parrot that spoke numerous words and phrases of a lost language. This occurred in South America about 1800, when the famous German naturalist, Alexander Humboldt, found such a bird speaking the tongue of the Aturi Indians, all of whom it had outlived for several decades.

Most native medicine men possess only one mask—for driving the evil spirits of sickness out of the bodies of their patients. But in Ceylon these dancing doctors have nineteen standard false faces for nineteen standard ailments, having learned long ago that a mask which terrifies the spirit that causes a bunion has no influence whatsoever, for example, over the spirit that causes a pain in the neck.

Not so very long ago many words denoting numbers were not so precise as they are now. Once a *dozen* meant either 12 or 13, a *score* meant either 20 or 21, a *hundred* meant 100, 112, 120, 124 or 132, and a *thousand* meant either 1,000 or 1,200.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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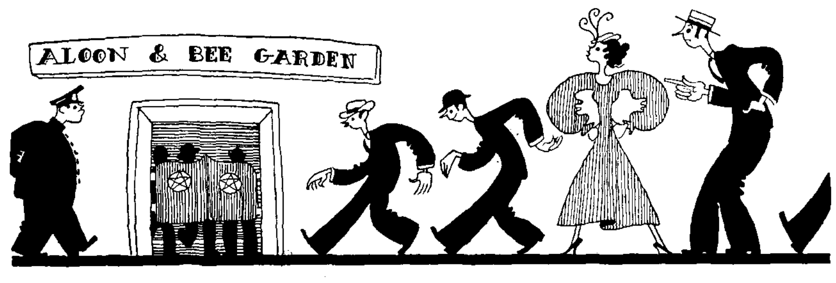

Born to Crash

Continued from page 28

the Weather Bureau has classified each day in the past sixty-four years as being "clear," "misty or cloudy," "foggy," "rainy" or "snowy." This classification is not, of course, precise, for a part of a rainy day may be clear, and a driver may be exposed to accidents during the clear part. Nevertheless, if the classification is used cautiously, it may be helpful. In the average, 30 per cent of all days are classified as "clear"; but in five years, according to the drivers' reports, 75 per cent of Company B's accidents occurred in clear weather. About 30 per cent of all the days are classified as "misty or cloudy," but only 3 per cent of Company B's accidents occurred in misty or cloudy weather. Thus, twenty-five times as many accidents occurred in clear weather as in misty or cloudy weather.

Twenty-five per cent of all the days are classified as "rainy," but only 14 per cent of these accidents took place in rainy weather. Ten per cent of the days are called "snowy," but only 7 per cent of these accidents occurred in snowy weather. And so, even though we allow something for the uncertainty of the Weather Bureau's classification, we have to suspect that while bad weather makes driving conditions worse, it helps make most drivers careful.

Shall we blame the pavement? In this same period only 3 per cent of Company B's accidents occurred on defective pavement; 63 per cent occurred on nondefective pavement that was also dry. Only 15 per cent occurred on icy or snowy pavement.

Shall we blame the season? In a six-year study made by Company B, in some years the rate went up during the winter months, when snow was piled high at the curb, when parking conditions were bad and when there was unusually little room to maneuver. But the months from May through September usually give a rate that is slightly higher than the rate for the rest of the year.

Is Speed to Blame?

Shall we blame the day of the week? The companies could compare only the first five days, for Saturday is a half-holiday and on Sunday few of these cars are out. If nothing but chance were operating we should expect each of these five days to draw about the same number of accidents; and this is what the count showed to be true. For this company, and also for seven large public utility companies that have not yet participated in this study, Monday is just a little more unlucky, in the average, than any of the next four days.

Shall we blame defective equipment? In this case, no. Not only were the company's cars well maintained, but the drivers were instructed to inspect their cars before they took them out, and refuse them if they found anything defective, and to report at night any defects that might appear during the day. This indicates nothing about the equipment of any car that might collide with them, and usually nothing could be found out about it. One thing you can count on whenever an accident occurs: the driver will find something to blame instead of himself.

Shall we blame lack of experience? Most of these men had been driving five to ten years before they took their jobs. In that time their driving habits probably had become fixed. At any rate, if their driving was unsatisfactory, the supervisors could seldom improve it by training or instruction.

Is speed to blame? From the assurance with which some reformers urge the reduction of speed limits, you might suppose that the relation between speed and accidents is easy to establish. This is not so. In the hundreds of accidents investigated by Company A the drivers almost never admitted that they themselves were traveling faster than 20 miles an hour when the emergency arose. Ninety per cent of these vehicles were equipped with speed governors, which held passenger cars to less than 45 miles an hour and trucks to still less. It seems to me that the argument in favor of arbitrarily reducing the speed limit is not perfectly made out.

Company A picked out a group of twenty men who, on the average, had one accident each in four months of driving; and another group of twenty men who averaged one accident each in forty-six months of driving. Thus the average member of the second group drove nearly twelve times as long between accidents as the average member of the first group.

Predicting Accidents

At this point the chief difficulty clearly seemed to be personal. Certain drivers were accident-prone, and these drivers were liabilities to their employers. Accordingly, the investigators turned to means of detecting the accident-prone drivers and of dealing with them after they had been detected.

Obviously it would be very profitable if they could pick out these drivers *before* they have had many accidents. Company A therefore worked three years with certain members of the department of psychology in a neighboring university. These psychologists worked hard at the problem—in fact, in the light of what was then known, they planned the experiment well and executed the plan skillfully. Nevertheless, in my opinion the most valuable result which they obtained was a reason for the conclusion that *the methods which the psychologists thus far have used cannot be made very effective in predicting a driver's future performance.*

This study led to the development of the best "battery" of tests of driving skill that I have yet seen; but it is only one sixth as effective as a satisfactory test must be. Moreover, certain mathematical considerations forbid us to expect that by enlarging or improving a set of demands of this kind, we can make them do much more than this set of test demands does. At some time it may be possible to devise a means of predicting accident-proneness in a driver, but we may be certain that the procedure will differ essentially from that which is used at present.

Although Company A found no indirect means of predicting the accident records of its drivers, it found a simple way of predicting accidents directly. If you know the dates on which a driver has had four successive accidents, a very simple formula serves to determine two dates at which any of his next five future accidents will probably fall. If the first four accidents occurred closely together, the formula predicts the date of any of these later accidents within a few weeks; if the first four accidents occurred far apart, the prediction is loose, as it should be. Five sixths of the accident-prone drivers in Companies A, C and D behave as the formula predicts, *or worse.* (Company B has not yet reported its experience on this point.)

Another set of facts holds for all four of these companies. In any single year,

(Continued on page 60)

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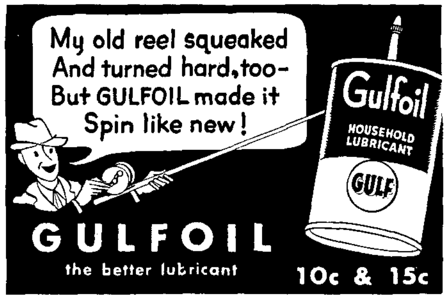

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Born to Crash

Continued from page 58

5 per cent of the drivers have about 30 per cent of the accidents; 10 per cent of the drivers have more than half the accidents; and about 75 per cent of the drivers go through the year without having any accidents. And next year, the group who have, say, a third of the accidents of that year will be made up for the most part of the men who had a third of the accidents this year, if they have stayed with the company.

In a word: most of these accidents occurred because the company was retaining a few drivers who were especially accident-prone. What ought the company to do about it? Its policy forbids discharge of an employee except for gross inefficiency or dishonesty if it can do anything else that is reasonable. Accordingly, it first tried to reform its accident-prone drivers.

A Few Experiments

It set up a court of inquiry, which had neither the power nor the desire to punish the offenders, but which tried to fix responsibility for the accidents and to help the drivers understand how they occurred. These courts can, and do, make the drivers *talk about* driving problems intelligently. For example, the men learn that a car travels 1.47 feet per second for each mile per hour; thus, if it travels 20 miles an hour, it travels a little more than 29 feet per second. The men learn to figure that out. They learn also that, on the average, it takes four tenths of a second to carry your foot from the accelerator to the brake-pedal, and that in the meantime the car will travel about 11½ feet. If the obstruction is 25 feet away when the driver first sees it, by the time he begins to react, it is less than 14 feet away; and unless he stops within 14 feet he will hit it. The drivers can easily be made to understand this, but does it make any difference in their driving? Company A thinks not; Company B thinks that perhaps these lessons help.

Company A tried again. It held safety meetings, at which the drivers received general instruction, leaflets, etc., and it gave personal instructions and supervision to those who asked for it. If this made any difference in the behavior of the drivers, the company could not detect it.

Here Company C contributes an interesting experience. It posted the records of the individual drivers, commending those who went long times without having accidents. It hoped that this notice would arouse pride in good records and shame over poor records. But the accident-free drivers needed no unusual incentives; and the accident-prone drivers did not profit by them.

Let us now return to Company A and its troubles. After it had tried the various expedients that we have mentioned, it called in a small group of the worst offenders, and told them that unless their work improved they would lose their jobs. It offered them individual advice and personal instruction; but they continued to repeat accidents.

Finally, the companies were convinced that their necessity had been made clear. In 1930, Company A began to select the worst repeaters and take them off its cars. The effect is readily traced from the first; and, as I have noted, within four years the number of accidents in a year had been cut to a little more than one fifth the original rate, and there it remains.

The company, however, assigned some of the men to jobs other than driving. Instead of having traffic accidents they now had personal injuries. Since that time analysis of the records of more than 2,000 drivers employed by the four companies showed that their automobile accidents and their personal injuries tend to accumulate side by side.

But to return to the cure: how did Company A set about it? Very simply. It noted the date and kind of each accident on the personal record of the driver, whether he was legally responsible for the accident or not. Then, merely by following these records it identified those drivers, few in number, who were regularly and consistently involved in a large proportion of the company's accidents. Eventually it selected a few of the very worst, and relieved them of their cars—transferring them to other work if possible, but in any event relieving them of their cars.

After several more months had shown that a small number of the drivers who were still employed were definitely accident-prone, it relieved them also. After three years, Company A had relieved about one eighth of the drivers it had been employing within this period, replacing them with drivers picked at random. By this time it had very few accident-prone drivers left to bother about.

The following table shows what happened before and after the treatment began, in 1930, to be applied:

Company A's Experience in the Reduction of Accidents

Year	*Total Miles Traveled*	*Number of Accidents*	*Av. Miles between Accidents*
1928	2,373,109	201	11,806
1929	2,687,219	207	12,981
1930	2,666,496	148	18,016
1931	2,880,703	132	21,823
1932	2,394,875	69	34,708
1933	2,373,075	58	40,915
1934	2,446,243	43	56,889
1935	2,646,440	47	56,307

In 1930 the company's drivers had 148 accidents, instead of 204, which is its average number for 1928 and 1929. Also its cars averaged 18,016 miles between accidents, instead of 12,393 miles, which was its average for 1928 and 1929. Thus in the first year of cautious application of the treatment, it cut its accident rate by 27.5 per cent and increased its miles between accidents by 46 per cent.

Due to Carelessness

Continuing the same treatment through 1931, the company by the end of 1932 had cut its accident rate to 69 a year, or to 33.8 per cent of the average of 204 accidents a year for 1928 and 1929; also it averaged 34,708 miles between accidents, which is 2.8 times as many as it was getting in the average for 1928 and 1929. For the years 1934 and 1935 the company averaged 45 accidents a year (instead of 204); and got on the average 56,598 miles between accidents (instead of 12,393 miles). Thus, on the basis of its record for 1928 and 1929, which is typical of the preceding years also, the company is now having only 22 per cent of the accidents that it was due to have, and it is getting 4.57 times as many miles between accidents as it was due to get, under the old system, according to the insurance actuaries.

These companies counted as accidents all those occurrences and only those occurrences in which a car had to be repaired, or some person was injured, or a report had to be made for any other reason to the insurance company. This rule required them to count accidents in which the damage was slight along with those in which the loss was heavy or in which some person was injured or killed. But that is what they should have done. We do not have accidents because they are trivial but because some person has been careless.

Of course this accident prevention did not help the public at all. Probably all these repeaters went on driving—for themselves or for some other employer. Those with whom Company A kept in touch after it released them continued to have accidents about as before.

These facts are interesting to the public chiefly for the light which they throw on a pressing social problem. While these companies have cut their losses heavily, they have merely transferred them to others. Nevertheless, if we were sure that this picture holds true of the general drivers also, we should know what to do to prevent general highway accidents. I do not know that it holds for the general public. I suspect that if we had the facts, we should find: first, that as a class the general drivers are worse than these commercial drivers; and second, that a smaller percentage of the general drivers have any given proportion of the general accidents than holds for these commercial drivers.

Drastic but Necessary

This is only my suspicion. But there is a way of making sure. It would cost a few thousand dollars—chiefly for the salaries of a few good clerks for a few months. That way is to analyze the records of one or two of those states which require reports of all accidents that involve injury to any person or property damage above a certain minimum, and which enter the facts on the record of the driver, rather than of the car owner. Of course we know that despite the law many accidents will not be reported; but we can be sure that the record is at least as bad as it appears. Whatever results the analysis might yield should provide reliable and invaluable guidance to the state legislatures.

If we should find that general drivers fall into the same groups as the commercial drivers do, an effective remedy would be evident. If, with the facts before us, we should decide to save 3,000, 6,000 or 12,000 lives next year out of the 36,000 that will be lost if the rate for this year remains constant, we can do it—by taking off the road the worst 1 per cent, 2 per cent, 5 per cent of the drivers who are now on it. Their own records (if they are made) will show that they are the ones who should be taken off.

This remedy may seem drastic. We sympathize with the "unlucky" fellow whose license has been revoked. But the situation is serious. If we could publish in advance the names of the 36,000 persons who, in all probability, will die in highway accidents in 1936, we could be sure of getting vigorous support for any measure that would save them or save a large proportion of them. Unfortunately, they remain anonymous until they are killed.

Permission to drive a potentially death-dealing machine is not a natural right. It is a privilege. In granting, renewing or withholding it, the licensing authority should be allowed to consider the probabilities of the effect of its action on the public. These probabilities can be derived from the person's own record.

The Camphor Jungle

Continued from page 13

brightened. Margaret caught breath; "Heads!" she said, as she saw polished trophies on sticks about the fire. Monkey heads, Dick assured her.

The flaring of the fire sprayed fantastic, ruddy light into the branches of the one remaining camphor laurel within the walls, as a grotesque pantomime began, showing the stalking, trapping, killing, of an enemy Tsalisen.

Margaret's hand was on Dick Bartlett's arm as they stood watching in the shadows. Some of the men began to dance.

The chief squatted, bowed, before the great camphor laurel, and the dancing stopped. Each Formosan, in turn, bowed to the tree, where the spirits of his ancestors resided and observed; one brave, standing alone now, circled the tree completely, and, after, faced a native woman; he had a skull in his hand, and offered it to her; when she took it, he pulled her into the firelight. She was freshly tattooed, having reached womanhood, with a complex pattern of pale blues and greens; she wore a sarong-like garment, woven in red and blue, of grass cloth, over which was a buttoned Chinese jacket; about her neck was a string of hard red berries. She tore off the Chinese coat; as she began to dance, swaying, seductive, hands holding the man off, she discarded the square of cloth. The Formosan man bounded wildly about her; there was an unexpected blending of the two figures at the base of the laurel, which caused the white girl's heart to pound; then, savage man and woman vanished into the darkness.

Catching breath, Margaret realized that her companion's hand, tightly, was over her own, and that she herself was trembling. She wished to say something, anything, but was too deeply moved. Her thoughts were chaotic. Marriage. A capture. A reward for a trophy of courage. Was the man beside her thinking as she was; would he, for a woman, go into a perilous jungle?

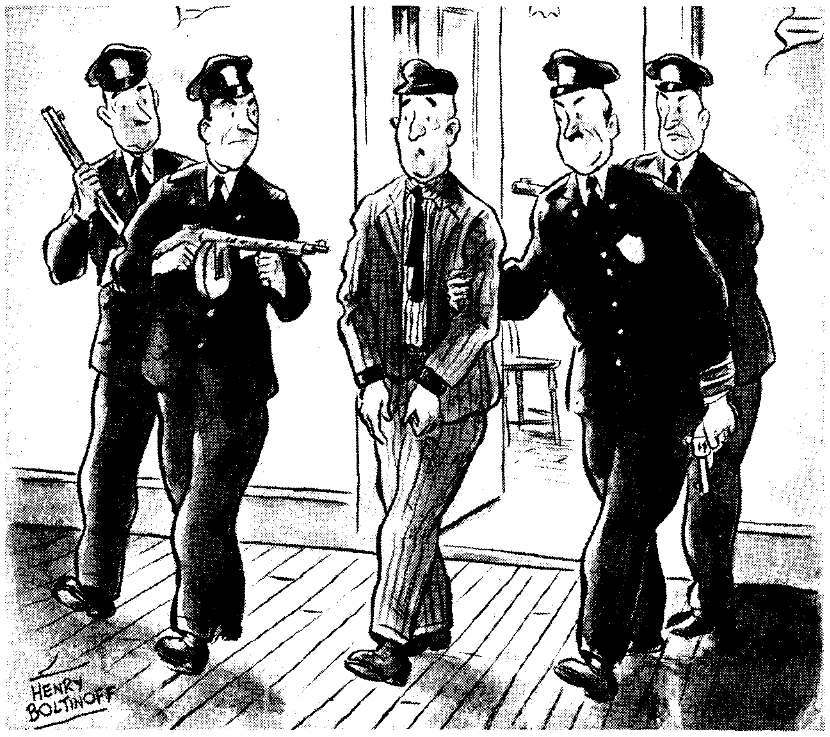
As a sorcerer placed a bamboo tube filled with rice at the foot of the tree, to make fertile the marriage, the girl glanced up at Dick.

Dick said, bending, "Your hair is like copper in the firelight," and, brusquely, turned her from the fire; his thoughts were as involved as the girl's, and, because of what they had witnessed, as tumultuous. And so both spoke too brightly when they returned to the stone house; when James Wilson, after, prayed, he lifted his head to look at Margaret, although none save Jeremiah Howard saw him. The old chief was already in his bed, his woman curled on the floor beside it, and Hugh Blanding slept with twitching hands, moving mouth, utterly exhausted. Jeremiah did not believe that the missionary's fervent words fitted with what was in his eyes.

THERE was much to show in the camp, for two people who wished to see; Wilson, on the other hand, was not interested. The chopped camphor was chipped with keen adzes; a single tree furnished sufficient to keep a distilling stove at work for a full year or more, yielding six to seven thousand dollars' worth of camphor; celluloid, smokeless powder, were increasing the price daily. The stoves, with their crude retorts and steam pans and inverted earthenware jars on which the camphor crystallized into snowy flakes, were the same as had been used for a long period. The Japanese were beginning to use a more efficient type of distillation, but, as Dick explained, they were only able to imitate; before long, the American concession would show what could really be done with simple machinery. If only Hugh Blanding would complete the final details, instead of sulking, half drunk, then the missionaries could be escorted back to Takow.

Dick told how the Chinese camphor chiefs bribed their way into the camphor hills, although the raids never ceased, and it was always necessary to send guards with the Hakkas and Paiwans who went out after chips; sometimes feasts were given for the Formosans, and, when they were full of samshu and roast pig, the Chinese slaughtered them as an example and in revenge. Warfare between the intruders and natives never ceased. Taxes, too, were damnable; what was needed was annexation, such as the British had done at Hong Kong. It was actually rumored that the Japanese were

(Continued on page 62)



"—and just when I was tryin' to forget" HENRY BOLTINOFF

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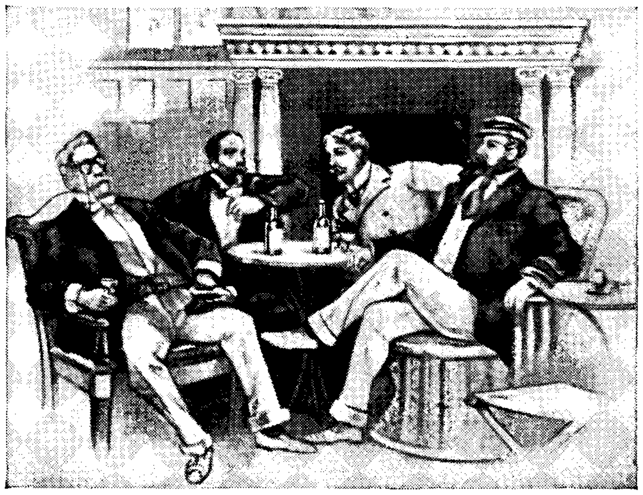

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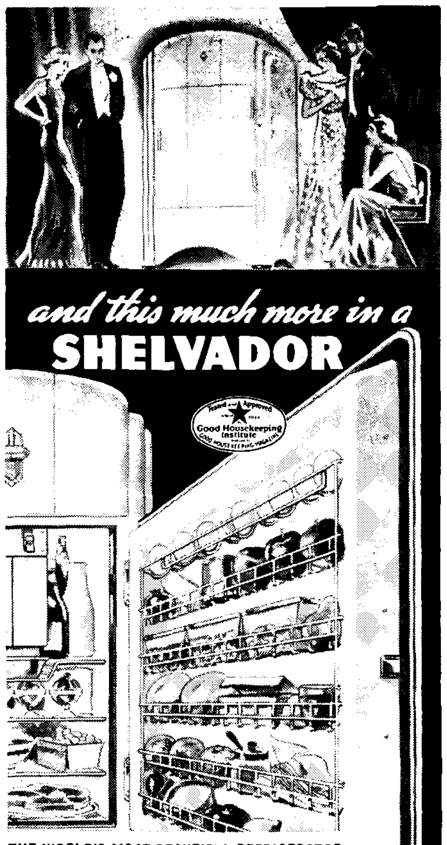

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(*Continued from page* 61)

considering just that thing, and this was remarkable, when only a few years back they traveled in junks. Now they had shipyards, were ready to punish the Formosans for atrocities and, as the foreign traders feared, secure the camphor monopoly. There was more than camphor to be had in Formosa; gold, petroleum, silver, sulphur, coal. . . .

Her father, Margaret said, had been willing to wait until the Japanese expedition had sailed, but James Wilson seemed against it; their Japanese merchant friends agreed that there was really no danger in the southern part of the island. The rumor, she told Dick, was more than that; the British Yorktown had been chartered; the Pacific Mail New York dickered for, to transport troops. American officers would lead the Japanese; American weapons arm them. What was intended was an expedition similiar to Perry's—a show of force which would frighten the Formosans into submission. The American minister at Tokyo was insisting that the Japanese had the right to intervene, to take independent action; it was the British who seemed most against it.

"The Japanese," Margaret said, wrinkling her nose, "may have learned much about arms and trade, but they know little about women. Their women can do nothing. Nor was I allowed anywhere, although my father had a glorious time. He always does." Dick said that he liked Dr. Grifton. "When James told him that it was sinful for him to put rum in his water, he said, 'New England rum, James, paid for this expedition. Every mouthful you eat's been bought with rum.' James didn't like that."

They were waiting for the dinner conch. "He likes you," Dick said quietly. "So do I." He said it as prosaically as that. Times, he supposed, had changed. His father, Richard, had courted his mother while the factory in Canton was surrounded by Chinese; he, here, made his declaration as soberly as if they were in Boston.

Margaret laughed, quickly. "You're lonesome, Dick," she said. "You'd have said that to any girl." For a half moment she thought of being Mrs. Richard Bartlett, instead of Margaret Grifton, in a rough skirt, in Formosa; Mrs. Bartlett, living in her house, with a carriage, with servants; of selecting one from ten, twenty dresses; of standing before a gilded mirror, with her husband, smiling, behind her. Even more hastily, but without laughing, she said, "I'm not strange, Dick. I'm American as corn pudding." He reached for her hands, but she held him away with a gesture perilously like that of the savage dancing girl. "At home, you'd find me lukewarm milk."

Home, Dick knew, would not be Boston for many years.

THE conch was blown. Where man and girl stood, near the laurel, they could see Hakka adzemen and Paiwan coolies heading for their huts, for the evening meal, and Jeremiah Howard, with Dr. Grifton beside him, walking toward the stone house. "Would you feel that way about me?" Dick asked. He was, Margaret said, safely, she supposed, a nice boy. Dick, without warning after that, pulled her close; at first contact, her lips were cold, and when they trembled, he was about to release her; then he felt their warm pressure, her hand on his cheek, and they clung together.

She tried to speak calmly. "It . . . it was strange, Dick," she said. And sweet, but she must not tell him that, must not give in; the whole thing was impossible. Her cheeks caught fire as she found herself wishful that he would kiss her again, and in the kiss, for a moment, she might forget wealth and missionaries and the Bartletts and everything, forget that she was in the Orient to bathe children, to wash sore eyes, to help her father. . . .

"It will always be strange," Dick promised. "Always new. I should have loved you, known you, anywhere." That made her place a hand to her throat. "You know," Dick said, unaware that she was gathering her arguments, "that you are mine in more ways than one; I saved your life." He saw that Jeremiah Howard was walking in their direction; "I love you," said young Dick.

Jeremiah Howard's face was rather grim. "Hugh Blanding," he said, without preliminary, "has been murdered, Dick." Not another word was spoken until they were in the stone house. "The doctor and I," Howard said, "found him as you see him; there was not a thing to be done." The hilt of the knife, Dick saw, was in Hugh's chest. "Killed in sleep," Jeremiah growled. "Why?"

JAMES WILSON was at the doorway. "The natives," he said, "have a horrible justice of their own." That, Dick was thinking, was the wrong thing to have said. Hugh, sober, had worked like the devil, attended his own affair, the designing of the camphor still; Hugh, drunk, had been sullen, morose, but no more. "Perhaps," James Wilson said, "the chief's woman might tell us a story. I came here once, and—"

Dick said, coldly, "You're a liar."

Dr. Grifton was looking at his fellow missionary, and then at his hands. "You've a nasty mind, James," he said. "Nasty. I shouldn't be surprised if Dick is correct." The doctor looked like an amiable form-master. "You always intended, I believe, to come to this particular camphor station; you figured on it in Japan. We had too much assistance from the Japanese. You're not interested in camphor, of course, but you've missed few opportunities to look about. It was almost as if you thought that I, being a missionary, were, in addition, a complete fool." He turned to Dick. "Does that help you any? To me, it is clear as day."

Wilson lowered his head. "I must bear whatever burdens are heaped upon me," he said. "There is One who knows the truth—"

"Me," Dick told him. His thoughts raced. "You were after our plans. I suppose you found them. Or poor Hugh might have even given them to you; he was hating everything. But they were not complete; Blanding refused to finish them for you." His voice was going to break. Old Hugh. Smoking, arguing, on the deck of the Edith Bartlett, laughing with geisha in Yokohama, dreaming in the Takow sun. "Instead," Dick said clearly, "Hugh intended telling us what you were about. So you murdered him."

Jeremiah Howard snapped, "Search him, Dick. Don't kill him." Wilson made no protest save a forgiving sigh; the plans were not on him.

"A renegade," Dr. Grifton said, "has no respect for anything." Wilson shot one glance at the grizzled missionary; at first Dick did not understand, and then he went to Wilson's bed. The plans were between the carefully slit covers of the Bible there. "I shall be a good missionary," the doctor announced; "I know men. He adored Margaret, he said, but nevertheless allowed her to come to Formosa, here. I supposed, at first, that it was to show his determination, his faith, his courage. Now—"

"Now," Dick said, "there is only one thing to do."

Wilson was unalarmed. "The Japanese expedition has already started," he said. "If you touch me, your company will lose every right, every concession."

"You are going to lose more than that," Dick said. His mind was entirely made up. Old Hugh, killed without a chance. For dollars. His own father was right; the Japanese were utilizing not only their innate shrewdness and adaptability, but those things, as bribery, that the early traders had taught them. "Give him a gun, Jeremiah. Extra shells. He starts down to Takow. Alone. Tonight. This minute."

Wilson raised his hand. "You shall not do such a thing," he said; there was sorrow in his voice. "How the plans came to be in my book. . . ." He paused; that, obviously, would not do. He appealed to the girl; "My dear," he said, "if the trail has been desperate, dangerous, I have walked it for you. What money I hoped to receive I intended to devote to you, to God's glory—"

"You will be silent," Dr. Grifton said. His smile was gone; he said, really in sadness, "Glory . . . what is glory?"

Dick Bartlett, himself, wondered; was it this venturing into the jungle? His grandfather, Richard, had ventured to Canton; his father had been first into Japan; he, Dick, was in even a wilder land. Would the fruits be golden, or would the Japanese, in American vessels, with American arms, officered by Americans, take Formosa for their own? Had they learned the easiest way to secure trade, just as they had taken to Western methods of manufacture, trade, bribery? As for glory . . . why, Margaret was glory. He supposed that his mother, his father, knew what glory really was.

He saw how Wilson took the loaded rifle, while Jeremiah kept his own gun aimed at the renegade's back. At the door, without turning, the false missionary raised his weapon, discharged it straight at the group of Paiwans at the foot of the sacred camphor laurel; the howl of a native, the roar of Howard's revolver, blended. What plan Wilson might have had, what rage, disappointment, fear, had driven him frantic, he would never be able to tell. Seacoast Hakkas, Paiwans, ran clear up to the fallen body and, knives and axes waving, all shouted at once. The Chinese camp chief argued with them; the man who had killed one of them was already dead, the white lords were their friends, ten silver dollars would be paid the family of the stricken Paiwan . . . what more could they possibly wish?

What more was wanted the chief explained in his pidgin English: when a man of the tribe died, a marriage, immediately, must be performed. The gods insisted upon it. But there were no more marriageable women; the last had been taken after the fight with the headhunters, when one of the Paiwans had been killed by a Tsalisen arrow. Unless a ceremony of marriage was performed at once, they would cease work, and return to the coast and their villages; they dared not risk the anger of the gods. The chief cocked an eyebrow at Dick. "Too damn' bad you not got woman," he suggested. "You mebbe-so like missy? Make numbah-one wife. Tomollow, you want other one, you catch him down Takow way mebbe-so."

DICK turned to the girl; her cheeks were flaming. Dr. Grifton was trying not to laugh, old Jeremiah thought how close death and life were to each other. Dick, a hand out to her, said, "Margaret. Will you, Margaret?"

And she would be Margaret Bartlett. Clipper ships and silks and godowns; gems, rare spices, Spanish wines; her carriage, her house. Dick. Oh, Dick. But she couldn't; she mustn't. She stared down at her scuffed shoes, at the torn hem of her rough skirt. Everyone was waiting. All of a breath, she said, "I can't. I mustn't." He was closer, as if there were no one else in the room; her face was against his shoulder. "Dick," she breathed, "I . . . need not . . . dance . . . as the savage girl did . . . if . . . if we . . ."

Dick was shaking his head; she knew that. And he was saying, "When I carry you away from the camphor tree, I shall never let you go." She asked nothing more than that.

Today there is greater opportunity than ever before. Business is looking for broad-gauged men with well-stored minds.

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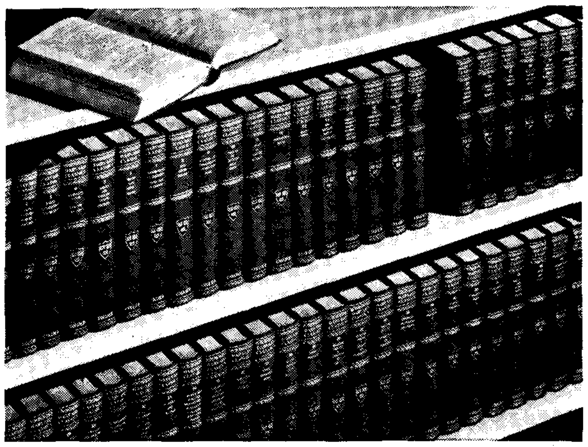

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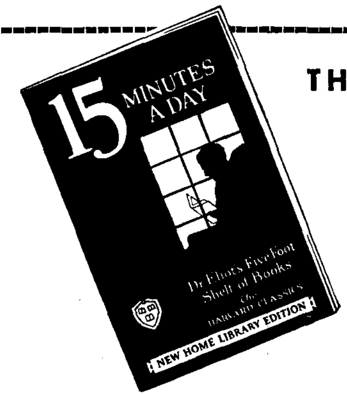

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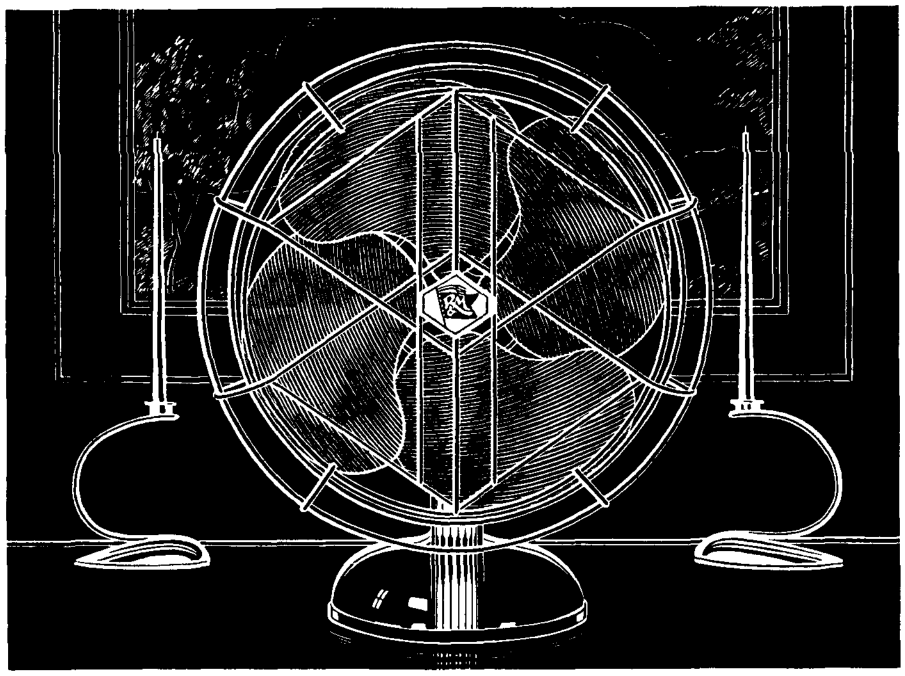


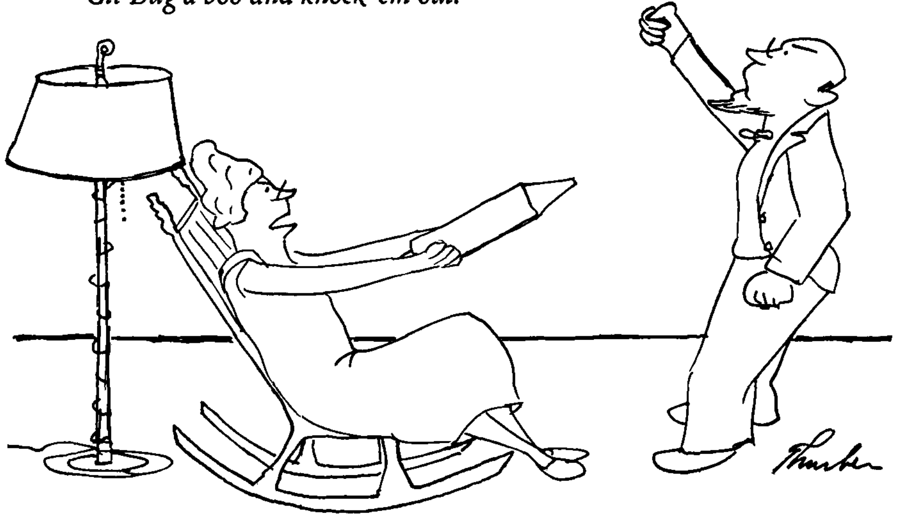
HANDSOME *is* ··· HANDSOME *does*

Just looking at it is a treat. And when you listen, what you *don't hear* is a revelation. A soft hurricane of breeze flows from those scoop-like blades—but scarcely a whisper of sound. And the motor runs like a ghost. . . . You and your new R & M *De Luxe* fan will be friends for life. . . . You'll like its looks—the crisp, correct styling, the bright-black finish and silver-bronze trim. . . . No, it is no more expensive than other good fans—or even some very ordinary ones. The best dealers have it—the 10-inch oscillating R & M *De Luxe*, guaranteed five years, $14.45. Robbins & Myers, Inc, Springfield, O.

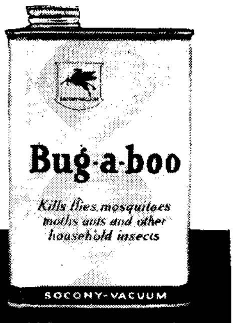
ROBBINS & MYERS *Fans*

ALL SIZES ALL TYPES

"Doggone," said Paw, one summer night,
"Them skeeters surely are a fright."
"Don't do no good," said Maw, "to shout.
Git Bug-a-boo and knock 'em out."



• NO NEED TO BE BOTHERED by insects this summer. Bug-a-boo, the new and different high-power insect spray, kills them quickly—and, for you, pleasantly. For Bug-a-boo has no chemical smell. It's fragrant, suggests a pine forest. It doesn't stain walls or hangings. It harms nothing but bugs. Keep free from insects by using Bug-a-boo freely. Get some today.


Bug-a-boo
Kills flies, mosquitoes moths ants and other household insects
SOCONY-VACUUM

BUG-A-BOO

KILLS FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ROACHES, ANTS, MOTHS

SOLD BY MOBILOIL DEALERS AND LEADING STORES

Trouble House

Continued from page 11

Al Capone soon found out when he walked across the little drawbridge. As the portcullis was pulled up it was symbolic of the fact that he had to all intents and purposes departed from this man's world.

Journeying up the short, steep roadway leading from the little wharf to the prison wall, Al came to the "branding room" as the boys at the Lodge call the reception lobby. It is a misnomer. All the branding room amounted to was a small hall in which Al was obliged to remove his Atlanta clothes, take an enforced shower, and be searched externally and internally by guards. Then he was examined by a doctor. That routine completed, he was handed a suit of denim overalls and some shoes. He was given his number and told to accompany a uniformed guard. At the passageway leading to the prison proper with its cell blocks, the guard told Al to halt under a device which he came to know as "the bug." It was a super-sensitive electric instrument for detecting the presence of metal. It detected even so tiny a bit of metal as a needle on a man's person. Al didn't know it, but these "bugs" were soon to become the bane of his existence. At least six times in the course of his day's routine at The Lodge he had to pass under a "bug."

When the door clanged behind him Al looked around his cell. He estimated that it was five by nine feet. On the wall was a sheet-metal bed which let down to form a bunk. On the bed was a mattress, a pillow, sheets, blankets and pillow cases. Not bad for a prison! In one corner was a wash basin, a toilet and a shelf. On the shelf a towel, a tooth brush and a drinking cup. There was one electric light bulb overhead. One seat hung from the wall opposite the bed.

Al's first day, typical of the hundreds that were to follow, convinced him that although the warden was kind and sympathetic, the routine he had set up for his guests was rigid and inflexible.

The day began at 6:20. Every guest got up whether he felt like it or not. At 6:30 the electrically controlled locks on the cell doors were released. Al went into the big dining-room for a "club" breakfast which consisted of oatmeal mush, coffee and coffeecake.

Dining-Room Etiquette

He looked around the big room, and noted that the walls were decorated in good taste, in contrast to the dingy, dreary atmosphere of most prisons. The breakfasters sat on benches along four huge tables extending the length of the room. They served themselves, cafeteria style. It was quiet and orderly in the room, much quieter than the dining-room in the "big house" at Atlanta. Al ate some of his oatmeal in silence. He left some of it in the plate. He never liked oatmeal anyway.

"Eat up all of the oatmeal like a nice baby," said the guest next to him.

"I don't like it," said Al.

"Eat it anyway," said the other guest in the tones of a stern father.

"Why?" asked Al.

"Lick your plate clean or you'll get no breakfast tomorrow," growled the other. "See?"

Al learned that this was just one of the numerous rules of The Lodge from which there is no deviation. It made him boil to be treated like a youngster in kindergarten, but he ate up all the oatmeal.

At 6:50 Al found himself standing at attention in the courtyard for counting and inspection by the uniformed guards. This time they assigned the different squads of guests to work details.

Al's squad went to the shoe shop. The guard in charge explained to him the art of half-soling shoes. He gave Al six pairs of shoes to resole during the day. The men went to work in silence. They could talk only in low tones and only if it was necessary. At 9:30 they had an eight-minute recess for rest and smokes.

At 11:30 Al found himself back in the dining-room enjoying the "club lunch." On this day it was vegetable soup, pan roast, beans, potatoes, pudding and coffee. He had twenty minutes in which to eat the lunch. At 11:50 he was locked in his cell for an hour of rest. At 12:50 he was back at his cobbler's bench. He worked until 4:30 with eight minutes out for smokes at 2:30.

Bread and Water

By 4:40, Al was in the dining-room enjoying the "club dinner" of soup, hash, bread, stewed apricots and coffee. The dinner hour was twenty minutes long. At five o'clock he was in his cell, locked up for the night with nothing to do until tomorrow but reflect on his sins and read a book from the library or an expurgated magazine. At nine the lights flicked out by remote control and all the guests tucked themselves in their little beds.

If Al disliked his fellow guests, they reciprocated. Although he was a gang man in private life, in prison Al became the "lone wolf." The other convicts hated him for it. They were a select group of haters.

Al soon learned who most of them were. Among the kidnapers were George "Machine Gun" Kelly, Albert Bates, Harvey Bailey, who engineered the snatch of Oil Man Urschel. This group was soon augmented by the addition of John Waley, kidnapper of the Weyerhaeuser boy.

Among the gangsters were Wilton Sparks, Bobby Sherrington of the Dillinger gang, "Dutch" Louie Schultz and Isaac Kostner of the Roger Touhy gang from Al's home town, Chicago. There was John Paul Chase of the Baby Face Nelson gang which carried on where Dillinger left off.

Among the bandits were Roy Gardner, the train robber, Joe "Dutch" Bowers, who specialized in post office safes, George "Red" Kerr, Midwest gunman and Mack Smith, the Wyoming bad man. Among the counterfeiters were John Stadig, the Frisco money-maker, and "Whitey" Lewis from Seattle.

It was a select company. But Al didn't like them. His dislike for Bill Collier flared up when he had been switched to the laundry. One day Al was feeding wet laundry into the mangle when Collier complained that it was coming through too fast and too wet. Al fed it through all the faster and wetter. Collier picked up an armful of wet linen and slammed it into Al's face. In less time than it takes to tell, Chicago's prize bad boy was around on the other side of the mangle swinging both fists. Before he could be stopped, Collier was down with two black eyes.

Both of them went to "The Hole" for seven days. Al had heard about The Hole. It was down in those tunnels the Army had bored into the rock. A guard led him down, aided by a flashlight. Before the light flashed off Al got a glimpse of his temporary abode—bare walls, a bed, some blankets, a drinking cup, a pail of water. The door slammed. It was pitch dark. He lost all track of day and night. After a long time a guard came and brought him some bread and water. That was his diet for seven days. When he came out of The Hole at the end of that time, Al had lost all desire to fight. He resolved to be a good guest and wait for the breaks.

Nevertheless he found himself back in The Hole again within a short time. Sand was found in the laundry machine. Nobody knew who put it there. At least no one squealed. So the thirty-six men in the laundry squad did time in The Hole, in relays. Al was among them.

Shortly thereafter Al was transferred to the dry-cleaning shop. He knew something about this. One of the rackets from which he collected toll in Chicago was the dry-cleaning industry. Although he was the self-appointed guardian of the industry, he never had learned to be a good cleaner. At Alcatraz, Al learned the game from the bottom up. Now he can remove spots with the best of them.

In the course of his stay at Alcatraz, Al could make himself a fairly good artisan at any of several trades. In addition to cobbling, dry cleaning, laundering and librarying, he may learn tailoring or cooking if he is assigned to the K. P. squad. He could learn plumbing, painting or mat making.

Ever the Perfect Host

In spite of all that he has tried to do for them, some of Jim Johnston's guests have been so inconsiderate as to attempt suicide as the only way out of Alcatraz. That in itself is an admission that physical escape is almost hopeless. John Stadig, the counterfeiter, tried it in an attempt to dive out the window of the train when it was bound for The Lodge. Jimmy Groves tried to cut the arteries of his arms. He was saved by a blood transfusion. Whitey Lewis slashed his wrists but lived, as did Joe Dutch Bowers, who broke his glasses and slashed his throat, only to be patched up and restored to health.

It was Bowers who tried to escape recently when Director Sanford Bates was visiting Alcatraz. Bowers was shot and killed by a guard as he was scaling the wall. His body rolled down the steep rocks into the bay and was recovered by the prison launch. Al and the other guests at The Lodge knew down in their hearts that Bowers had no hope of escape. He had taken the suicide route out of Alcatraz.

Although Al dislikes The Lodge for all of its rigid discipline, he doesn't feel as hopeless about it as did the temperamental Bowers. Al is thoroughly disgusted at being classed as an incorrigible hell-raiser and he still hopes that his lawyer will be able to get him out of the government's clutches.

That is another thing that burns him up. At Atlanta he could see his lawyer when he wanted to. As Jim Johnston's guest he can't. When he arrived at The Lodge, Al had to be good for three months to earn the privilege of receiving a visitor of any kind. The visitor had to be a bona fide member of his family, a close relative.

He was allowed one visitor a month and the set-up for receiving visitors was unique and thoroughly unsatisfactory to Al and his fellow lodgers. It was like this: the visitor came out on the prison launch after satisfying Warden Johnston at his mainland office in San Francisco that he was a bona fide relative. During the brief half hour talk the visitor sat at one side of a table, the convict at the other. Between them rose a plate glass partition. At the bottom were perforated metal strips. Between the strips was a diaphragm which relayed the voice back and forth if the conversation was carried on in loud, distinct tones. It was a restrained visit, to say the least. The prison rules stated that no former convicts could be received as visitors. As for his attorney, Al's only opportunity to deal with him was through correspondence with the Director of the Bureau of Prisons in Washington, D. C. No longer could he maintain contact with his gang through his legal representative or through visitors.

Al had another blow. In Atlanta he had been able to work certain prison rackets through trusties. But not at Alcatraz. There wasn't a single trusty on Jim Johnston's staff. Every man was a specially trained guard on salary from Uncle Sam. So there were no prison rackets at Alcatraz.

Every letter that Al wrote was carefully censored and copied before it was sent on. Every letter that he received was re-typed and invariably there were rows of dots indicating a deletion. He wondered what they were holding out.

His privileges were limited to the simplest things of life such as buying three packs of smoking tobacco and three boxes of matches a week. He could order magazines, but they came through the warden's office with all articles on crime or sex expurgated.

Few of Jim Johnston's guests have had the opportunity to say out loud what they think of The Lodge on the Island for the reason that only a few of them have finished their sojourn and have checked out. Two of these erstwhile guests are Sailor Al Loomis, the counterfeiter, and Bill Ambrose, a narcotics ringleader. When asked for recommendations, each had about the same opinion of the hospitality out on the island.

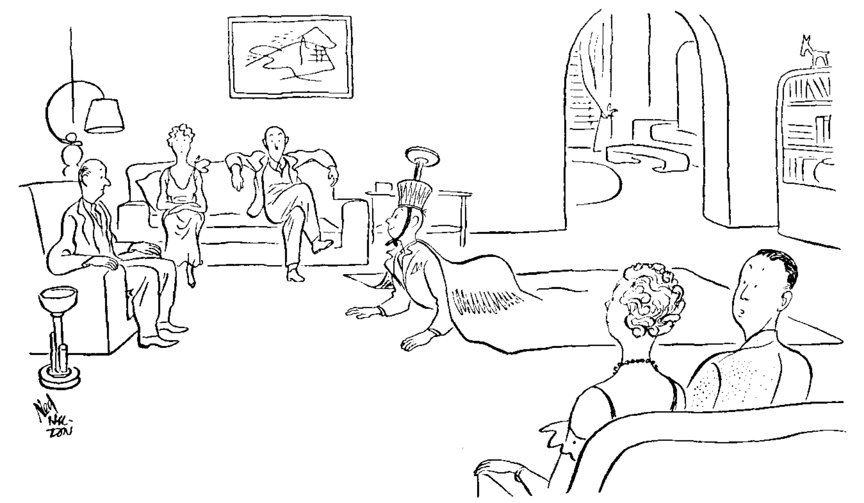
"It's hell," said Loomis.

"It's a Devil's Island for sure," said Ambrose.

I asked the warden about it.

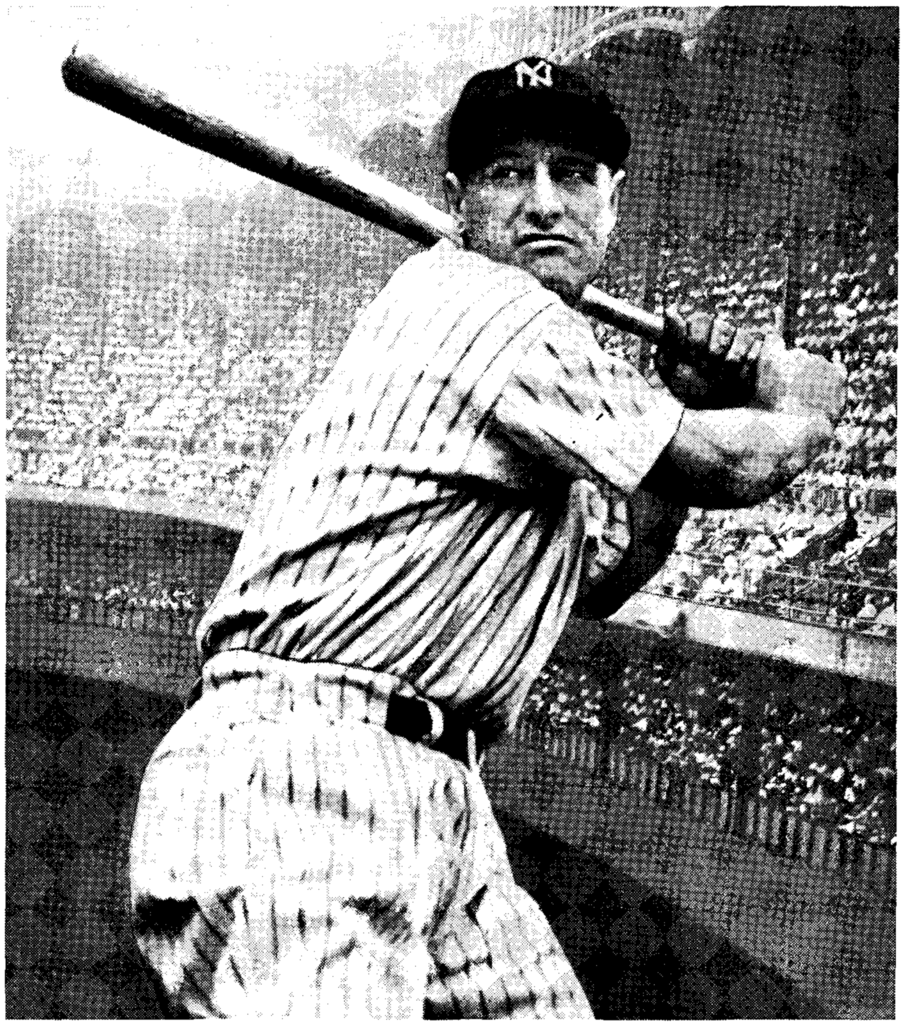
"I won't quarrel with any of my former guests," he said.

That was all. Ever the perfect host is Jim Johnston.



"He has a book on how to be amusing"

NED HILTON



For Clean-up King I Nominate . . .

By Lou Gehrig

New York Yankees' Clean-up Ace Makes Novel Choice for All-Time Honor

I don't need to tell baseball fans how important the "clean-up" (number-four) man is in the batting line-up. With three reliable hitters batting ahead of him, it is his wallops that bring in the runs.

In my thirteen years of big league baseball I have watched some of the most famous "clean-up" men in the history of the game. But the other day in Boston I had the pleasure of seeing the "clean-up king" that gets my vote for the "all-time" honors. Strangely enough, this "clean-up" king isn't a slugger at all. Instead of cleaning up the bases, this one cleans up faces.

Here's how it happened. While in Boston playing the Red Sox, I made an inspection trip through the Gillette Safety Razor factory. There I discovered that what is true of baseball is also true of Gillette Blades. In baseball, the pick of the raw material is tried out, tested, and trained for the big league teams. At the Gillette factory I found that they buy only the finest steel, and put it through gruelling tests before it is made into Gillette Blades.

For instance, like a rookie baseball player, Gillette Blade steel has to be hardened and tempered. To do this, Gillette uses electric furnaces, each one controlled by a device which can tell in an instant if the steel passing through the furnaces requires more heat or less heat. Faster than a speed-ball, the signal is flashed from the box to a great battery of switches, and the heat is raised or lowered accordingly. Then to make doubly sure that there is no possibility of error, they X-ray the steel with an electro-magnetic tester to detect hidden flaws.

A good ball player has to have precision and accuracy, too . . . and that's where Gillette chalks up a winning score. Grinding machines, adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch give Gillette Blades shaving edges so keen you can't see them, even with the most powerful microscope.

These are some of the reasons why I nominate the Gillette Blade for all-time Clean-up King. For when it comes to cleaning up on stubborn bristles—with the greatest of ease and comfort—Gillette hits a home run with the bases loaded. Yes, Sir! —if baseball could only train players as accurately and efficiently as Gillette makes razor blades, we'd all bat 1000.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Collier's

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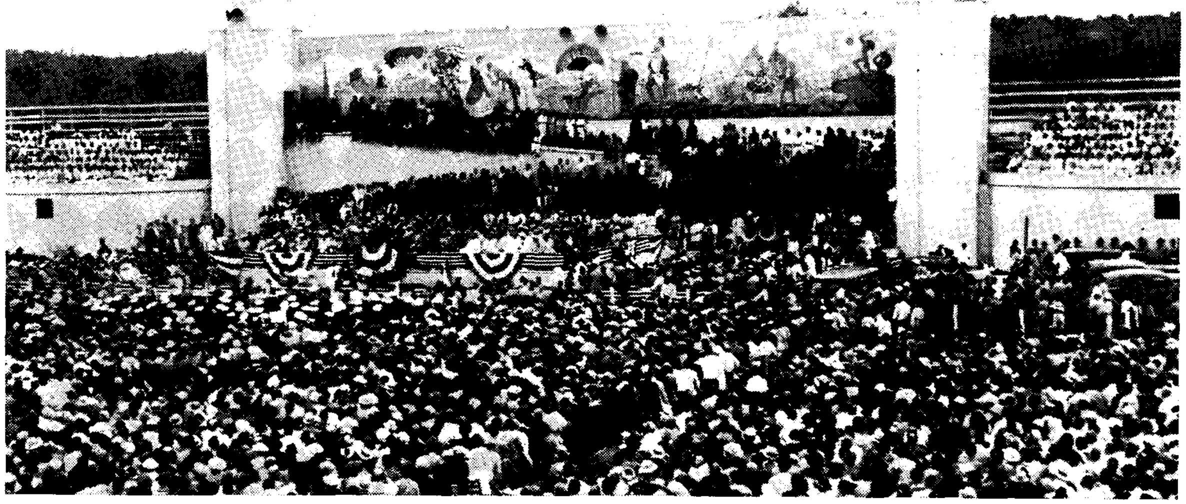
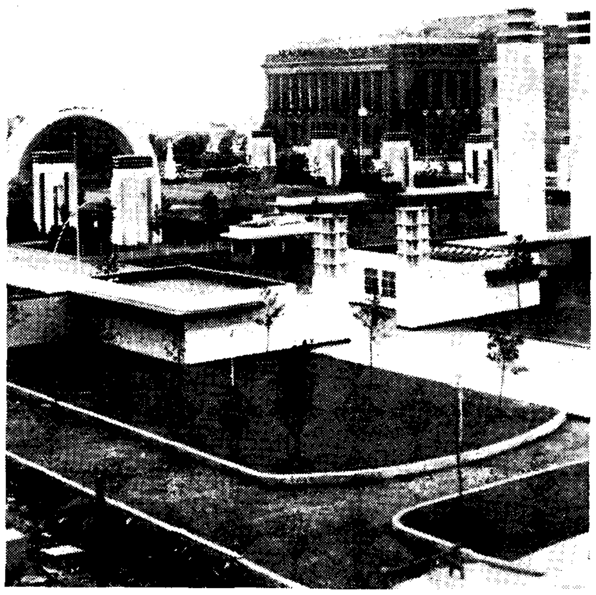


ACME



WIDE WORLD

The Arkansas Centennial Stadium at Little Rock, and, at the right, a gateway to Cleveland's $25,000,000 Great Lakes Exposition

This Way to the Fair

THERE is gayety in the epidemic of expositions this summer. Texas, Arkansas and Ohio, among others, are celebrating their past, exhibiting present achievements and calling attention to the rosy possibilities of an alluring future. All are invited to come and see what has been accomplished, to be entertained by various shows and to be informed by the dazzling samples of man's skill and ingenuity.

Chicago demonstrated its dogged determination by holding its "Century of Progress" Exposition at the very depth of the depression. It was a brave act, thoroughly consistent with the spirit of the rugged metropolis of the Middle West. The nation was stimulated and inspired.

This summer's expositions are smaller, less ambitious but not less significant of the active progress we have made. Both Texas and Arkansas are celebrating one hundred years of history. Cleveland is exhibiting and honoring the almost miraculous accomplishments of the men and women who settled about the Great Lakes. Other communities and regions are calling attention to their centennials and even to their tercentennials.

Most of us are so close to the facts that we miss the tremendous drama of the building up of this civilization. After all, just one hundred years have elapsed since Texas broke away from Mexico and Arkansas came into the Union.

In 1836 nobody in Texas or Arkansas or Ohio or anywhere else had the faintest comprehension of the civilization which was unfolding. The hardy men and women who established pioneer homes in the Western states worked in ways generally familiar during the previous thousand years.

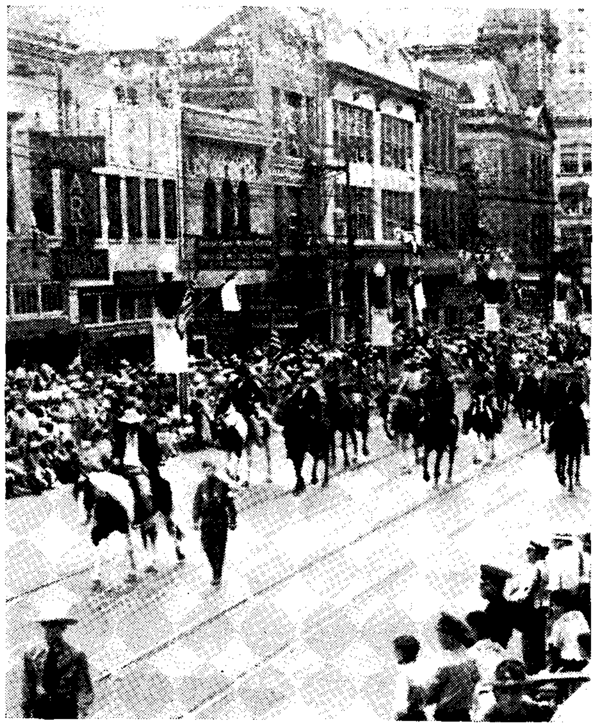
Human energy, aided by the muscles of horses and oxen, produced all that men had. The machinery which was so swiftly to create a new civilization, not only in America but the world over, was still very largely in the dream stage.

We take so much for granted that it is with great difficulty that we can realize how our grandparents lived just a hundred years ago. Railroads were a new idea, being tentatively tried in a few Eastern states, but boats and horses and human legs were the principal agencies of transportation. Electrical communication existed only in the imagination of a few men.

A few running streams turned wheels which ground corn or wheat. In the distant Eastern states and in England steam engines were being hitched to looms and other machines. Other speculators were placing steam engines in sailing ships and making similar experiments. Altogether, however, steam power meant little more to the pioneers of Texas or Arkansas or Ohio in 1836 than the cosmic ray or the Einstein theory means to the businessman or farmer of 1936.

Within the years which the makers of these expositions are celebrating the miracle happened. Before our eyes, if we are fortunate enough to visit the expositions, are laid out significant reminders of the changes so quickly wrought. We see, too, arranged for inspection and thought, examples of present-day achievement and here and there hints of what the morrow may bring.

As you mingle with the crowds and pause briefly to get a glimpse of one or another of these amazing products of invention, it is hard to avoid being thrilled. Men already have done so much it is impossible to doubt continued advance. It is inspiring to catch the flash of promise for the future shown by the endless examples of the products of fertile minds, utterly eager to find new and better tools for the struggle of life.



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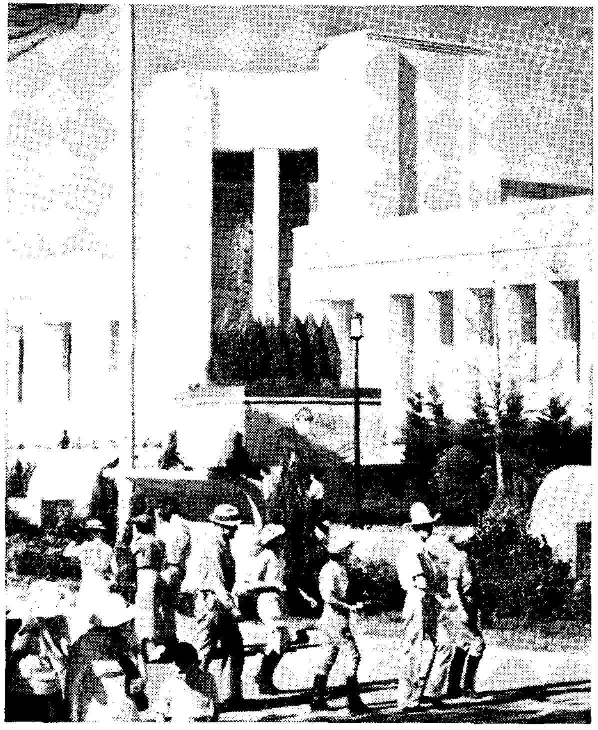


ACME

Above: The Texas Centennial opens in Dallas. Below: Texas' Hall of State

Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin

A wine-like, tangy taste—not sweet, not tart. Absolutely different in taste from Dry Gin.

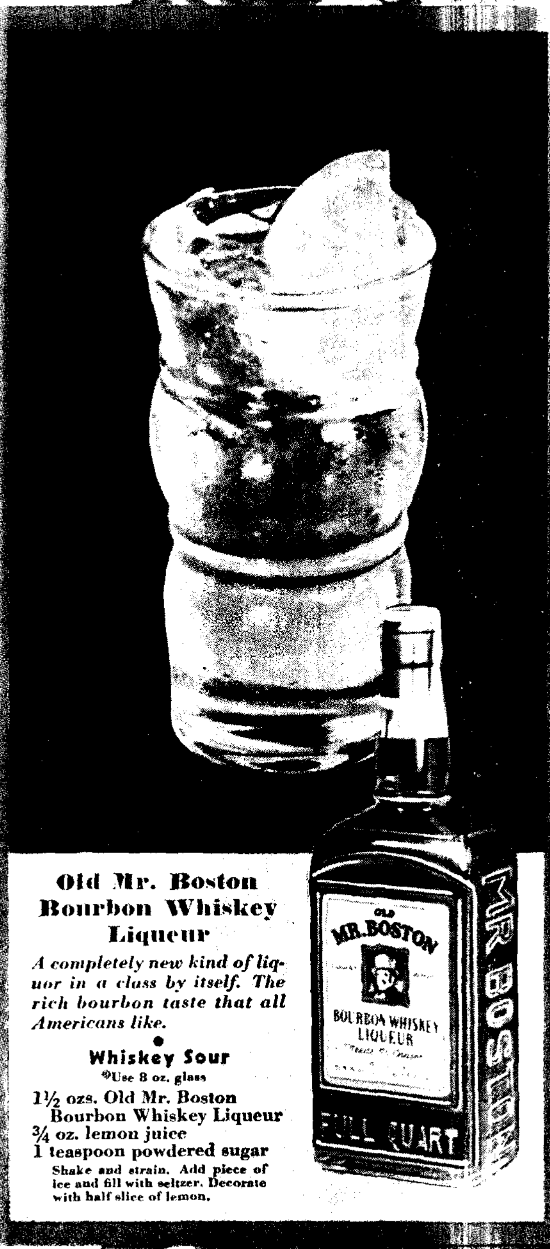
●

Sloe Gin Fizz

Use 12 oz. glass

3 ozs. Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin
Juice of one-half lemon
1 heaping teaspoon powdered sugar
Fill with seltzer

Decorate with slice of lemon



Old Mr. Boston Bourbon Whiskey Liqueur

A completely new kind of liquor in a class by itself. The rich bourbon taste that all Americans like.

●

Whiskey Sour

*Use 8 oz. glass

1½ ozs. Old Mr. Boston Bourbon Whiskey Liqueur
¾ oz. lemon juice
1 teaspoon powdered sugar

Shake and strain. Add piece of ice and fill with seltzer. Decorate with half slice of lemon.

OLD MR. BOSTON
Apricot Nectar

Old Mr. Boston Apricot Nectar

A fruit-type liquor originated by Old Mr. Boston. True apricot taste. More delicious than brandy.

●

Apricot Nectar Rickey

Use 8 oz. glass

1½ ozs. Apricot Nectar
One-quarter lime
Fill with seltzer
Use chipped ice

OLD MR. BOSTON
Blackberry Nectar

Old Mr. Boston Blackberry Nectar

In addition to being an excellent mixer, ideal as a straight drink.

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Blackberry Limey

Use 8 oz. glass

1½ ozs. Blackberry Nectar
Juice of one-quarter lime
Fill with seltzer

Leave lime in glass

OLD MR. BOSTON
Cherry Nectar

Old Mr. Boston Cherry Nectar

Equal in quality to similar imported products that are two or three times more expensive.

●

Cherry Fizz

Use 8 oz. glass

1½ ozs. Old Mr. Boston Cherry Nectar
¾ oz. lemon juice

Shake and strain, then add seltzer to fill. Decorate with cherry.

OLD MR. BOSTON
Peach Nectar

Old Mr. Boston Peach Nectar

A delicious flavor—very popular on the Continent.

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Peach Frappé

Fill cocktail glass with shaved ice.
Pour Old Mr. Boston Peach Nectar over ice to fill glass.

Old MR. BOSTON

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Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Heigh ho and cheerio!
We'll get off when the tide gets low.
What do we care—we're high and dry
And Chesterfields—They Satisfy.

Chesterfield's *Mildness* and *Better Taste*
give smokers a lot of pleasure

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